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The Countryman

15. APR. 1931

The Cottage and Shanty
that Went to America
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by Thorpe

The Man who Found his Island

Making a Living out of Gardening

Birds in their Homes

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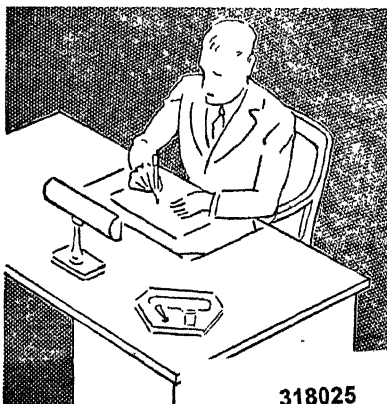
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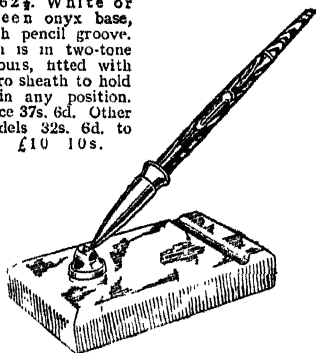


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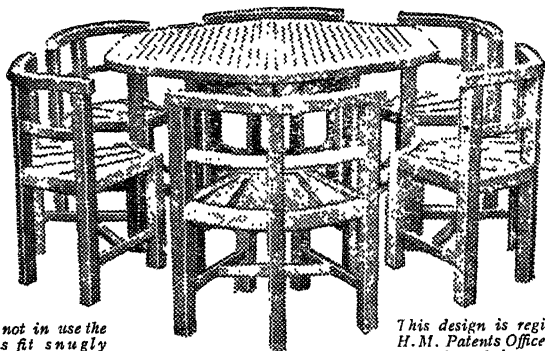
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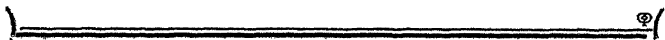
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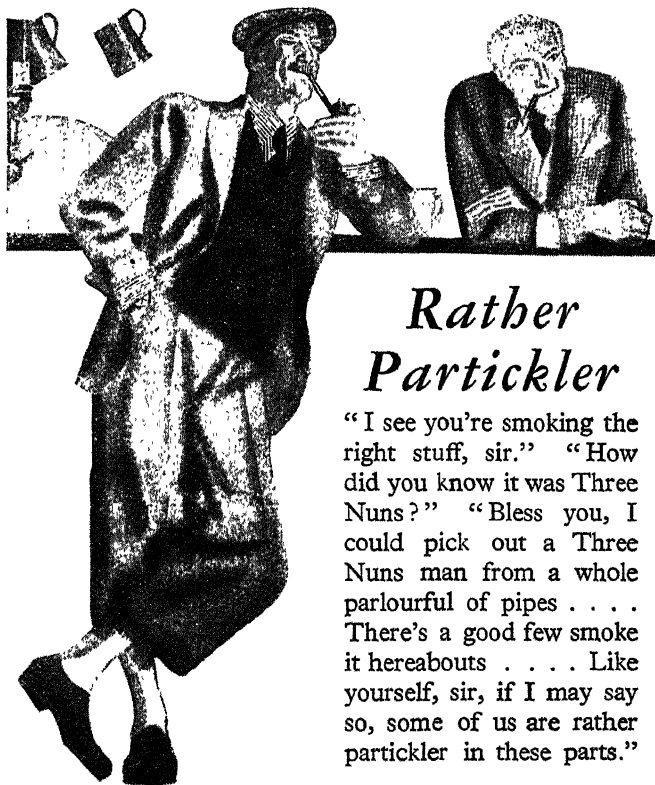
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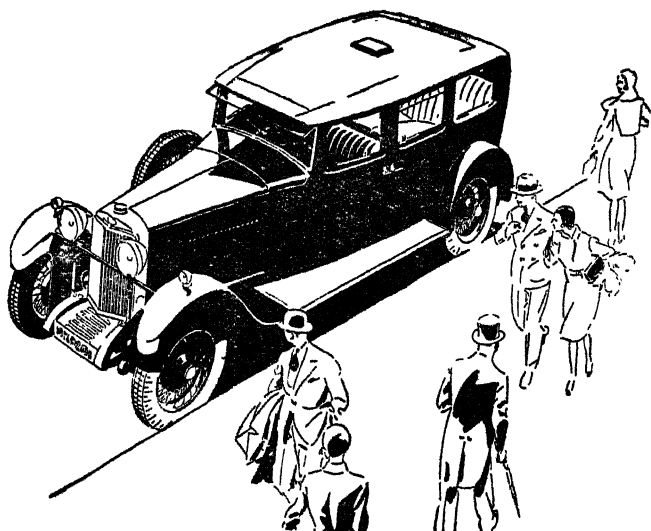
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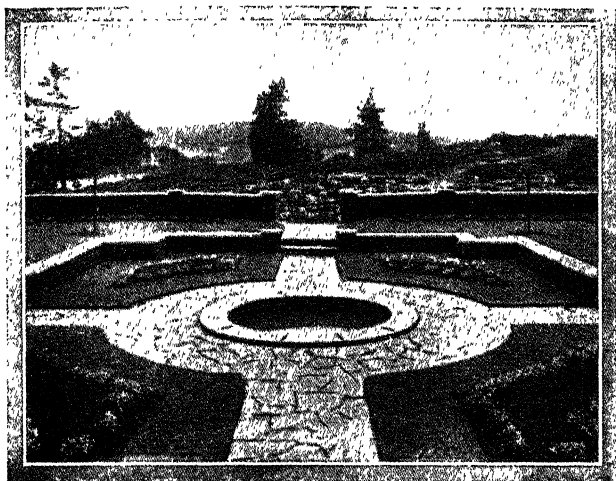
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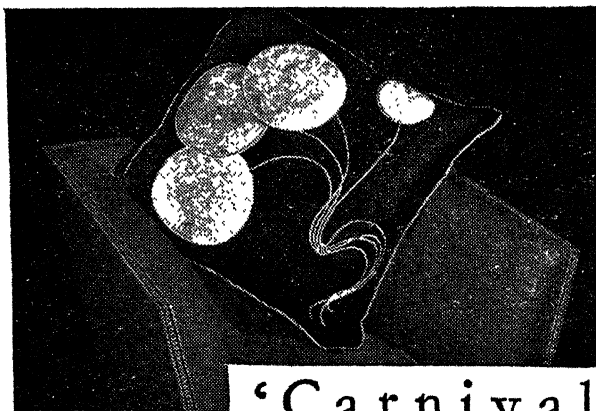
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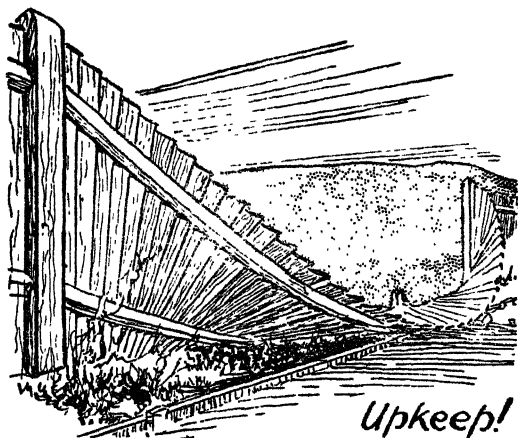
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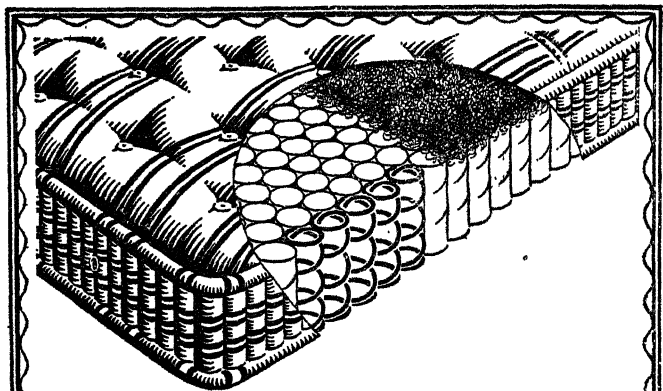
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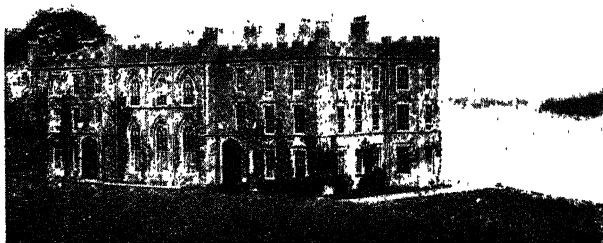
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The Countryman

A Quarterly Non-Party Review and
Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry

*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire*

O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune!—*Vergil*

The best citizens spring from the cultivators—*Cato*

Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated on the
lines of THE COUNTRYMAN, that is without Party bias—*Lord Ernle*

Vol. V. No. 1

2s. 6d. quarterly

April 1931

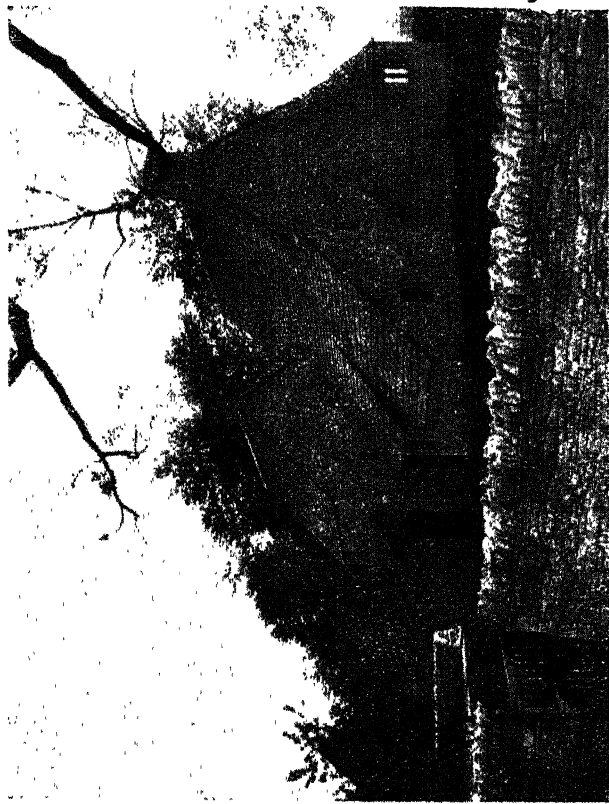
The Cottage and Smithy that Crossed the Atlantic

THE experiment made by Mr. Henry Ford in transporting a Cotswold house to Dearborn, which some readers of THE COUNTRYMAN, unacquainted with all the circumstances, no doubt deprecate, has justified itself. Indeed it cannot be called an experiment exactly. Many of us have visited or know of the Open Air Museums of Scandinavia, composed of ancient cottages, farmhouses, farm buildings, windmills, well-heads, etc., brought carefully from sites on which they were doomed to destruction.

In the vicinity of Detroit, at Dearborn, Mr. Ford has set apart some forty acres or so of pleasantly wooded land for the preservation of buildings and machinery of historic interest and value. He has

re-erected there some of the humble dwellings of the pioneer settlers. There is a series of buildings in which the young Edison lived and worked in the early days of the phonograph and electric lighting. There is an old-time American railroad and depôt, with an out-of-date engine and cars. There are typical old frame buildings – dwelling-houses, school houses, a court-house, a store, a post office, toll house, tin-type photo store, and a church. Mr. Ford's collections will be specially interesting in showing the evolution of English and American machinery, Mr. Ford having secured over here early examples of pumping gear designed by Watts, and also primitive forms of gas, oil and fire engines. Visitors are transported to and fro in old-time coaches and buggies.

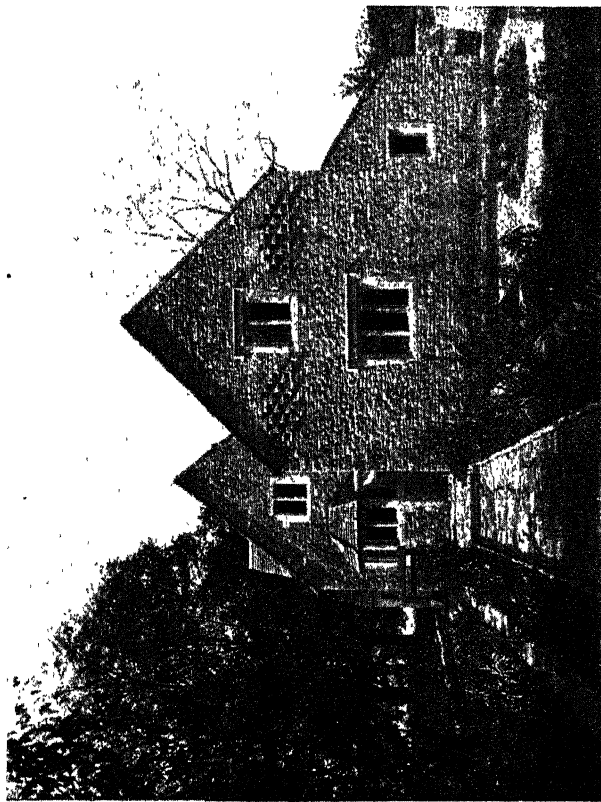
The Cotswold cottage which Mr. Ford has had transported stood at Chedworth, in an isolated position not far from the famous Roman villa. It consisted of two seventeenth-century dwellings used as labourers' cottages and knocked into one, and there was also a barn and stable. The place had not been occupied for some time and was in a bad condition. Indeed, there was very little hope of anything being done with it, for the walls were rotten and bulging, and much of the timber was decayed. The task of first putting the buildings to rights and then taking them down and despatching them to America was entrusted to Mr. Cox Howman, a Cotswold builder known for admirable restorations who has been a local magistrate for a generation. The cottage had had wooden windows put into it. These were removed and the old stone mullions



THE COTTAGE THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

1. *In its New Quarters in Michigan*

were replaced and the casements fitted with old glass. The old pigeon holes were uncovered, an old oven was restored, the cement that covered the walls was cleaned off, bad timber was replaced, and a special feature, winding stone staircases and fireplaces, was cared for. This was two months' work. Then it took seven weeks to pull down and pack. All the most important stones were numbered, and Mr. Cox Howman's careful drawings included a survey of the trees and the garden with the name of every flower marked. Not only the garden walling but the crazy paving and the stone edges of the paths were sent to America. The total weight was 475 tons, and the material was conveyed in a special train of sixty-seven wagons to Brentford, where it was barged to the London docks. The building stone was in bags and the freestone and stone slabs in crates. To re-erect the building with the assistance of American workmen, Mr. Cox Howman sent two men who had been responsible for the pulling down. The mason, who had been with him since his boyhood, was Mr. C. T. Troughton, the carpenter Mr. W. Ratcliffe. They left home on the last day of May, and were back on December 7. Work began on July 8 and finished on September 23, without one rainy day. By September 23 everything was in place, including the cider-barrel indoors (containing cider), the flowers and roses in the garden, the well complete with well-head from Chedworth (but, though thirty feet deep, there was no water) and a horse and cow in the barn. In reconstructing the house every conspicuous stone found its old place and the indoor plastering



THE COTTAGE THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC
2. *Another View. The plants are similar to those in the garden at Chedworth*

was done in the old way with chopped straw. The flooring had, of course, to be new, but the oak boards had come from the Cotswolds. All the work was done in the best possible way, copper nails for example, being freely used. Of the success of the reconstruction the photographs offer evidence. Indeed, towards the end of the job the new buildings looked so much at home on their new site that the workmen could almost fancy they were back at Chedworth. For the furniture and equipment of the cottage Mr. S. B. Russell, who is known for his remarkable restoration of the Lygon Arms, and as the founder of the workshops at Broadway, was consulted by Mr. Ford. Mr. Russell has been able to find a number of domestic objects, including even old baskets and hob-nailed boots, which might well have belonged to the cottage.

Mr. Henry Ford was frequently on the site, sometimes even three or four times a day, during the reconstruction, and the English craftsmen formed a high opinion of him. When staying in Broadway last October, Mr. Ford went over to Stow-on-the-Wold before breakfast one morning to talk with the families of the workmen who had directed the rebuilding, and had the kind thought of having photographs taken of the exiles' home circles. And he sent the two men to Niagara Falls before their return home. They have both a complete set of large photographs of the re-building. The men were struck by the way in which Mr. Ford insisted that everything should be left in apple-pie order at the close of every day. They particularly noticed the cleanliness of the windows of the Ford Works. Photographs of the



THE COTTAGE THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

3. *The Living Room*

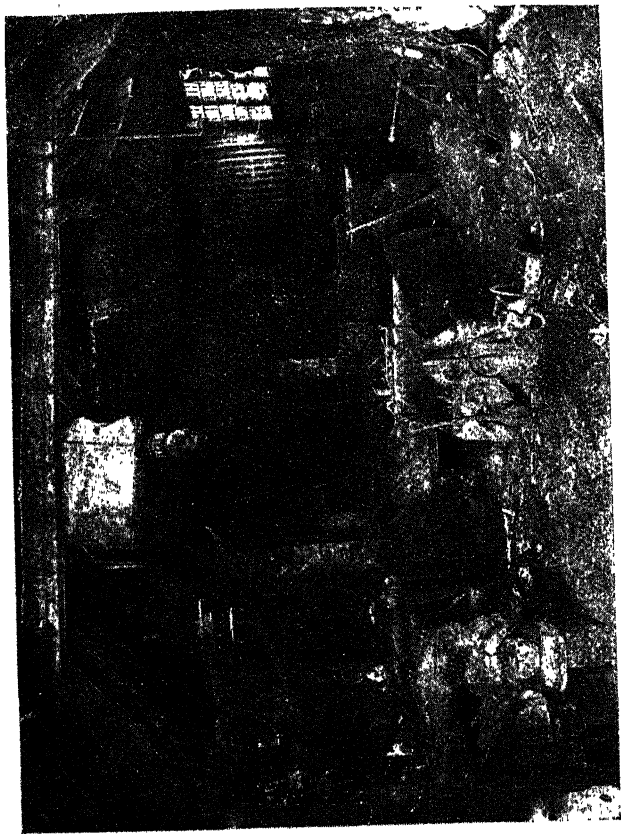
progress of the re-construction were taken every other day. Mr. Ford repeatedly expressed himself well satisfied with the job, and Mrs. Ford gave a luncheon party in the cottage, the food being cooked in the old oven. Mr. Cox Howman was also pleased with Mr. Ford's quiet, unassuming ways, his physical fitness, mental alertness and fine visual memory, and his delight in Cotswold scenery. Mr. Ford continues to own the land at Chedworth from which the cottage was taken, and by his instructions all the rubbish of the demolition has been removed, so that the little paddock still remains a fair part of the Cotswolds.

Some time ago the present writer was at Snowhill, a perfect Cotswold village, where he saw an old smithy which had been shut up for close on twenty years. The interesting tools and equipment were rusty and partially buried under a deep coating of dust and mortar from the fast-decaying roof. It was on the death of the widow of the last smith, Charles Stanley, who lived in the smithy cottage, that the property was bought by Mr. S. B. Russell, a resident in the village. In these days of machinery and agricultural depression, Snowhill can no longer provide a living for a village smith. Even had this been possible, a large expenditure in repairs and renewals of hearths, bellows and tools, many of which, from their age and interest, were only fit for a museum, would have been necessary. Many unsuccessful efforts were made by the new owner to preserve somewhere on the Cotswolds, the contents of this old-time smithy. A careful examination of the building was made by a Cotswold architect of



THE COTTAGE THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC
4. *A Bedroom. The Furniture was brought from England*

experience and skill, Mr. Thomas Rayson, with a view to using the forge building as a living-room for the tiny adjoining cottage, but the roof had holes in many places, the roof timbers were rotten and the walls were bulging, and without damp course. To comply with building regulations for occupation as a dwelling house it would have been necessary to re-build. In October last, when staying in Broadway, it was suggested to Mr. Ford by Mr. Russell, to whom he has been known for many years, that he might like to look at the contents of the forge, with a view to preserving them in his museum at Dearborn. As a result, they were purchased, with the decayed building, at a price that will almost cover the cost of the living-room to the cottage, which is to be erected in true Cotswold character in its place. Mr. Ford became so much interested in the contents, that he paid many visits to the forge, looking over and sorting out the tools, and getting much begrimed in the occupation. So Mr. Cox Howman has had another task to his mind, and by the time this article is in print the smithy and its contents – all nicely cleaned and labelled with their local names – will be in America, with Mr. Troughton on the scene again to undertake the work of reconstruction for Mr. Ford. This time the stone of the walls has not been packed in bags, but in crates and clamped barrels – Mr. Cox Howman made a purchase of one hundred old beer-barrels. Fifteen tons of timber have also been sent across the Atlantic. – *D.*



THE SMITHY THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC
As it was after Years of Neglect at Snowhill

*An 18th Century Parson Farmer**The Diary of Benjamin Rogers - 5*

June the 11th, 1732. Mrs. Chaderton being at my House this Evening, told my Daughter Sarah, that she could not forbear to tell her, compelled so to do out of the great respect she had for her (as she said,) that a Rumour went about the town, that she kept back 2s. 6d. of a Marriage fee — of 5s. she took for me in my absence of Mace of Puddington, who was married at Turvey to Eliz: Halfhead of this Parish, I not being at home. And they pretend'd it must be so, because, they said, I would not have took 5s. where I should have taken 2s. 6d. they being Married by Banns. But the truth is I am to Blame, for she gave me the 5s. and the Banns having been published a pretty while before the marriage; when she gave me the Money, thought they had been Married by Licence, and had forgot that I had published the Banns.

The 15th. A Report is spread hereabouts that, Dr. Mead is dead. But one Francis Mead of London A Quack-Doctor died lately, and that very likely gave rise to the Report. Dr. Mead is a very industrious Gentleman, a great traveller on foot, having gone a simpling over the most part of England.

The 20th. I heard a Month ago or more that Mr. Tho. Berkley Attorney at law of Eynsbury was gone off 4 or 5000 li. in debt. He was a Man of good Credit in his profession, by which means he had the putting out of a great deal of other people's money;

and it is said, that he has carried with him most if not all of the above mentioned sum, and now I hear he is gone beyond sea. *Cave qui credas.*

The 29th. My Wife and Son Tho. went to Bedford, and Bro't home some Mackerel; which was the 2nd time they had any at Bedford.

July the 3rd. I saw Mrs. Carter Senr. of Turvey, who took me out into the Garden, where she told me of the sad news of her daughter Mrs. Anne's Marriage with Mr. Peers of Turvey Junr. against her Consent on Midsummer day. I pittied her case, and gave her such advice as I thot proper. *Adjuvet Deus Opt. Max.*

Sept. the 4th. Note. It is reported at Bedford that Mr. Priaulx is gone to his Mother to get Money of her to pay his debts, which are great and Numerous, but this is thot by some to be only a pretence of going off the more handsomly. It is said too that he was lately forbidden by the Duke of Bedford to come to Woburn Abbey, for striking the Duke's Chaplain Mr. Tuff. It is said that the Duke has sent a servant to Lisbon to hire a house for him; but they say he will never be able to get thither, and that it is thot he cannot live a Week longer.

The 10th. An account came in the Newspapers that the Duke of Bedford was to set out on this day from Stretham to Portsmouth in order to embark for Lisbon. *Prosperet Deus Opt: Max.*

Oct. the 11th. Note My Wife went to Bedford at the latter end of September to assist Mrs. Batterson in the Sale of her Goods, and bought her Chaize for 5 li. She had a Blue Rug and great Coat into the bargain, worth about a dozen shillings. She

also bought of her a Flock-Bed, cost 6s. and a little Table, 2s. The Chaize was too dear, the Harness and all the Leather, was very old and decay'd, so that it broke down with us every time we went out in it, only the Wheels were good, being New.

The 19th. I paid Mrs. Battisson for her Chaize, with the Rent of Butcher's Row house, and 20s. which I borrowed of my sister Phillips. *Bene.*

Nov. the 8th. My Lord Trevor sent me a Coast of Venison, *χάρις*. We began to sow wheat. *Prosperet Deus Opt Max.*

The 27th. My Wife return'd with a present from my Lord Trevor of Six Guineas to buy me a Cloth Gown and Cassock. *Χάρις*.

Feb. the 13th, 1733. My Wife and I were at My Lord Trevor's who was pleased to give her a Lottery Tickett Number 8511194. *χάρις*.

May the 19th. My son Jno. being about 5 years old fell backwards into the pottage pot just as it was taken boyling off the Fire for Dinner but was taken out imediatly by the Maid. The fleshy part of his backside notwithstanding was miserably scalded, which threw him into a Fever, which continued upon him above a week. We kept pouring and rubbing on Oyl till Mr. Whitworth came who said nothing could have been done better.

May the 28th. My Daughter Sarah sent me word my Ticket was turn'd up a prize of 10 li. *Χάρις*.

June the 5th. John Grant ran a Nail into his Foot, which stuck so hard that Mr. Reynolds had much ado to get it out; we dressed it with Turpentine next day.

July the 8th. My Wife and Son Tho. went to

Althrop to wait upon the Duchess of Marlborough.
Faxit Deus, ut perquam grati sit.

July the 12th. Mr. Matt. Priaulx was elect'd Town-Clerk by a great Majority, he having 255 and Mr. Weale by 91. I did not poll, being unwilling to offend my Relations. Yet had there been Occasion for my vote, I should have given it for Mr. Priaulx. Mr. Weale was proposed by the Whigs for ill purposes.

I borrowed 4 li. of my Sister Phillips to pay Mrs. Henson.

The 15th. I went to Bromham with my cousin Mr. Tho. Beadles to get my Lord Trevor's Letter to Sir Jer. Sambrooke for Thurleigh Living, Mr. Bourn the Incumbent there being so ill that his Life is despair'd of: his Lordship thot it irregular to make application before the Incumbent was dead; but was pleas'd to give us his Letter the next morning: and I went to Bedford to See what Mr. Mayor had done in the Affair; who told me Sir Jer: had given him as civil an Answer as he could wish. I wrote to Sir Jno. Barnard about the sad affair. *Prosperet Deus.*

The 21st. They returned having been very graciously received and brought a side of the fattest venison that I ever saw for my Lord Trevor: The Duke Shot the Buck himself. *Χάρις τῷ θεῷ.*

The 22nd. My wife and I went to Bromham and carried a letter from the Duchess to his Lordship and the side of venison. The Haunch was roasted for dinner, the finest that I ever saw, and my Lord was pleased to give us a piece of the side. *Χάρις.*

Sept. the 20th. Mr. Daniel Bergy was Buried.

Mr. Bolton being gone to London and Mr. Walker being taken ill in the Field a shooting there was no Body to Bury the Corpse. It was agreed therefore that I should perform the Office, and at the Church Gate Mr. Aspin should bear the pall in my Room. *Χάρις.*

October the 26th. I Bottled my Mead, which filled 8 doz. and 8 qts. and 4 doz., and 10 pints.

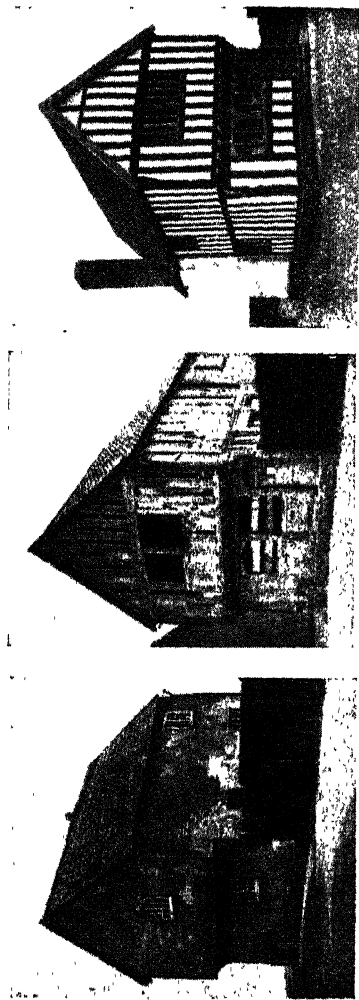
The 26th. I burn'd my Will which I made October the 24th 1727.

The 28th. Mr. Barry and I set out for London; We din'd at the Bell at Luton about 12 and got to Barnet by half an Hour after four, where we lay all night: and the next Morning we got to London about 11. It being My Lord Mayor's Day.

The 30th. Being the King's Birthday I went with my Daughter Sarah to the Royal Chappel, but to my great Surprise saw neither the King or Queen there, nor indeed any body else besides the Choristers, and about 2 doz. people.

Oct. the 31st. My Daughter and I went to see Grosvenor Square, Hannover Square etc. call'd at the Duke of Marlborough's in Picadilly; where amongst other fine things we saw the fine Library and drank Tea with the Housekeeper Mrs. Mor-dant, from thence we went to Dr. Mead's, saw his fine Library and Curiosities, and returned to Mr. Trevor's about 7 a Clock.

Nov. the 1st. I set out from London about noon, and lay at Luton that Night, whither I got about 7 at Night: and the next morning I left Luton a little after 8 and got home about 2. It was a very misty day, and I lost my way twice, but soon found it again.



Photos by Warren Bros. and Cooke

HOW ASHWELL GOT ITS VILLAGE MUSEUM

This building, condemned by the housing authorities, and secured to accommodate a number of curious things illustrative of the history and life of the village (a market town in Norman days), proved, on the removal of a piece of old plaster, to be the Tudor treasure it is shewn to be in the second and third photographs. The cost of restoration, £300, was borne by Sir William Gentle

The 25th. I planted 15 or 16 Trees on the Moor in the room of the like number that dyed.

Dec. the 10th. My son Tho. sold a Horse to Mr. Wagener the Duke of Marlborough's servant for 24 guineas. *bene.*

The 18th. I Buried Old Harrison the Stonecutter at Pavenham.

The 26th. My Lord Trevor was pleas'd to give me a Portugal piece value 3 li. 12s. and my Wife another value 1 li. 16s. and to the poor people of Carlton and Chellington two Moidores. *Xápus.*

The 30th. A great Flood. It had been such and one a little before: we have had the most Rain within this 6 weeks that ever I Remember. I had much ado to get home.

The 31st. Mr. Charlton seeing me as I came thro his Close paid me for braking up the Ground in my churchyard for Burying his Wife and child 6s. 8d. each.

(To be continued)

THE STORM BLEW DOWN THE POULTRY HOUSE
AND THE FOX DID THE REST



A Study by Oliver G. Pike

*Piedmontin**by Geoffrey Holdsworth*

PIEDMONTIN is officially my gardener; but he looks on the higher forms of horticulture as a pastime for fools. Pah! he thinks, watching me contemplate in ecstasy my Iris Susiana; 'All that trouble for a flower that does not *render*!'

With difficulty he bites back the hot words because these poor *Inglesi* will not have old but beautiful olive trees cut down and rooted up. How his hands itch for the fell work, and in their lovely stead spiky rows of artichokes: '*Che rendono!*' A formal bed of geraniums for *bellezza*, yes; some of the younger olives, that are in full bearing; a vineyard, exclusively of the vines of Piedmont, producing *strong* wine, not like these little vines that the vinously ill-educated *signore* prefers; and a great and glorious *coltivazione* of artichokes. No more of this foolishness of growing wild flowers from the hills in the garden.

Yet he is a great man; he knows nearly everything worth knowing, and does many things to perfection. 'Making wells,' he says, 'that is my mystery.' Delightful phrase! He has many other 'mysteries.' I have seen no one build the stone terrace-retaining walls of the South with such speed and such magnificent perfection. He makes wine; he gets me a better price for my olives than anyone in the neighbourhood; he is a first-rate carpenter with tools that must have been primitive in the days of Romulus.

I have never known him by any name but Piedmontin. I suppose he has one somewhere. Piedmont must be to Italy, I think, what Lancashire is to England, for all the Piedmontese I have met seem to regard other Italians as an inferior race. Piedmontin is no exception. *Noi in Piedmonste*, he says, with a pitying smile, regarding the work of some wretched Ligurian. I have often been tempted to remind him that the Romans found the Ligurians a far tougher people to conquer than the Piedmontese. But that, of course, was a very long time ago.

I doubt if he has ever had a bath; yet he smells clean. His main smell is of earth and wine of the country. Usually earth predominates; but on certain days, the twentieth of September, the fourth of November – there are many such in Italy – he comes singing up the hill at night one splendid smell of wine. If I am not in bed, he seeks me out, shakes hands with me, tells me I am *bravo* – in fact that we are both *bravo*, and what about a little spot of wine? This ceremony over, he lurches down the hill with a great cry that must gladden the heart of Dionysius.

I said to him once, 'Don't get drunk to-night, Piedmontin, because to-morrow I want you to help me plant some roses.' 'But, *signore*,' he replied, 'to-day is the feast of St. Joseph, when it is a man's *duty* to get drunk!' There was no more to be said; I had to plant the roses alone. Eventually we came to an agreement that once a month it was lawful for him to get drunk, due notice having been given to me.

His bargaining propensities are at times annoying.



IN THE COTSWOLDS
The Editor by One of his Staff

I demanded once a hundred canes for runner beans. 'Signore,' he answered, 'my third cousin will be going to Porto Lorenzo with his mule in eight days time. If you will wait till then, we shall save fifteen *centesimi*.'

He laughs at most superstitions, but has an enormous faith in the moon's influence upon the fruits of the earth. When I have suggested that we might have another row of peas sown it is, 'No, *signore*, it is a bad moon; we must wait.' No argument, no pleading avail. I once sowed a row myself, under a bad moon. Piedmontin was convinced they would not come up. When they did, when they waxed and burgeoned and bore fruit, he said nothing. There was a slight coolness between us. I think he attributed it to the wilful interference on my behalf of some strange god of the *Inglese*. He continued to sow seeds *sotto una luna buona*.

Piedmontin is very old, older than the mountains of Liguria, where in autumn the crocuses rear their lovely heads, where in spring the pale anemones star the terraces in untold thousands. He is, I think, the original Mediterranean man. His actual age is, I suppose, about forty. I suspect him of baldness, for I have never seen him without a battered yachting cap on his head. He sleeps in it. Often in the heat of the day, I have seen him lying asleep under an olive with the cap firmly fixed on. I would not, of course, have the temerity to ask him to remove it.

Once only, seeing my echiums a glory of blue in April, he rewarded me with: '*Son' proprio belli*.' I felt like one of Napoleon's marshals receiving his Emperor's congratulations after a victory.

How I Turned Inn-keeper

by S. B. Russell

THIS Spring and Summer more will undoubtedly be said and written about the accommodation and the fare provided by country inns. There are so many directions in which the management of a considerable proportion of them could be improved that we have asked Mr. Russell, who came to the famous Lygon Arms as an amateur and has made such a success of it, to write an account of his experiences.— Editor

FROM banking in London to inn-keeping in the Cotswolds is a far cry, and yet it seemed to come about by a natural evolution, for I remember first reading about the Lygon Arms in one of those chatty books on road travel written by J. J. Hissey, 'Across England in a Dog Cart', which I got from the Bank library about 1896, and, later on, being thrilled by a large sale bill, with full description, which was hanging in the chambers of the Bank's solicitors, in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, where I had gone on Bank business. In 1901 I was offered the important post at Burton-on-Trent under Sir Charles Stewart (afterwards Public Trustee), as head of a department which managed the properties of Samuel Allsopp & Sons, and found that the Lygon Arms was one of them. It was in 1903 that I was able to see it for the first time. There was no railway to Broadway in those days, and I well remember the drive from Evesham by dog-cart and the impression made on me by the weathered stone frontage of the old inn, with its well-proportioned gables, and the distant hills in the background. But, steeped as I was in Mr. Hissey's description, the inside was disappointing. There was much of interest in premises that had been an inn since 1530, but very much had been hidden and wrongly treated. Beautiful sixteenth century stone doorways had been painted, open fireplaces bricked up and fitted with cheap register grates. The plaster

work in many rooms was held together by the many wall-papers, pasted one on the other and going back to the little rosebud patterns of early Victorian times. In the only sitting-room on the ground floor the ingle-nook had been enclosed by cupboards and the beam had been papered over. Some tattered coco-matting, a few armchairs in American cloth, without castors, and the groggy gas chandelier with one weight missing, created depression, the more so, as part of the room had been allocated as a passage-way to others beyond, by placing deal store cupboards back to back. In the front rooms at the west end there was an untidy smoke room and bar. At the east end an assembly room had been erected about 1860 without any regard to preserving light and air for several rooms. This assembly room seemed to have originated in the purchase by the owner of four large windows and two large double doors at a sale in Cheltenham. In the yard at the back was stabling for thirty or forty horses.

Notwithstanding the unsuitable furniture everywhere, and the sordid atmosphere of the place, I could not fail to be impressed by the original staircase, the panelling in the Oak parlour, and the beautiful plaster work and Elizabethan fireplace in the Cromwell Room, and could not help feeling that much of equal interest was hidden.

Notwithstanding the one and only bathroom, a particularly unpleasing apartment, and the many evidences of unsympathetic furnishing, equipment, and management, the visitors' book showed that many well-known people had come to the inn. I noted the names of Arthur J. Bal-four, Lord and Lady Elcho, Phil May, J. M. Barrie, the Duke of Norfolk, Forbes-Robertson, Owen Seaman, Alma Tadema, Canon Ainger, Ellen Terry and Conan Doyle. It was on my way home that the idea came to me that this old inn offered great possibilities if properly developed. It was going to be a big job, but it would be worth while, and finding that Allsopp's were willing to sell what could never be regarded as a brewers' property, I made another visit,



A Sketch for THE COUNTRYMAN by Thorpe

ROAD OFFICIAL TO LOCAL SURVEYOR: *'We don't know yet just where the road is going, but you may as well start cutting down some trees.'*

and in January, 1904, I was in possession. Experience had shown me that many inns of similar age and character failed in attempting too much. One found a smoke room and bar frequented by village tradespeople, with the farmers' noisy bustle on market days, commercial and stock rooms for travellers, catering for large parties, and lastly, the tourist, who often received but scant attention from a staff tired by the labours of the day. My plan was to look after the tourist entirely, to do away with the public bars, and to make the inn as much like a large private house as it was possible for it to be. One of the first things I did was to have a careful survey made by an architect, and the wisdom of this step was manifest afterwards, for when we came to make restorations we knew exactly what was above and below.

(To be continued)



Fur Farming in Great Britain

MOST people think of their furs as coming from overseas, whereas quite a number of silver fox furs are bred within fifty miles of London. Their superiority to wild furs, often taken from animals at the wrong season, and almost invariably with cruelty, is known to experts. There are not more than 1,600 registered silver foxes in the country; but England is waking up to the opportunity and the industry is growing. Fine pelts have fetched as high figures as £125 in open auction. No imported fox will in future be registered in Britain unless it can pass the high standard of the British Association of silver fox breeders. Every ranch in the country is visited by the Association inspector who decides whether the cubs are fit to be registered in the British stud book. If up to standard they are tattooed in both ears with marks showing the ranch they were bred in and the year of their birth. If not up to standard they must be pelted. The cubs are born in spring and may be pelted the following December, or bred from the following February.

*Birds Without Homes**by Oliver G. Pike*

MOST birds make cosy homes for their young, but there are other birds which are content to lay their eggs in desolate places without the slightest attempt at nest building. On the south coast of Kent there is a remarkable tract of country. For hundreds of years the sea has been receding, and it has left behind a wilderness of stones, about four miles wide and many more in length. On its borders stands the village of Lydd. Dotted about the expanse of stones are little patches of green, also occasional stunted furze bushes. On these small oases are a few roots of sea campion and fox-glove, and now and then a patch of half-starved grass. This wind-swept desert is the home of one of our rarest breeding birds, the Kentish plover. The fishermen make their way across this ancient sea-bottom by the use of what they call backstays, pieces of board about eight inches long and five inches wide, with a loop for the foot. A man accustomed to backstays can, by shuffling forward, progress over the shingle with comparative ease. As I made my way over the shingle, doing my best to keep my backstays attached to my feet, I saw a small bird going slowly over the stones. I dropped to the ground, lay full length and examined it with my field-glasses. It was the Kentish plover that I had travelled to that desert to find. I knew that I was not far from the eggs, but I knew also that on that great stretch of stones it would be difficult to discover them. The only hope was that the bird herself would show me where they were placed. For half an hour I watched her, then to my delight saw her drop her body, and shuffle round as birds do when covering their eggs. For another half hour I gazed at her and the surroundings, trying my hardest to pick out some little landmark that would be a guide to show me where her eggs were laid. One might search for a week and not find them in the ordinary way. Even when close to them it is no easy task to pick them out

from the stones. The colour is exactly that of the stones, and their markings would cause ten out of a dozen people to say that they were stones. At last I had her fixed. There was a stone a little larger than its neighbours close to her; on her right there was a piece of stunted grass, and another just beyond. I jumped up, went forward, and as I did so the bird ran off. I took no notice of her, but endeavoured to keep my eyes glued to the spot which she left. This, however was no easy task in a journey of over one hundred yards. At last I reached the place that I had so carefully noted, but found that there were at least a dozen stones like the one I had marked, and quite fifty little blades of starved-looking grass. I searched for the eggs but failed to find them, and had to go back to watch again. Once more I saw the bird settle, and this time when I went forward I spotted the eggs.

During the four hours I spent in my hide I noticed that the bird behaved in a strange manner. She would sit on her two eggs for about twenty minutes, then go to another spot six feet away, and squat on the stones for about the same length of time. I examined the spot on which she settled and found to my surprise that she had a third egg there. This enterprising little bird had two distinct lots of eggs, and was doing her best to hatch them. There are other birds found on this stony beach which make no nest, ringed plovers, lapwings, Norfolk plovers, and little terns. All their eggs are difficult to find. When the lapwing lays in a meadow, she usually makes quite a passable nest, but here she prefers to lay on the bare stones. During the days I spent on Lydd beach I came across several clutches of eggs which were deserted by their owners, and I wondered if they had lost them through failing to take proper landmarks. The lesser tern gets over this difficulty by laying her eggs close to some prominent landmark, this often being a small piece of driftwood which has been cast up by the sea and blown inland.

*Honesty**by Elspet Keith*

A MIDDLE-AGED woman entered her spotless parlour carrying a bunch of double daffodils, the first of spring. As she lifted some branches of pearl-like 'honesty' that had gleamed from an old black jar all the winter, in order to put the daffodils in their place, a sudden memory of her mother surged over her. Only five years had passed since Mrs. Forrest's death, yet their life together seemed to belong to a period incredibly remote. The worst time had been during the months when Margaret's bereaved father was her sole care. By the time she had schooled herself to live at peace with the tempestuous, wayward, affectionate old man she knew at what price her mother had won her air of spiritual serenity. Yet her father, a religionist of a stern school, was a good man, she reflected.

'Odd little lives!' murmured Margaret to herself. 'Such a tiny pattern!' Forgetting the freshly gathered flowers, she sat gazing at the silvery pods of 'honesty'. 'She was just like that', she said to herself. 'Pure honesty in purpose, word and deed.' She fingered the silvery pods, feeling again that frail, veined hand. She seemed to see once more a tiny form recumbent on a couch and an eager-eyed, transparent, invalid face. Margaret, the youngest, valued most the shining peace that her mother had radiated. Now, taking a ribbon-like view of her own restricted youth, she was filled with compassion for the limitations of her parents' lives.

Forrest had hated his wife's people. They had resented her marrying a poor man of a class a little different from their own, and the husband's hurt pride became a searchlight for possible slights. Mrs. Forrest had brought some money with her. As the children grew this money dwindled in the great cause of education.

In those days country folk were still doing much of their

business by a system of exchange. The farmer and the miller were credited with corn and flour by the builder and the blacksmith, who paid in terms of house repairs, horse-shoeing or other service. At times the muddle was intolerable, so that energetic folk pushed custom aside. Margaret's father was a miller, but a little too zealous in public work to be a successful man of business. Margaret had returned one day from school to find her parents greatly upset. Perspiration was showing on the forehead of her father as he examined an account sent him by the lawyer of a farmer named Smiley who had died suddenly. This unjust bill for £97 dated back nearly thirty years. To meet the sum quickly meant bankruptcy for the miller, for he had kept no contra account. His careful wife brought out some neatly tied bunches of old cheque counterfoils and her indisputable list of sums paid to Smiley from her own account reduced the offensive bill by more than a third. To pay off the balance Mrs. Forrest's private store was now to be drained to the last pound. Neither of Margaret's parents dwelt on the injustice of the Smiley charge. Their chief concern had been to meet the 'debt', as they called it. It was Margaret who brought to mind old Smiley's oily drawl of, 'Well, good *naybur*'!

Years afterwards a kinsman of Mrs. Forrest left her an unexpected legacy of £100. Amid much laughter and talk the mother divided the cash among her children. In reserving £10 for herself she said that nobody must ask her what she meant to do with her share. Her children teased her about this unwonted reticence; but the old lady, laughing with them, kept her counsel and her cash. When all had left but Margaret, the mother had said 'My love, go fetch me the old Smiley correspondence.' After some searching Margaret laid a handful of yellowed foolscap on the couch. 'Now, my child, carefully check these totals.' 'Mother, dear, are you dreaming? This was all settled years and years ago.' Strangely excited her mother replied, 'I know, I know! Cast it up again!' Margaret obeyed wonderingly.

'It doesn't cast up right, mother. It reads £97 but it adds up £107.' Mother and daughter looked deep in each other's eyes. Mrs. Forrest broke the silence 'My child, you will guess how I have suffered all these years. I knew that the lawyer had made a slip, but I dared not check the figures twice. During sleepless nights I tried to deceive myself. I vowed that if ever I had £10 of my own again I would make it up to the Smiley children, but at the time we settled that bill I could not see where another pound was to come from.' Margaret put her arms round the frail little creature, saying 'Mother, it was an unjust bill. Father never owed the Smileys one penny, and it was not your affair to check their lawyer's figures.' 'That's not the point, my child. It was a *debt* and my sin lay in keeping silent all these years. Now, at last, without hurting my children, or even telling your father, I can pay it.' 'But the Smileys have all gone long ago', said Margaret. 'Ah, but I have a note of the address of the two girls who went to Canada', she said exultingly. 'And you shall write them now enclosing this money.' When the note was posted and all excitement had left her, Mrs. Forrest lay back with an expression of joy on her face. 'At last it is paid', she said, 'and the thought of that wrong can trouble me no more.'

* * *

Margaret Forrest smiled as she threw last year's 'honesty' into her cheerful parlour fire. She brought water and placed the glorious daffodils in the jar. 'It must have been the only sin she ever sinned', she mused. 'And to think of that lamb being able to outwit a crafty lawyer and the whole Smiley family!'



'I know some does,' said Old John, 'but I never doesn't.'

THIS spelling business! We found a lad in one village school enumerating the planets, 'Mercury, Venus, Mars, Earth, Neptune, Uranus and Satan'!

*Waste Not Want Not**by E. A. Bunyard*

HOW much seed do we need and how many varieties? On this point I venture to put forward a few gatherings from my own experience. Firstly, as to vegetables, there is often much waste in those which have a short life, such as peas and lettuce. Though we are annually told to 'sow successionally', how seldom is it done! Gardeners like to get all their seeds in at once, and enjoy a feeling of 'that's that'. Does earth contain a greater tragedy than large numbers of peas growing daily harder through over-supply? Lettuces have no floral value, but are often seen in flower through a lack of staff work. If we need twenty lettuce a week, the best way to ensure them is to sow twenty each week. Carrots suffer from this whole-hoggery as much as any vegetable, with sad effects on the reputation of English cookery. Carrots can be as soft as marrow if they are young enough and repeated sowings right up till August should be made, the last sowing being the largest as the small roots will keep quite well in most seasons in the soil and there is no reason why the winter carrot should be tough and woody.

So in flowers, annuals of short life, such as Shirley poppies, Escholtzia and Coreopsis, sown two or three times give much better value for the space occupied. In planting beds of annuals for cutting—a plan which makes for peace in the garden and contentment at home—it is well to remember the length of flowering period when deciding how many plants are wanted. In such a plant as Arctotis, that most refined of all daisy flowered plants, flowering continues from July till the frosts come, so few plants are required. A wide range of varieties in small quantities gives most pleasure indoors. Such, then, are a few fireside reflections, perhaps the reader will say platitudes? 'Sow successionally' we all know that! True, enough, but do you practise it?

Why Rooks Forsake their Rookeries

by T. S. Hawkins

MANY people shoot young rooks because they imagine that the old birds claim a parental right to the territory, and if the young birds are left there will be quarrels leading to a desertion of the rookery. 'There is no truth in the old superstition that if the young rooks are not shot the birds will leave the rookery,' says the 'Field' (Nov. 1925). A number of rookery owners shoot none of their birds, and the rooks remain faithful to the spot. Some rookery owners slaughter the young rooks on the plea of reducing the number of birds, yet at Hampden Park Gardens, Eastbourne, where the young have been shot heavily every year the numbers are increasing. At Harpsdon Court, Henley-on-Thames, on the other hand, the rooks have not been shot for fourteen years, and they also are increasing. The same is the case at Sidmouth where they have not been shot for twelve years. The rooks have never been shot at Park Place, Henley-on-Thames or at my former home but their numbers have not increased perceptibly. Such cases could be multiplied in every county. The size of a rookery must depend in part upon the number of young rooks that are reared in the nest each year, and also upon the rate of mortality during the year. The death rate varies considerably from time to time. It must also depend upon the proportion of male birds to female, for all the inhabitants of a rookery do not appear to be married couples. That rooks do forsake their rookery when their young are slaughtered is shown by the fact that they deserted the rookery at Wotton Knoll, Gloucester in such a case, for the first time for nine years. This happened elsewhere.

Rooks forsake their rookeries for the following reasons (1) A rookery where the trees were decaying is deserted for the branches become unsafe. (2) If any trees are being felled near the rookery the birds might leave. (3) If the eggs are

sucked by rats, stoats or grey squirrels the birds may desert. Some years ago rooks left their rookery for no apparent reason, after forty years. The keeper discovered a rats' nest in a large unused nest in the rookery. (4) The inhabitants of a rookery of ancient origin deserted a particular clump of trees when a grey squirrel amused himself by turning the young rooks out of the nest one after the other. (5) If molested by owls, ravens or carrion crows, rooks might leave their rookery; but if a blank cartridge is fired from time to time in or near the rookery, it usually proves sufficient to scare away these enemies without disturbing the rightful owners. If carrion crows were not so terribly persecuted they would rifle the rooks' nests, throw the eggs to the ground, and thus keep the rook population in check in a humane manner by destroying the eggs. The carrion crow is killed to the great advantage of rats, mice, voles and rabbits. Persecutors of carrion crows should remember that all these rodents are far more destructive than the crows. The Ministry of Agriculture Leaflet (No. 244) on the destruction of rats, includes the carrion crow among birds that are well-known enemies of these rodents. Rooks sometimes leave their rookeries for no apparent reason; for instance, the rooks used to nest in the grounds of the Manor House and in the trees around the church at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. In 1928, for the first time for fifty years, a colony of rooks arrived at Highfield and built twenty-six nests. In the middle of the nesting season, with the eggs in an advanced stage of development, all the rooks left the nests in the old places, while all the nests at Highfield were deserted simultaneously. One isolated colony of ten rooks remained for a few days longer, but the birds were fetched away by the others. They were waited upon by a deputation and made to go. They did not come back in the spring, but returned last autumn to the trees in which they had once built, and also to the Highfield trees. They arrived with the fall of the evening, but left again in the early morning.



YOUNG ROOKS

Autolycus Ltd., Vagrant Merchants - 3

WE had now a few days before us with nothing to do but send the daily weather report, and drouk in the burn beside our latest camping place. The caravan had this little burn on one side, and across that lay the quiet road and a birch-covered hillside. Behind, the moor sloped back to the foothills of the Grampians, and on the far side from the burn a hill rose steeply, deep in heather. Not a wind blew on us that had not the fine smell of bog-myrtle, and the hills were changing to their autumn blues and purples. We felt as if we were in the courts of kings, these bright days, with the wide moors and the hills decked in purple and fine linen. We had not enough money to pay two guineas for our hawker's licence and there were moments when we wondered if we would fail. We knew if we did fail we had nowhere else to turn. Our money was all sunk in our venture. When we felt like that we ran to drouk under alder trees in the white, white water of our burn. Sheep came to our doors, and, newly clipped, lay as white as froth on the green banks of the burn.

We took the trailer to Kingussie where a joiner was to put sides to it, and bought a pound of plums. Their price put new life in us. Surely, we argued, if a shop can live and sell at this wild price, we can sell at a reasonable price.

July 21. We took the car to Kingussie for the trailer, painted a nice green. Cost us One Pound. Then to the station. Our fruit had arrived the preceding Friday. And we had made the fruit merchants swear not to forward it until the Monday, to get to us Tuesday. With foreboding we loaded up and went sullenly out of Kingussie. Towards Insh, in a quiet corner, we unloaded and I cursed our fine merchants. The case of apples was half wasted. I threw pounds and pounds of the bonny fruit into a wood. Wasps gathered there and swarmed about us in no time. The oranges were almost ready to rot. We emptied them on the roadside

bank and picked out the sound. The crate of bananas was in a sad state. We picked and threw until that little wood reeked of ripe fruit, plums, tomatoes, everything. A woman with a little boy passed. The boy nudged her. She asked if we were selling fruit. We said we were. She bought oranges and bananas and grape fruit and plums. So we were hanselled. The sun was shining for us once more. If the fruit was rotting, at least people were glad to get fruit, and we would sell what was left. We carried on now, heartened, through the little village of Insh where everyone came to look at us and buy our fruit. One old lady asked if she could buy the worst of the apples, and took out her false teeth to explain what exactly the dentist had not done; and why, although she loved fruit, she could not munch apples as she would have liked. We sold her the softer at threepence the pound, and gained a regular customer. We sold thirty shillings worth of fruit before five o'clock, having been on the road only a few hours. The fine day went down into the Monadhliahs, we came to the caravan, and splattered in the burn until the supper cooked. Then I wrote a nasty note to the fruit merchants, and we slept heavily and happily.

22nd. At seven Betty wakened the day with a loud song while she filled the kettle in the burn. I sat douce in a corner while she made breakfast, and I attempted not to get any of her little song into the order for fruit I was inditing. I ordered oranges, plums, tomatoes, costing altogether £1 16s. 6d. I also looked up other fruit brokers in a fruit trade paper. We realised from the greeting we had had the previous day that we must have definite rounds. Everyone asked eagerly if we were coming back. I must admit that Betty has tinker blood somewhere among her ancestors, and she talked most engagingly about the value of having fruit brought to the door, good fruit, cheap fruit, newly come that very morning. So we sallied out through Kingussie, leaving it in silence because of our lack of hawker's licence and its strolling sergeant of police. We made our first halt on the

Great North Road at the hamlet of Lynchat where, at the first house, Betty, on going round to the back, found an old, tall grey-haired woman reading a Bible. She had clear eyes and bought tomatoes and oranges.

We sold our way along the road, being greeted everywhere as friends, and assuring the country at large that we would return. In Kincaig the hotel bought heavily of everything we had, and asked us to call twice weekly. In Aviemore a few miles further on, women cried excitedly to everyone in sight when they heard how we were charging, and bought oranges by the dozen and Canary bananas by the score.

Where the Feshie foams under its high bridge there was a cluster of houses. Everyone bought. Sitting above the river, there was a house with a garden. It was all a jumble of bright flowers. An old woman, straight and fine, came out to see our fruit. The house had a porch lined with unstained wood, dark with age, and there were queer little baths about the door with birds dipping and spluttering in them. The garden was full of birds and bees, and behind them the river tumbled across rocks. Another old tall woman came from feeding hens. The place was set amongst old huge firs like sunshine in a corner of a dusty room. Insh bought all our remaining oranges, all our plums, apples and tomatoes.

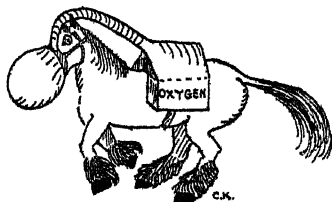
We fed hugely when we got home. Neighbours had come, in a Ford lorry from Glasgow, with only a tarpaulin for a covering. A man and his young wife spending their holidays had this for living in. The nights were cold though it was July. She was glad of coffee, and sat close to our fire. We were proud of our caravan.

After we sat a while I thought I'd like to see Benalder where I know the stalker. Benalder lies six miles from Dalwhinnie along the side of Loch Ericht, driest and loneliest of Highland lochs. We went out with some fruit in the car, leaving the trailer at home. Navvies working under the Grampian Electricity Scheme were living in tents at Benalder. Sold them bananas. Navvies asked if I'd taxi them to Dal-

whinnie on the week-ends. Roads dreadful. Where there was wood carting through the forest which lies along the loch for four miles there were nine inches of mud. Road looked sheer down a couple of hundred feet to the loch, but the idea was good, the money grateful and I said I'd carry them. On our way home we found a car with a wheel off and another car trying to tow it. We lined up, three cars and one towing rope, and crawled in state to the hotel where I drank beer and Betty sherry. We were home by midnight, our neighbours sound asleep, and being tired we were soon asleep too. We had sold Three Pounds worth of fruit that day. We had done 60 miles and used 4 gallons of petrol.

24th. The fates were against us again. Of our order only the apples had arrived. Wired furiously, it was no use setting out with only apples and grape fruit. Bought drum of oil for Corybante, five gallons £1. Thought that carting navvies in a car with a broken spring on the wild wild road to Benalder was too risky. We visited all the garages in Newtonmore and Kingussie in turn. One garage had no time, another could not do the repair, another said that we had better try a smith. One smith said that it was not worth his while doing the job, it would take three days and cost several pounds. A further garage recommended a visit to the tinker's where we might get a spring from a broken-up car that would fit. We bought a spring from an Austin twenty for half a

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



12. *Oxygen makes Old Horses Young*

crown, but found after we bought it that it was a fraction too wide. The last garage recommended a visit to Lachie the Blacksmith at Balgowan. We set forth for Balgowan.

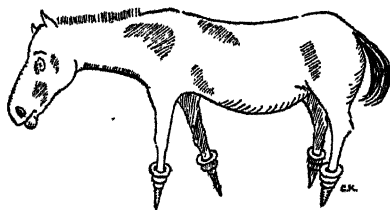
We turned to where Lachie the Smith had his smithy. The country is decaying, there are few people; there are scarcely any young people. Lachie the Smith came here after the War. He was an Army farrier and came home to the place that was thriving when he was young. Lachie looked at the spring. He was a little dark man with small hands as fine as if he never did a day's work in his life. He asked where we had been, and laughed softly when we told him. We jacked the car up with a long post and an old anvil. Lachie said the garages sent him jobs they could not do, but they never sent him any materials. If he had the proper springs, or even springs of the sort, he could do the job in no time. But he would look about him. He showed white teeth in a dazzling smile. He told us how the place was dying. Twelve horses less than when he came a few years before; nothing to keep a smith alive. Lachie the smith turned over a heap of scrap, and produced lengths of spring which once belonged to a dog cart. He took the broken spring into the smiddy. I pumped the bellows and he swung the hammer cutting the springs to the length. He worked with the hot iron as daintily as a seamstress sews. His fingers went among the red hot irons as a cat's feet pick their way through cinders or over puddles. He did things with the stubborn iron until one could have sworn it had a soul and knew that this was its master. The springs died and came to life as he tempered them. He cut them and tapered them, and bowed them each to each. Then he laid the springs on a bench, and drilled the proper holes in them with an ancient drill which a great beam weighted. Lachie the Smith, told us how well this old-fangled thing worked. As the drill went round the horse shoes which hung in rows from the smiddy roof made a pleasant sound like bells ringing faintly from fairyland. He had a love for the old things, and for the

days which were kinder to smiths. He showed us how the modern spring was full of flaws which showed in cracks when it was red hot. He showed us the old spring from some past farmer's roup. When that spring was red hot there were no flaws to be seen in it. He told us that modern iron was not like the old, and smiled his sudden smile, lighting up his dark face as the flash of his fire when the bellows blew and lit up the smiddy. But he smiled because he was fond of the old and glad to have some one he could talk to about it, not because he was so very gay.

Women from the crofter township sat by the edge of their fields keeping an eye on their cows, and knitting as they watched. I ruined my 8s. 11d. trousers that I bought specially. They got filthy dirty when I mended a puncture we had got. Betty said they wouldn't wash being shoddy flannel, and they'd shrink so that they would not go on. The smith asked six shillings and six pence for the job. Sure the spring will last for ever. We thanked him, and hoped he'd have more work. But there is little to that, in this passing countryside, where there are so few horses, and so many old folk.

25th. At Kingussie station for fruit. Turning back to Insh the coupling of the trailer broke and the trailer turned a somersault. Over she went and all the fruit with her. As usual when things go wrong the empty road was filled

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



13. Fit Old Horses with Dibbers for Potato Planting

with cars in two two's. Cars of respectable old women crawled through the wild waste of fruit, sympathising but not buying. We gathered up what we could, dusted it and sold some of it to Insh. Once more we douked and were fresh again so that we set out the thirteen miles to Dalwhinnie and sold more fruit there. This day of accidents, we yet sold three pounds worth of fruit. We had now come to know what was a fair price and our day cleared us 15s.

26th. I carted navvies this day, sold them fruit to begin with, then dumped the fruit with the stalker who promised not to overeat. The car went through the ruts like a speed boat with water rising from her bows. I took ten navvies in the back of the car, but in spite of the load I skidded at one high part of the road and the car looked straight over a sheer two hundred feet drop into the loch; when I hauled her out of the skid the back swept clean over the road and fetched up overhanging the loch with the front attempting to knock down some very fine old three thousand feet high hills of the Benalder range. The navvies cheered me loudly, all except one who jumped out and fell in a puddle. His mates would not let him in again and he walked to Dalwhinnie where he spent most of the night looking for me to pay me and tell me he had no intention of bilking me. Irish, drunk, and honest. I let him stand me a pint to show there was no ill-feeling. Late at night I took men to Newtonmore and arranged to fetch them back to Benalder on the Sunday. Then I drove my navvies home. I had done the Benalder road six times in the one evening. £4, and I rejoiced.

By now we had established rounds. We had a proper idea of what we should charge, and were still able to undercut the shops so that they went telling everyone that we could not be selling good fruit. We had good champions in those who bought from us, and they swore we had the best fruit in Badenoch. We got in touch with other firms who were reliable and honest. There were some murmurs when people found the oranges rising in price but we could not help that.

Tomatoes had to be watched carefully in case we were left with them going bad. We bought no more crates of Canary bananas, but flats of Jamaica bananas containing ten dozen.

I taxied my navvies each Saturday, and ran people to Newtonmore on Saturday and back to Benalder on the Sunday. The road grew steadily worse until all one could do was get into a rut and bide there. The navvies behaved like lambs. At least the true Irish navvies did. I had occasional talks with the puny creatures from the slums of Dundee and Glasgow. One gentleman told me how to drive, at great length, leaning on my shoulder. I was forced at last to stop the car and take him to the edge of a steep place where the loch shone far below and ask him if he liked the view there or nearer. He was quiet for a time anyway. The Irish navvies were fine. Of course there were times when I was asked, begged, implored to do some pugilist a favour, and fight with him to pass the time and relieve the monotony but we were all friendly. They were living in leaking tents, in a bare wind-swept hillside, thirteen hundred feet above sea level. But they were cheerful, happy folk. If most of their money went to the pub one was glad they were welcome somewhere. They never tried to cheat me and I liked them.

(To be continued)

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



14. *Mechanical Scratching Birds give Hens more Time for Laying*

Horticulture as a Means of Livelihood
by A Nurseryman's Wife

NO man, however well trained, can make a nursery support a household during the first five years while he is stocking the ground, getting his glasshouses up and building his trade. If he can afford to put on a batch of ten men, to buy in 500 of this, 2,000 of that, to lay the place out the first year and, essential point, to advertise – well, give him good luck and he'll probably sail his ship!

For the would-be horticulturist without capital the safest plan is to take up some one line and specialise. It won't even pay expenses at first, but if he is efficient he can make a name eventually, work up his own stock, and in the end make money. Suppose he takes up something apparently simple like blue primroses. There are already quite a variety; some are better than others, everybody wants the best. Well, let him select, and go on selecting until he has fixed the finest type. He must make up his mind what he is aiming at and go on breeding for it. To evolve the perfect flower is as fascinating as the proverbial effort to evolve the perfect racehorse! Let him take up polyanthus, work up a really hardy, pure-coloured, well-shaped and free-flowering strain, and then let him show it at one of the Royal Horticultural Society's shows. He can then offer seeds or plants to the trade, or himself start retail business.

Growing cut flowers for market might be done, even in a small way, to help pay running expenses; but that again needs knowledge. Knowledge of what to grow, how to grow it, how to cut and bunch it, how to pack it; packing is in itself an art. One must add that the flower market is as variable as the Stock Exchange! When money is short and the weather is warm, carnations and gladioli trail underfoot, flowers are thrown away, are not even unpacked!

One might say it is no use attempting those crops which

are grown in bulk for the market (I am thinking now of the beginner on a small acreage), or attempting flowers like sweet peas (which need much time and skill); the market actually is too variable for much generalisation, it 'fluctuates'; it has been overcrowded with gladioli for the last two years, yet they may make money this year! English tulips (long-stemmed) make their price, and those flowers which come in at odd times; and in this connection the grower should try always for quality, get a good name with your salesman, raise your own seed from your own marked selections, and work up a special strain. A small bulb farm may bring in money if you can dispose of your produce locally. Buy flowering bulbs, sell cut bloom the first year and then grow on the offsets from the main bulbs.

Locality plays a large part in the success of a venture. *Gentian Acaulis*, for instance, is a capricious plant. If you find you can grow it on your soil, then give up everything else and grow it! If you ask me 'What soil does this gentian like?' I can only generalise – and that is why it makes money; it will grow where it pleases, the fastidious thing, and not – abundantly – anywhere else. Among flowers increasing in public favour and still capable of useful development, I might mention *Montbretias* (sandy soil), *Sidalceas* (any good soil), *Scabious Caucasica* (calcareous soil), and *Verbascum* (calcareous soil).

Landscape gardening, a separate branch altogether, can be made to pay well once you get a connection, but you need special training! And there is 'growing for the trade': this precludes all the expense of public advertising and catalogue printing, you only need to get a connection with a couple or even with one good firm. They pay you wholesale and charge their public retail. But – and it is a big but – there are two essential conditions. First, your stuff (it may be one line only, say roses) must be first class – no nurseryman is going to buy bad stuff – and there must be a genuine trade shortage. To be a general nurseryman requires long years of

training, no amateur should embark unless he can afford his mistakes. For a woman the best start is to go to some regular training place. For a man, it depends on what he means to do. If he wants to aim at the higher branches he could go for a couple of years' experience to Wisley, the trial grounds of the Horticultural Society (where he must be prepared to keep himself), and then on to responsible jobs at different good nurseries for a few years. Some months' experience on a Continental nursery is invaluable. Another way for a youngster is to go as a journeyman to some big private garden where a really responsible staff is kept, and then on to a nursery for his final training. The trouble is that if a man goes to a big nursery as a worker, at the start, he may be used as a drudge and become efficient in one department only. For the cut flower trade the safest training would be to go to a market nursery and also to see as much of Covent Garden market as possible. The private amateur must read, and accumulate his own experience.

In short, you want experience behind you and money, you want health and the patience and the courage of a saint! There is less rest time on the land in horticulture than in farming. Flower work goes on unceasingly, the winter is as hard as the summer. Ground must be dug, bush and tree stock lifted and replanted, herbaceous stuff divided, new frames made, greenhouses attended to, sheds built, paths made. There is winter grafting, and always, with virgin soil, cleaning to be done. But it is a good life, and there are many of us to whom plants are sweeter in the handling than, say, stocks and shares!



It seems a queer way of encouraging the poultry industry for the railway companies to decree a charge for the carriage of eggs for hatching fifty per cent in excess of the charge for transporting new-laid. It is not as if the companies took any responsibility for broken eggs, whether for hatching or for consumption.

The Ear Competition

IN our January issue we had a 'When I Suddenly Met —' competition, in which readers described the elephants, camels and other queer things they had come upon in their walks or motoring on English, Scottish or Welsh roads. The prize went to Mrs. Aikin for this:

My brother-in-law, the late Dr. C. E. Aikin, told me that, with some friends on a walking tour, he turned off a main road into a field where the party sat down against a stone wall for lunch. Here one of the party discovered in the grass — a human ear.

We offered another prize for the best explanation.

Doremy Olland did not send an explanation, but told an ear story: 'A friend, in making alterations in a nineteenth-century house, brought to light an old oak cupboard door. On it was nailed a human ear, and on a shelf in the cupboard lay a rapier. Exposed to air, the ear crumbled away. Had some listener been punished?' W. H. Camplin described how a hay trusser in his locality had his ear cut off by a hay knife. Miss Rossiter sent an account of a similar accident in Sussex. Mrs. J. R. Gilmour speculated on the Aikin ear being that of 'the driver of a self-binder who had been pulled off his seat by the stumbling of one of his horses, and, landing with his head in front of the blades, had luckily escaped with the loss of an ear. The self-binder could easily have tossed the ear some distance.' H.R.B. tried this yarn on us: 'My ear, I think! On a fine August day I was cycling rapidly down Countisbury Hill, and wore a stiff straw hat, attached by a cord to my buttonhole. Half way down the hill my hat blew off, and the cord wound round my ear. Then I suddenly met a hunted stag. As he dashed past me up the hill a point of his antlers caught my straw hat. There was a jerk; a sharp pain; the stag went on up the hill, and I dismounted and looked round for a cobweb to apply where the ear had been, to staunch the blood. Later I heard that the stag was killed near Porlock, with my hat still impaled on his horn. Any follower of the Devon and Somerset who remembers killing a

stag wearing a straw hat can confirm this story.' A. J. Hartham had four shots: '(1) The ear had been bitten off by a dog or horse. (The sheep dogs and ponies on the Welsh mountains are particularly high-spirited.) (2) Some person fell whilst climbing over the hill with a knife or some similar tool in his hand. (3) The ear had been preserved as a charm by gypsies. (4) Dr. Aikin was a practical joker, or unknowingly had the ear in one of his pockets. However, the latter seems to need still further explanation!' That explanation was forthcoming from Lady Redesdale who wrote: 'The explanation of the finding of the human ear in a field is simple. Dr. Aikin had on that day begun his holiday, but he had told his friends he could not start before midday as he was obliged to be in hospital to take a class of students in the dissecting room. He arrayed himself in white coat as usual, and when his work was over, washed carefully, put on his overcoat and hat and got into his car to join the walking party at luncheon, after which the car was to return with the chauffeur and the walk to proceed.* As he walked to the rendezvous he kicked a little hummock, and out of his turned-up trouser fell a human ear – to be discovered later by another member of the party.' R. M. Garnett imagines a practical joker surgeon friend of Dr. Aikin being of the walking party, and accuses him of being responsible for dropping the ear. F. Whitworth tells an audacious tale of a duel – 'we bandaged Hooper's head and hurried away, and it did not occur to any of us to pick up his ear which had fallen in the long grass.' We think that Lady Redesdale must have the prize, and H. R. B. be highly commended.

We again offer a prize of a subscription to THE COUNTRYMAN for a year, the subject this time being 'The Queerest Thing I ever Heard in the Country'.



'RURAL Industry' had an article about THE COUNTRYMAN as a rural industry. Our readers will be interested to know that we have now a salaried staff of ten.

*Whatever the Weather!**by Salfario*

IF you take thought of the weather you will not often go fishing for trout in March; what is usually described as a good day for fishing does not often occur in this month. If you will have sunshine, a little warmth and gentle winds, there are days in February which often far surpass anything which March provides. But what would you have in March? Because it is cold and because it is very windy will you stay indoors? If you are well and there's good blood in your veins, go out; if it's an east wind and cold, what matter! If you have March Browns, Iron Blues, a Wood-cock dressed with the down of a hare's ear and a touch of gold, there will be a place and a moment of this March day when you will get your first rise of the season. The wind, the troubled waters, the numbness of your hands, your over-eagerness, will all combine to make you miss it. And even if you do not get a second chance, and there's no reason why you should not, at least you've begun another season. You've been out, you've got the feel of the rod again, seen one or two of the places on the stream you love, and, because you love, remember. A suppleness has stolen into your wrist, the cunning has come back into your hand, there is a clearer vision in your eyes. If that one rise was missed, woe betide the first trout that comes to your flies when next you offer them!

The truth is, I have some liking, almost a preference, for a cold and windy day. I have caught trout on such days even when there was a suspicion of 'snow broth' in the water. Indeed I cannot imagine a North Country stream that has no 'snow broth' in it in March, and trout are caught during that month and on the fly. Not many, true, but we are not counting our pleasure by numbers. That there was snow melting on the hills has kept many an angler by the smoke-room fire when he would have been better and

happier by the stream. There would have been a chance of a trout some time that day. No matter how cold the day there was a fleeting moment in some sheltered corner when the wind was stilled, maybe nearly sundown, when that angler would have had his chance.



The Salmon Poachers

by Eleanor Steuart

I HEARD such a barking of dogs, shouting men, and general commotion that I went to the door to see what was happening. My nearest neighbour, with a gun under his arm, was walking excitedly to and fro along the river side. He was urging the activities of three sheep dogs who were plunging into the water and out of it again in a rapid succession of rollicking leaps and bounds, accompanied by their own vocal efforts and his. On the opposite bank were several more of my neighbours and friends. They were heavily engaged in beating the water with big sticks. 'What is it?' I called, 'an otter?' 'A salmon, Miss, a real beauty. Ga away, Sweep, lig doon theer, Mop—he' Bright—he' Bright—he' Bright.' The salmon itself I could not see; it was somewhere in the middle of the stream. The men's object appeared to be to induce the dogs to drive the salmon within range of the gun. The dogs' object was undoubtedly to enjoy themselves as much as possible. Suddenly the gun was fired. The next thing was an attempt on the part of the men to make the dogs retrieve the salmon. This was an out-and-out failure. The dogs were ready enough to plunge into the water over and over again, but not to fetch out the salmon. Their only experiences of water hitherto had been connected with sheep-washing, and they were entirely ignorant of the duties of a water spaniel. Finally one of the men waded in and fetched the salmon out. 'Twelve pund!' he called triumphantly. But at once there fell a silence. Two men had come into view on a distant bridge. Water watchers!

My Eight Years of Farming And What They have Taught Me. — 8

October, 1930.—The drop in cake prices decided me to feed more cake in summer and graze less land, consequently laying up more for hay. The droppings from cake-fed cows in summer help the pastures a lot. We had an excellent grass year. The grass-land judges measured my hay up as 104 tons, about double the stock I have ever had on hand before, and all cut on forty-three acres of meadow. Now, at mid-October, there is so much grass that I am a little anxious about getting the hay-fields fed off close by Christmas. I never like to feed or trample a hayfield after Christmas, but I like to see it then fed close and even, like a cut lawn.

I ploughed up field No. 2, some eleven acres of good grass, thus scandalizing my neighbours, and grassed down permanently No. 7, which is too far from the farm for arable. The season was in my favour and I have an excellent field of new grass. In field No. 2 the wireworm got to work on the oats, but for all that there was a splendid crop. They were badly laid by the summer storms, but a good crop is fairly well saved. I am out of pocket, £11, for permanent grass in field No. 7 for this year. I shall cash in a lot of fertility out of field No. 2. It will not want the dung cart for two or three years and then only lightly, so the £11 should come back many times over. At present field No. 2 is in wheat for next year. Some three acres of mangolds were put into field No. 8. More money than previously was spent in labour on these; they were entered for a competition, and did not get a prize, but for all that are the best crop I have ever grown, and gave 120 good loads. I also have an acre of kale and three acres of fair swedes in a poor swede year round here.

Of the ten acres in field No. 7, grassed down, wheat was used as a cover crop. My neighbour's rabbits made practically a clean sweep of this. The Editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN*

saw the field and was, I think, astonished to see such damage. They also swept off the ley from some two acres. This latter I summer-fallowed and will grass down with oats as cover in the spring. My former wire netting had proved useless, so I put up a new fence, twelve feet inside my boundary, four feet high, which really has kept the rabbits down. I spent some guineas and much trouble getting valuer's and other reports of the rabbit damage, with the intention of publishing them. When my gun was ready to fire, the N.F.U., which had had the matter in hand for years, effected a settlement. My rabbit-proof fence is to be extended and the cost of the whole shared. Having accepted this settlement, I scarcely feel entitled to say much on the matter, but it is ridiculous that I should have to pay anything to keep another man's rabbits from my crops. I have had to put up a great fight over years, with constant damage, and to suffer unpleasantness and inconvenience to get even the terms I have got. I find that many otherwise quite decent people feel they are making a concession and conferring a



HOME OF A FARMER J.P. IN ONTARIO.

favour in doing anything at all to overcome damage done by their rabbits, and I am sure this frame of mind will not alter until the rabbit owner is legally liable for damage. Of this ten acres of wheat perhaps one acre survived. Six acres were sown in field No. 8. The wheat is in the rick. It was not a good crop. No wheat has done well round here this season. The seed for some nine acres eaten by rabbits was a dead loss.

In addition to the eleven acres of oats in field No. 2, four acres were sown in No. 9, some on the ground which had carried oats last year. Last year's crop on this land is a good six feet high, which is very nice to talk about, but means tough straw, which cattle do not care to eat, and a laid crop. Oats after oats gave a much more reasonable crop.

I had an unpleasant loss during the year. A good cow and my best yearling heifer died. If you keep cattle you must expect occasional losses, and I must not grumble at my luck over the eight years, but this loss was particularly annoying and may be a warning to others. My cowman thinks I killed the heifer. When she died he said: 'Well, sir, didn't I warn you? You would be always a-praising of her. What did you expect?' She was the most perfect heifer I ever had, a real picture. I had great hopes and plans for her. It gave me pleasure to see her about the place, and I said so.

As to the cause of these deaths, my dry cattle – the cow was dry – were running in a field where, although there was a trough, they often drank from a ditch which drained the garden of a big house which adjoins my land. One day several of these cattle were ill with distinct signs of arsenic poisoning. Two died, the others got well, but lost condition and took some time to get round. I found out from the gardener at the house that weed-killer was being used freely because the place had been unoccupied for many years, and the paths etc. were bad. The owner is in a general way a pleasant neighbour. In any case, to prove his liability would have been difficult, so I just let the matter drop.

I could have got £50 for this pair of dry cow and yearling. The cow would have given £30 worth of milk.

Now for accounts. I am putting this year and last year side by side for ease of comparison.

PAYMENTS FOR YEAR ENDING MICHAELMAS (TO NEAREST £)

	1930	1929
Wages	370	335
Tithe	6	7
Rates	12	19
Water	15	22
Land Tax	1	1
Blacksmith	18	15
Vet.	4	4
Other Tradesmen's Bills	50	60
Foods	141	206
Seeds	44	33
Manures	62	79
Sundries	8	10
Insurances	11	13
Milking Machine replacements	2	6
Machine replacements	20	—
Cattle (Bull calf)	5	—
Repairs	14	18
Hire of Machinery	6	5
	<hr/> 789	<hr/> 833

SALES FOR YEAR ENDING MICHAELMAS

	1930	1929
Milk	556	620
Cattle and one young horse	222	206
Sundries	10	10
Corn (wheat) (nett)	—	106
	<hr/> 788	<hr/> 942
	1930	1929
Milk gallons sold	10296	10801

Had the cow not died the gallonage would have been up. She was good for 800 gallons.

STOCK COMPARISONS FOR YEAR ENDING MICHAELMAS

	1930	1929
Milkers	18	17
Heifers in calf due Nov. and Feb. ...	2	5
„ (two years. For autumn bulling) ...	2	0
„ (one year)	6	7
„ weaner calves about 5 months ...	7	7
Barreners	0	3
Bull	1	1
Cart Horses	3	4
Pony	1	1
Hay (tons)... ..	104	45
Straw (tons)	25	20
Oats (after selling 5 tons)	12	12
Mangolds acres	3	2
Swedes „	2	2
Kale „	1	0

It will be noted that my cash account balances out almost the same as last year, with different sums under most headings, so closely that expenditure and income are practically even, excluding wheat. My cash profit will again be my wheat. My roots are very much up in quantity. I have hay over double my year's requirements, and it is prime hay. The £35 extra spent on wages has been chiefly caused by the extra hay and roots. If I was pushed I could sell thirty to forty tons of hay at £3 (£90-£120), which would considerably alter my cash account, but at £3 I would rather hold.

This past year has not been a good one, but I feel I must not grumble. Cows dying, rabbits eating the wheat, lower prices for milk, cattle selling badly, yet I feel the farm has well held its own. The low cash profit can be looked at in an atmosphere of satisfactory mental notes. I have cashed in a young horse, but my stock balance sheet is not unsatisfactory. I can face the New Year with a barn full of the farmer's staple food - hope.

February, 1931. - When I came to thresh, my wheat came out and sold very badly and my oats very well. I got 30s. a quarter for wheat and 20s. for oats. Having much

above requirements, contrary to my usual practice I sold five tons of oats. That still left me with ample, especially as I had sown my own oats as seed last year and did not want to re-sow them. Wheat sales came to £28, and oats £34; in all £62, less £16 for threshing expenses. This left £46 for the year's cash income. The oats were a bit of luck, one of the advantages of mixed farming. These results can only be of real value if considered over a number of years.

The farm labourer of to-day is a much more complex person than was his predecessor of even twenty years ago. I often wonder what he is thinking. A farm labourer of fifty told me that he had never had a new garment in his life. From earliest childhood his clothes had always been gifts – other people's left-offs – or his parents had bought them off the second-hand stall in our market town on a Saturday night. This was where he still got his clothes. Younger men will not be content with such conditions, and in many other ways they make demands. What is the farmer's attitude? Often purely negative; the men are unreasonable in wanting so much more than their fathers. Apart from the ethical question, that attitude does not pay.

I feel towards agriculture now what I used to feel towards the War. With less than victory we are done for. That is perhaps the chief reason why I so intensely dislike those who are dishonest on the agriculture question. All they want is the farmers' vote. The redundant middlemen and all that is choking agriculture they won't touch. I believe that a wheat policy alone would land us agriculturally in a frightful mess in ten years, if not sooner.

(To be continued)



INDEX AND BINDING CASE. – The Index for THE COUNTRYMAN for the year which closed with our last number is ready, i.s. post free. For particulars of Binding Cases, Indexes for other years and for Back Numbers, some of which are getting very scarce, see page 21.

Cotswold Stories

I AM sending you two stories which I had from my father. Many of the beautiful Cotswold Tudor houses are built in the bottoms, close to and sometimes over streams, because the cloth manufacturers had their wool, yarn or cloth stored, and as cloth-stealing was rife, lived on the premises to protect their property. A manufacturer, who had a suspicion of a blacksmith went to his home to have a straight talk with him. As he stood talking, with his broad-cloth coat-tails to the fire, raising himself up and down on his toes, the manufacturer thought the floor sounded hollow. He proceeded to investigate by stamping, upon which the terrified blacksmith instantly bolted to the door. Underneath the hearth was a large space containing quantities of cloth. The blacksmith afterwards suffered the extreme penalty according to the law of those hard days.

A century ago, when books were scarce, Parish Clerks fulfilled a useful purpose in leading the responses at Church. At Leighterton, a tiny village on the Cotswolds, the Clerk had lost his voice, so persuaded a rustic to help him. He was to stand by the clerk who was to tell him what to say. Unfortunately this youth covered up the text with his thumb. 'Move thee thumb', hoarsely whispered the clerk and 'Move thee thumb', sang out the youth. 'Now thees spiled it awl', said the clerk, which was duly declaimed. The same clerk, when the Fifth of November happened to fall on a Sunday, announced a hymn of his own composing:

This is the day upon the week
When wicked men conspire
To blow up King and Parliament
With G-U-N powdure.

E. S. Holt Evans



It is from a Pall Mall club that a reader writes to us chortling over his heavy crop of parsnips.

The Man who Found His Island

NOW here are a man and a woman who have actually done what most of us, at some time in our lives, wanted to do, and – shall we own up and say? – never wanted badly enough, just to do it. You can read all about the adventure, for adventure it was, in *Dream Island* (Witherby, pp. 192, 8s. 6d.). R. M. Lockley was poultry farming, with a fine view over the Bristol Channel. That was no bad life. But to have an island of one's own in the Bristol Channel or Irish Sea would be better. And the day really came when he found one – off the Pembrokeshire coast – and bought it, there to be, 'when I had spent my small capital, dependent on what I could earn by fishing round and farming on the island' (250 acres). But O! the birds, even in the autumn! 'The summer birds had left, but, in their place, hundreds of thrushes and blackbirds, many starlings, robins and wrens, a few buzzards, falcons and a pair of ravens, and great flocks of lapwing, curlew, mallard and teal.' 'The cormorants, shags and gulls were pleasant company in all weathers, and sometimes red-throated and great northern divers came and little auks. The gannet colony covered two acres! There glowed in the October sunlight red rock, green grass, thrift, russet bracken and heather.' And enough rabbits skipped about to furnish a large source of income, and enough peats lay undug to save spending it. Besides, the sea was always throwing up wood not only for firing but for house-building, and 'boxes and bottles filled and empty, bunches of candles, fruit, and innumerable surprises'. Then, incredibly, there came ashore 'a fine old wooden schooner' – without a crew, a fair prize (after arrangements with the underwriters). Coal she brought, and timber for a lifetime, and fittings of all sorts for the house that was going up. There has never been since Robinson Crusoe, such plenty from the sea. Or such companionship. 'Seals are very numerous'. And

then the fetching of a bride to the island. And how they lived happy ever after. 'Once a week the accumulated catch of lobsters – we work seventy-two pots – is taken to the mainland. From our goats we obtain milk, butter and cheese; from our garden, fruit and the produce of the soil; from the chickens and gulls, eggs; from the island and the sea, rabbits and fish. We have only to grow and grind our own wheat in order to be self-supporting. Above all, I have all the birds I could wish for; in the summer there are over 30,000 on the island, of which two-thirds comprise puffins, and shearwaters. Over a hundred different species.'

Well, the more we ourselves thought about *Dream Island* the more Dream Islandish it seemed likely to be. So we wrote to the publishers. But no, it was all true. There was an R. M. Lockley and there was the wife that did the drawings. And there was this island of Skokholm on which they lived and thrived and studied and did their thinking. Nothing remained but to write to Mr. Crusoe. Here is what he says: 'We still enjoy the simple life, more or less as pictured in my last chapter. With the increase of our flock of sheep it may soon be desirable to bring back some of the old fields to a fit state of cultivation for the purpose of raising hay and perhaps corn and roots as a standby in severe winters. But we shall move cautiously in the matter, not wishing to add any complication to our simple routine of shepherding and gardening. We find that the tending of sheep and garden, carried out in a thorough manner, leaves surprisingly little time over for summer cruising along the coasts and among the islands, and for the study of birds which is our hobby.

'So much so that we are abandoning lobster-fishing altogether. The monetary return from fishing does not equal the value of our labour spent in the improvement of the flock and the land. Henceforth we only fish when we need some for the pot. My experience of lobster-fishing leads me to conclude that the lobster-men love to go out to fish in small boats, not so much because of the uncertain living they

get by so going, as because they revel in the freedom of being their own masters in an attractive gamble with tide and weather. The constant hauling of pots is a great strain on a boat, and really I am glad that the "Storm Petrel" will be free this summer from the rough treatment.

'We have at least made one concession to modernization, or shall I say improvement, by installing a faster and more powerful engine, a silent speed model, in the boat, and this now enables us to cross against all tides and against much stiffer headwinds than was possible with the little infant engine. And yet, for the sake of its charm and peacefulness, when winds are fair and time not pressing, we prefer to sail only.

'Lastly, we have now a likely apprentice to the simple delights of an island life in our daughter Ann, born in May.'

Mr. Lockley's further experiences will appear in our next issue.



Our Readers' Motoring Tales - 13

MOTORING one night recently I saw, on rounding a bend, that the whole roadway ahead was dotted with pairs of tiny green points, gleaming iridescently in the darkness, and continually appearing and disappearing. I found that I had met an army of rats on the move, and that the green points were the creatures' eyes. The gleaming brilliance of animals' eyes, when caught in the glare of headlights, is a common sight to motorists. A cat's, a dog's or a rabbit's eyes usually shine green. The eyes of a fox flash back bright crimson, the eyes of a bullock a kind of rich amber. — H.D.



'LARGE numbers of children here, European as well as native,' writes a reader from Lüderitz, in what was formerly German South-West Africa, 'have never seen a tree, except a Christmas tree, and one child was heard to ask "What is grass?". In this country there are parts where there has been no real rain for eight years.'

*Country House Catering*4. *Lambs' Tail Pie and Eel Pie, by an Innkeeper's Daughter*

AT last English cookery is coming into its own! Mr. A. O. Edwards, Chairman and Managing Director of Grosvenor House, W.1., has instituted a yearly competition for the best cooked and served luncheon, dinner or supper for four covers (all dishes to be typical English cookery) and has given a gold cup worth £80 to be held for a year by the successful competitors, who will also be given a miniature replica of the cup and £25 in cash. The snag in this splendid offer lies in the fact that the modern knowledge of 'typical English dishes' is so limited that one wonders who are qualified to be the judges. Personally, I have come to the conclusion that a special gift, which was formerly inherited, is required to make a successful English cook. It is to be hoped it is not quite lost; but the sad fact is that it is possible to give a first-rate cook – in the French manner – a perfect receipt, handed down from one generation to another, and for him to turn out a dish which is a complete failure. I did this recently with a genuine Melton Mowbray Pork Pie receipt that I know to be the best in the world and the result was the worst pie I ever tasted. A friend tells me a similar story. He says his chef can't prepare English brawn, or, as it is sometimes called 'pork cheese'. It would appear that every nation's cookery is the birthright of its people. No one, for example can beat a French chef or cordon bleu where French cooking is concerned.

Pies of all kinds may be justly considered a leading characteristic of English cookery. Even the 'pies' for which America is famous originated in receipts taken over by English housewives in the *Mayflower* in the seventeenth century. Mince pies, we know, are older than plum-pudding, and some of our earliest puddings were baked in pie-crust. Of these, notable survivals are Diddington Pudding Pies

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and Kentish or Lent Pudding Pies. The Warden Pies, mentioned by Shakespeare, were pear pies made in a raised crust (coloured and flavoured with saffron), as are the Mansfield Gooseberry Pies still sold in great numbers at Mansfield Fair to-day. Miss Mallock, sister of the late W. H. Mallock and niece of Anthony Froude, tells me apple pies were made in the same fashion in Devonshire even at the end of the last century; and we have heard of Ben Tyrell's little pies of Oxfordshire.

At this time of year – April – if a farmer friend is kind enough to send us a present of a dozen lambs' tails, a delicious pie can be made of them, as well as several other dishes. My receipts were given me by a native of Warminster, where Cobbett, in his 'Rural Rides' says he found the best meat he had ever tasted.

Lambs' Tail Pie. – Only the thickest part of the tail is used. First scald them with hot water, remove every scrap of wool, put them in cold milk and water, bring gently to boiling point and simmer till quite tender, when the immature bones will be almost a jelly. At this stage the tails are lifted out and drained, all the fat is carefully skimmed off the liquor which is then converted in the usual manner into a good parsley sauce by means of butter, flour, salt and a dash of lemon juice. This is poured over the tails which can be served at once as a savoury made dish, or 'entry' as Harrison tells us in Holinshed's Chronicles these lighter dishes were called in Elizabethan days. Or they may be sent at once to table in a deep patty case made of puff pastry (what the French call a *vol-au-vent*); or put into an earthenware pie-dish and when cold roofed with a flaky English pie-crust; but if this plan be chosen, the tails should be only three-parts cooked as they will finish cooking in the oven whilst the crust is baking. Such a pie will want one hour in a good oven.

Eel Pie. – This is made in much the same manner. Kill two eels instantaneously and painlessly by piercing the spine behind the head with a sharp skewer; skin, clean and cut in pieces; chop two shallots, and cook in butter for five or six minutes, add a little parsley, nutmeg, pepper and salt, and two glasses of stock sharpened with a little best vinegar, then put in the eels and boil up. Lift out the pieces of eel into a pie-dish, and add some halves of hard-boiled egg, strain the liquor and make into a sauce with butter and flour. Finish with the juice of a lemon, pour over the eels and when cold roof the pie with puff pastry and bake for one hour. The pie is equally good eaten hot or cold.

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Is Farm Land Over-Taxed and Over-Rated? — No!

by A Scottish Farmer

AS the point of view presented in the following communication is unusual it may be well to state that the writer, Captain A. R. McDougal, is a Border agriculturist who farms successfully 1,000 acres of inferior high land from 700 to 1,250 feet above the sea level (reclaimed from heather, bog and birch by his father) and 3,000 acres of heather and hill grazing which run up to 1,500 feet. He has been for twelve years a member of the central executive of the Scottish National Farmers' Union and for some years one of its vice-presidents. He has conducted a number of useful grass experiments on his farm which have been recorded in the 'Journal of the Scottish Board of Agriculture' and in February he read a paper at Rothamsted.

ONE reads so often that the agricultural landowner is unfairly taxed that an examination of the statement may well be made.

1. *Death Duties.* — Mr. Churchill increased these duties in his 1923 Budget but exempted agricultural land from the increase. Mr. Snowden in 1930 further increased the duties and again exempted agricultural land from the increase. The situation now is that the ordinary taxpayer pays from 33 per cent to 46 per cent more in death duties than the agricultural landowner. In the case of a £100,000 estate the difference is £6,000 in favour of the landowner. On a great many of our bigger farms the tenant will be compelled to pay more death duties than the landlord.

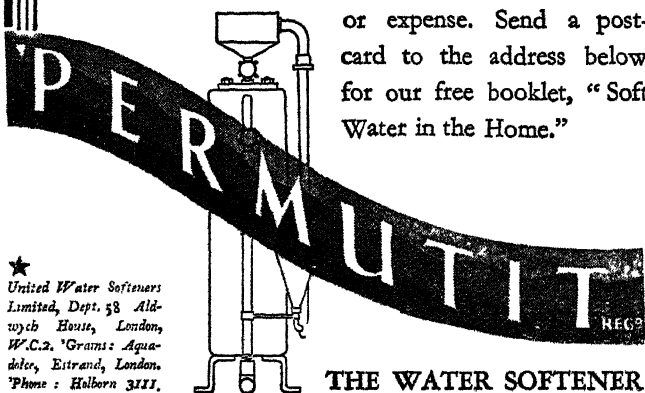
2. *Rates.* — Agricultural land in England is now entirely free from rates, and in Scotland it is also free in reality because the assessment is on one-eighth of the gross rent, which is taken as a rough and ready way of estimating the annual value of the houses on the farm. On a Scottish farm rented

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THE WATER SOFTENER

at £500, with rates at 5s. in the £ the rates would be £15 12s. 6d., payable by both owner and occupier.

3. *Land Tax.* — There remains only the Land Tax, which I think comes to less than one million pounds per annum for Great Britain. This tax, levied on a valuation 300 years' old, is paid by landowners only, but it is so small that it constitutes no real hardship. On a rental of £9,000 the land tax is £63 in an actual case. It varies greatly according as land values have increased since Charles II's day.

4. *Income Tax.* — This is a tax common to all and neither landowners nor tenants can complain of unfair treatment; in fact they receive special consideration. In any case, for a married man with three children, the effective rate of 4s. 6d. in the £, of income tax and super tax combined, is not paid until his income exceeds £5,000 per annum. On a farm rented at £500, and owned and occupied by married men each with three of a family, having no other income, the income tax would be 14s. on the occupier and £3 on the owner.

5. *Tithes.* — These are not taxes at all and are irrelevant to the present discussion. Tithe owners have a right of property in the land to the amount of the tithes, and that right is just as much their property as the ownership of the land is the landowners'. The original landowner got the land on condition that he paid the tithes to the Church; if the present landowner feels unable to do so, that in no way affects the rights of the Church. Every argument advanced against paying Tithes can be advanced with greater force against paying rent.

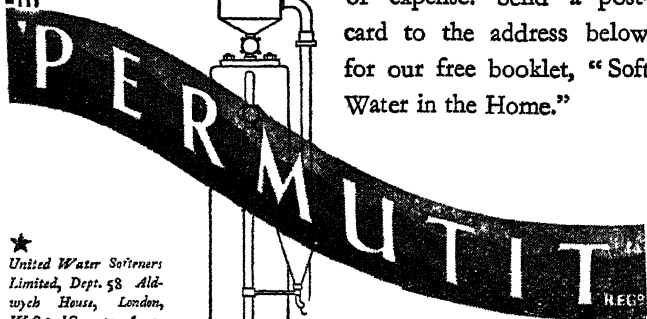
6. *Benefits.* — To turn now to benefits received we find the agricultural landowner generously dealt with. He can receive in free grants from 33 per cent to 50 per cent of the cost for drainage, water supplies and roads. Further, for clearing woodlands, £2 per acre; for planting, £4 per acre; for reconditioning old cottages, two-thirds of cost up to £100 per cottage. Again there are cheap State credit and loans for various purposes. In addition, the agricultural colleges and

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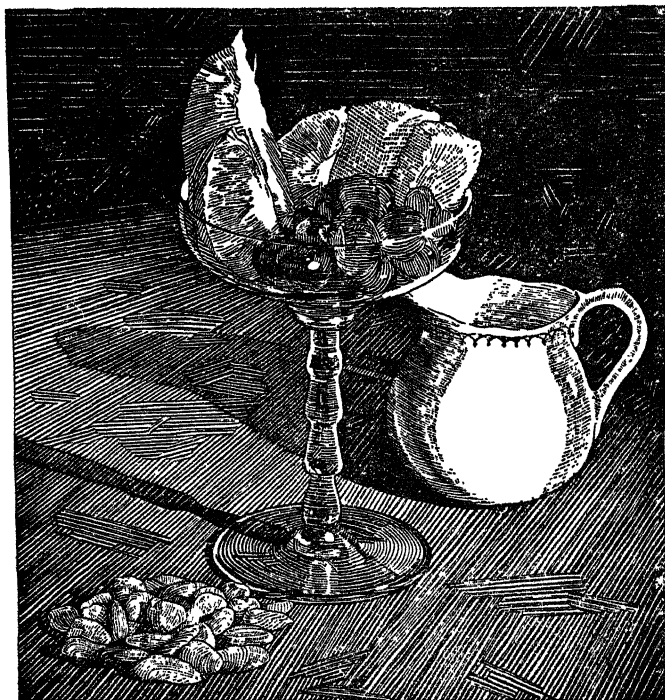
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4. *Income Tax.* — This is a tax common to all and neither landowners nor tenants can complain of unfair treatment; in fact they receive special consideration. In any case, for a married man with three children, the effective rate of 4s. 6d. in the £, of income tax and super tax combined, is not paid until his income exceeds £5,000 per annum. On a farm rented at £500, and owned and occupied by married men each with three of a family, having no other income, the income tax would be 14s. on the occupier and £3 on the owner.

5. *Tithes.* — These are not taxes at all and are irrelevant to the present discussion. Tithe owners have a right of property in the land to the amount of the tithes, and that right is just as much their property as the ownership of the land is the landowners'. The original landowner got the land on condition that he paid the tithes to the Church; if the present landowner feels unable to do so, that in no way affects the rights of the Church. Every argument advanced against paying Tithes can be advanced with greater force against paying rent.

6. *Benefits.* — To turn now to benefits received we find the agricultural landowner generously dealt with. He can receive in free grants from 33 per cent to 50 per cent of the cost for drainage, water supplies and roads. Further, for clearing woodlands, £2 per acre; for planting, £4 per acre; for reconditioning old cottages, two-thirds of cost up to £100 per cottage. Again there are cheap State credit and loans for various purposes. In addition, the agricultural colleges and



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research institutions are daily adding to technical knowledge and thereby assisting agriculture. Similarly, every effort by the State for marketing and co-operation, etc., is a direct help to the agricultural landowner. In fact, there are estates which would receive far more in free grants than they pay in taxes and rates, if they set about improving their property.

Neither landlord nor tenant has been badly treated by the State, either by overtaxation or by neglect of State financial aid. There is no justification for asking for a tariff or a subsidy to help agriculture. The agricultural industry must meet bad times itself by reduction of rent, by writing down land values, and by readjustment of methods and systems of farming.



Grey Squirrels as a National Problem

ABOUT forty years ago the Duke of Bedford, with the hospitality natural to a lover of animals, let loose in his park at Woburn in Bedfordshire a number of American grey squirrels. Some years later the same experiment was tried at Malton in Yorkshire; later still a colony was started in Cheshire. In the London Zoological Gardens the inhabitants of the enclosure known as the Squirrels' Trees were allowed to escape, and found their way from Regent's Park to Hampstead, Highgate and Ken Wood. And in these various places where the grey squirrels went they were welcomed. Children and other charitably disposed people liked to feed the plump, handsome, fearless little animals, which quickly became tame and – except by the more far-sighted observers – were regarded as an attraction to parks and pleasure grounds.

And now, to-day, grey squirrels have become a national problem. From the few centres where they were first liberated they have spread and multiplied until in certain counties they have over-run the countryside like a plague. And they are not only prolific, they are omnivorous. Their



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diet ranges from the nestlings and eggs of wild birds to the orchard growers' plums and cherries and the gardeners' green peas; worst of all, they have even taken to eating corn. After the harvest last year a gamekeeper in Buckinghamshire wrote to tell me that he had seen a whole acre of corn in the stock devoured by grey squirrels, which had carried the ears up into an oak tree, under which the ground looked as if someone had shaken out sacks of chaff. And only the other day I was talking to a Hertfordshire farmer who told me that he had been completely puzzled to know what it was that had destroyed the growing corn along the headlands of his fields, until he sat up to watch and saw the grey squirrels at work.

The plague grows. Not all districts are as yet affected, but unless something is done to check the spread of this foreign squirrel, there will soon be not a county free from it. Speaking at his last annual meeting Mr. Alfred Hogarth, Chairman of the College of Pestology, described the grey squirrel as a greater menace to the life of the English countryside than even the rabbit in Australia – an ominous comparison. It is clear that the Ministry of Agriculture, perhaps working through the County Councils, will have to take a hand. Meanwhile readers of *THE COUNTRYMAN* may like to know that, as a beginning, a few private persons have formed themselves into a Committee to organise an Anti-Grey Squirrel Campaign. Their object in the first place is educative – to disseminate knowledge and to bring about a realisation of the danger which the invasion of the grey squirrel brings in its train. They propose to issue leaflets and in other ways to supply inquirers with information as to the best means of checking or combating the plague. The chairman of the committee is the editor of the 'Field', the address of the hon. sec., Moorlands, Boxmoor, Herts. – *E.P.*



As I write this cold afternoon a sparrow is tapping at my casement window trying hard to catch a fly on my side of the glass. – *L.R.*

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The Countryman's Wireless & GramophoneI. — *First Aid for Gramophones*

OVER and over again one hears played gramophones and records which could be infinitely better if the most elementary care were taken of them. Gramophone motors should be looked at and oiled at least every three months, but it is almost worse than useless to use unsuitable oil. One may be suspicious of the neat little bottles of oil and tubes of grease, displayed as accessories by the principal gramophone makers; but they are issued as much in self-protection as for the purposes of making sales. Many lubricating oils are capable of producing, in certain parts of the gramophone, definite corrosion. Others, especially greases, tend to dry and congeal until they are little better than lumps of half-oily powder which do not spread evenly throughout the mechanism. The wrong oil on the governor pad of a gramophone may easily produce that rumbling or roaring sound known to technicians as 'crazy governor'. The same effect can be produced by loose screws on the governor springs or on the governor balls themselves. Another place which is nearly always neglected is what is known as 'the drive', where the winding key transmits its energy to the spring. A little attention with the right lubrication will prolong the life of a gramophone almost indefinitely, and will ensure its playing the longest record without a distressing wobble and that drooping tone which indicates that the wretched spring, exhausted by want of proper lubrication, and exasperated by having to transmit its energy through a series of clogged-up wheels to the turntable, is giving up hope. Most gramophone mechanisms, with the exception of the spring barrel, are not difficult to take down for cleaning purposes, but do not try to take a motor to bits unless it is fully unwound, or you may have to make a dash for the iodine bottle and the sticking plaster! Again, how often a gramophone is played at a speed which

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FORTT'S—MANVERS ST., BATH

destroys the value of its reproduction. The right speed for practically every well-known make of record is seventy-eight revolutions of the turn-table per minute *while* a record is being played. There are reliable speed indicators, but if you do not want to buy one, place a piece of paper under the record and count it as it comes past a certain point until the speed is adjusted so that it revolves exactly seventy-eight times in one minute. The point about doing this while the record is being played is to ensure that the motor is adjusted to do the right speed under actual playing conditions. As I sit writing this, there is a gramophone playing not very far away which can be heard clearly four-and-a-half miles, and the thought that enters my mind is the way in which science has made it possible to reproduce such a terrific volume of sound from tiny and inevitably fragile twists and turns of the track on the record; yet not one out of a hundred people give their records a fraction of the consideration they deserve. If records are not stored in a proper vertical container or album, they should be kept absolutely flat and away from heat. The noon-day summer sun is quite enough to buckle a record if it is left in a position where it can bend, although it is quite possible by gently warming such a record, and placing it under a heavy weight, to straighten it out again. Dust on records will do a great deal of damage. A small piece of velvet or a record cleaning pad is definitely a money-saver. I wonder how many people know what pressure the surface of a record has to support from the needle? Nearly two *tons* to the square inch of surface! Is it a wonder that the changing of needles is not merely a device to keep the needle factories busy? It is curious how little known are the Tungstyle needles, which will play one hundred times without the need of changing, and at least avoid the considerable amount of damage which is done to the record every time it is played with an ordinary needle which has been used more than once. After all, we may pay as much as 8s. 6d. for a record, and it seems a pity to halve the life of that record, to waste

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shall we say 4s. 3d., for lack of a little thought. The next best needle is a loud tone steel needle. As to Tungstyles, they must not be moved in the needle-holder, once they have been put in, because the point of every gramophone needle is ground into the shape which best fits the record, and, if examined under a microscope after it has been over a record, will be found to be worn into a slightly oval shape.

2. - *Radio-Gramophones and Selectivity*

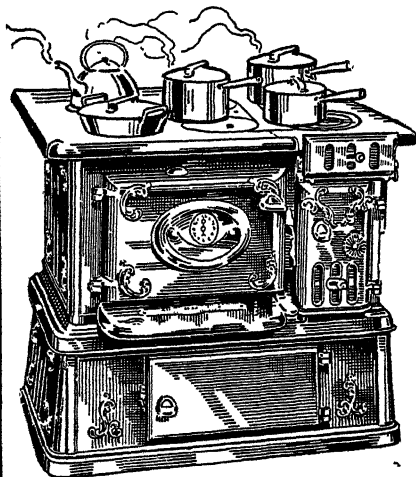
THESE days of radio-gramophones and electrical reproducers make it almost impossible to consider gramophones without thinking of radio, but it is well to bear in mind that for those of us who live in the country, a good 'acoustic' instrument is in many cases infinitely better than many so-called electrical reproducers. Few of the battery-operated receivers available to country dwellers are capable of giving the reproduction which a good acoustic instrument will give, although the Marconiphone Model 221 two-valve set is quite remarkable in this respect if it is used with the right electrical pick-up. There are good ones, however, in the Burn-dept and Marconiphone to mention only two, but do not forget, however good a pick-up is, it is at the mercy of the set working it.

As to selectivity, or the power of an instrument to pick out one station from a number of others, the trouble is the ever-increasing power of Continental transmitters. Insist on a really selective instrument and see that you get it. Even twenty miles from London, transmission was being interfered with by an Austrian station. On the south coast difficulty is being experienced from a station as far distant as Milan, and the situation is going to get worse, not better. Do not be fobbed off with the demonstrator's boast that the instrument will separate, shall we say, the National and Regional transmitters at Potters Bar. Ask him to find you two or three stations between those two transmissions. If he can do that, start thinking about buying the instrument.

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*Local Government and Administration***1. The Future of the Councils*

AFTER the dissolution of the Boards of Guardians and the taking of the roads from the Rural District Councils, what next? There ought to go to the County Councils, Mr. W. A. Robson argues in his latest book, 'Development of Local Government' (Allen & Unwin, pp. 362, 12s. 6d.) housing (and sewage disposal), water supply, regional planning, slaughter houses, and fire brigades. Counties should be administered by county councils and their district committees 'composed of a majority of county councillors with an added element from the locality, produced either by co-option or election.' For the rest, there would be a great increase in county boroughs, with which the county councils would be 'welded into mutating groups for particular purposes.' Mr. Robson is for a hundred new urban areas, with a population of more than 50,000, receiving county borough status at once, and for about eighty-nine, with a population of between 30,000 and 50,000 ultimately attaining the same distinction. As to the county councils themselves, the areas and boundaries of many of them are certainly in need of overhauling. Other parts of the structure of local government also want closely looking over. There are still boroughs with fewer than a thousand inhabitants. Yet Willesden with 175,000 is an urban district. While Canterbury, population 23,000 only, is a county borough, Chesterfield, population 76,000, is under a rural district council. As for services, three-quarters of our villages are still without an adequate supply of piped water. One point made by Mr. Robson is that faulty local government produces an unfortunate tendency towards centralization. He views with regret (and accounts for) the small interest taken, in many parts, in county council elections — one county has no fewer than thirty-eight councillors returned unopposed. He writes strongly on the doctrine of

* This to be a regular feature of THE COUNTRYMAN.—Editor



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ultra vires. Cannot local authorities administering £1,500 millions of capital join together in providing their own fire insurance? Why should not a federation of local authorities, as the Webbs suggest, do their own printing, as well as manufacture uniforms and various articles which they need in quantities? After all, the authorities have the advantage of a 'known, certain and regular demand, capital at a low rate and a total absence of bad debts.' On the important question of raising the standard of the provincial civil service, Mr. Robson has ideas. Incidentally (though a barrister himself) he thinks too much is made of legal qualifications for clerks of the county councils. Like some other reformers, he would separate the clerkship of the peace from the county clerkship and have a tried administrator as county clerk. Finally, he takes off his coat for a stiff round with district auditors. Altogether a book of knowledge and thought, highly controversial in many places, no doubt, but stimulating and encouraging. I cannot help feeling that if the development of local government should go forward on the lines he proposes the intimate relations between town and country which would be brought about would be to the advantage of both. I notice that Mr. Robson has nothing to say on plans for dividing England into provinces. — *C.C. and R.D.C.*



ALTHOUGH Edith Evans did appear for one occasion only at Idbury, and May Mukle and Rebecca Clarke have honoured us no less than thrice, we are deprived in the wilds of some of the entertainment our townsmen readers enjoy. Cadbury's meant it kindly when they sent us a box of delicious Princess Elizabeth Chocolates, warranted to 'open silently in the theatre', but —! It was good, however, of Messrs. Wilkin, of Tiptree, to reward our outspokenness on the subject of honest jam by posting us a box of samples of their jams that *are* jams, in other words, sugar and the fruit which is named on the label. What some other jams are — well, reads 'Hints for the Housewife' in our January issue,

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Taming Nuthatches

I FOUND out how to tame them by accident. I was living at the time – it is many years ago now – at Weybridge, and I had a wild squirrel which had gradually become so familiar with me in the garden that he would jump on my knee to get at a hanging coconut, and eventually came into my study through the window and ate nuts from a bowl on the table. This bowl I had first put for him on the window-sill, and there it was discovered by a pair of nuthatches. The two of them would come and take away nuts – ordinary Barcelonas, bought at the greengrocer's – as fast as I liked to fill the bowl. But they would never come into the room, as the squirrel did, so if I wanted the squirrel I put the nuts on the table. But they became tame in another way. Once, in an idle moment, as I heard them calling in the garden and watched them with their jerky, excited movements among the tree branches, I threw down a nut from my pocket on the lawn. Immediately one of the birds swooped down, picked up the nut and carried it off. I threw another nut, and the other bird picked it up. After that, whenever I heard them calling and went out with nuts, they would fly down to fetch them – quite close to me on the lawn.

In course of time I left Weybridge and went to live at Hambledon, sad at leaving my squirrel and birds behind me. But in my Hambledon garden within a few months I had another pair of nuthatches, which became tame in exactly the same way. For several years I could be sure of having nuts fetched when I went out into the garden; then, one winter day, I realised that there were no nuthatches calling. And for two years – for what reason I do not know – I had no nuthatches either feeding or nesting.

But now I have another pair, I have coaxed them, with a trail of nuts, from feeding under a tree at the bottom of the lawn up to the house, and they now take nuts from a



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bowl outside my study window. Within a few weeks – it may well be before these notes are in print – I hope to have another pair shouting at me for nuts from the tree-tops. – *E.P.*

❧

A Cannonade of Cream

YOUR delightful article on 'London as a Bird Dormitory' suggests to me that every day of the week in the metropolis there is something happening that THE COUNTRY-MAN would like to know about. Take, for example, a sight I saw on the South Africa House side of Trafalgar Square about half-past two one afternoon. A motor lorry laden with milk churns, and, at the back, a small cream churn, was rattling along when suddenly the cream churn fell to the ground. It struck on its bottom rim and slantingly. With the impact the lid flew off and the cream flew out – as from a cannon, and struck with precision two gentlemen who were passing. The cream was in such a consistency on their faces that neither of the victims could see out of his eyes, and, quickly, from their hats to their shoes they were one mass of sticky whiteness. The driver stopped his lorry at the noise made by the milk churn and came to the two miserable sufferers. He was so aghast at the completeness of the disaster that he could say nothing. After a moment or two he took out a red cotton handkerchief and tried to wipe the two faces. It was almost a hopeless job. Then he found a piece of sacking, and a piece of wood and tried to scrape the cream from the coats and trousers. As may be imagined the result was as indifferent as the treatment of the faces. Finally, a taxi-man graciously took the men off – where I know not. – *M.*

❧

MR. WALTER HADDON, the proprietor of the well-known advertising agency, can trace his forbears back as far as 1654, as farming on the scene of the battle of Nazeby. His son and nephews are farmers.

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The Changing Outlook in Agriculture *by A Student*

ANYONE who, in the last few months, has met farmers from different parts of southern England must have been struck by their changing outlook. In a conversation round a fire with three typical substantial farmers, two of them the representatives of a yeoman family which has been on the same land for 250 years, there was agreement that new methods must be found. The fall in the prices of corn has startled everybody and made most people think who can think. Mr. Orwin's bold challenge of the accepted dogma of the interdependence of crops and stock has supporters among men who have not read it, and, it may be, not heard of it. The daring experiments of the pioneers who are trying out horseless farming are being watched not only without the derision which would have been their lot two years ago but with interest. There are some half dozen men who have completely gone over to 'power-farming', more or less on 'colonial' lines, and are confident that they will prove those persons to be entirely wrong who say that our climate is unsuitable for such methods. Professor J. A. S. Watson, of Oxford, recently said that the notion that our climate was a handicap to cereal growers was unfounded. He went on to point out that, without sufficient rainfall, good crops cannot be grown, and that actually our climate is an aid to the production of big crops.

Is it not also significant of the widening outlook of the farming world that a motion decrying the gold standard should have been brought up at a general meeting of the National Farmers' Union, and that at a Farmers' Club meeting an economist of the standing of Sir Josiah Stamp should have found a critic not only in a Conservative landowner like Sir George Courthope, but in a successful Socialist farmer like Mr. A. H. Brown, formerly chairman of the Hampshire branch of the National Farmers' Union.

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or inclined to become grey, now is the time to start using Rowland's Macassar Oil. It will supply the vital nourishment your hair needs to restore and preserve its original colour and vigorous growth



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Whatever the precise reasons for the formation of an Agricultural Party in Norfolk, it may be regarded as evidence of independence of mind.

The ferment working in farmers' minds just now may lead to far-reaching changes in farming practice. But all agricultural thought is not running in the direction of saving the arable land. There is another school which says that it is hopeless to compete against the overseas grower, that our climate favours grass and livestock, and that the arable men should throw up the sponge, or concentrate only on vegetables and fruit. It is a doctrine which apparently ignores the rainfall statistics of the Eastern counties, but it has powerful support from the livestock interests – or shall I say? – in the main, the older-fashioned men. So far, the newer school of power-farming has not envisaged much more than the adoption of overseas methods, but these are not necessarily antagonistic to livestock. There are signs that power-farming ideas can be applied to more than wheat-growing. Mr. Orwin's latest pamphlet of the well-named series, 'Progress in English Farming Systems,' *A Pioneer of Progress in Farm Management* (Clarendon Press, pp. 86, 1s. 6d.), which describes Mr. Hosier's combination of arable and dairy-farming, is an answer to some critics of his book. His description and photographs of the teams (twelve horses, six men, and five acres ploughed) going home at three p.m. and of the tractor going strong till midnight (one tractor, two drivers, and fifteen acres ploughed and drilled) will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Hosier has combined power-farming with dairying; others may do the same with sheep, cattle and poultry.

Two issues ago *THE COUNTRYMAN* gave some account of the impressions of the Ministry's agricultural machinery delegation to the United States and Canada. It is likely that most of the recommendations of the delegates will be adopted by the Ministry.

Sir William Beach Thomas's forceful yet temperate



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brochure, *Why the Land Dies* (Faber & Faber, pp. 32, 1s.) is another sign of the times. He is no more of a politician than Mr. Orwin but he comes out strongly for what he calls 'selective nationalisation', that is to say that 'the nation shall give itself the right to cultivate', evidently by the tenants of agricultural committees, 'all cultivated land that has fallen below a certain level of decent cultivation'. 'Five million acres', he says, 'are more or less derelict and will never come back to cultivation, whatever fiscal support may be forthcoming, if the work is left to landowner and tenant.' Sir William's plea will be held to support the case for power-farming.

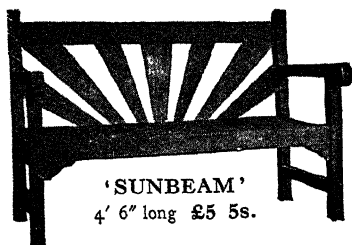
Dr. Cloudesley Brereton's pamphlet, called *The Agricultural Crisis and the Way Out* reflects what is no doubt the preponderating view in East Anglia. But it does not take stock of the situation in the West where we have Mr. Hosier declaring that 'there is a good living in farming yet, but you must keep thinking all the time'. That Mr. de Ledesma, who gave that little power-farming dinner at Oxford lately should have gone to the Argentine to sell his 20,000, acres there in order to buy land here for power-farming, in addition to what he already works in Hampshire, is also worthy of notice.



SEVERAL of our readers, instead of sending their ten shillings for their year's subscription, draw a cheque for £1 and save themselves postage and us trouble and postages by subscribing for two years.

THE 'Evesham Journal', which is knowledgeable in such things, has been trying to find out how many Brussels sprouts a man can pick in eight hours if he puts his back into the job. The answer is 1,600 (40 pots). A man called Hunting celebrated New Year's Day by doing it. His instructions were to pick the underneath sprouts, leaving the top ones untouched. Another picker, on the same day, in the same field, filled thirty-four pots between 9 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

Shakespeare says: 'This castle hath a pleasant seat.'—*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene 6



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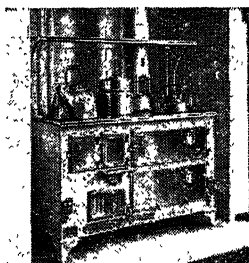
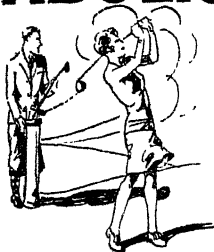
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The Collector — 9. Farmhouse Bygones

TURNED butter bowls, frequently made of yew, are becoming increasingly difficult to find. Years of scouring have given the wood a delightful texture; the small incised line near the rim on the outer edge is the only decoration. They are useful as bread bowls or as receptacles for table fruit. The honest old flail, with its leather knuckle joint, is becoming rare. It takes its place on the walls of country kitchens in company with many pans, spits and muzzle loaders. The flour bins, with the legs forming part of the V-shaped hopper, were made of elm and sometimes of oak. The lids are generally of the lift off type, although some are hinged. Linen presses, with screw tops and a drawer below, are serviceable and ornamental. Mention must be made of the wooden spoons and round dress boxes, the latter of a variety of sizes, and the spice boxes. Cheese boxes are now sometimes made to do duty as fireside tables. Spice boxes range from those of light sycamore, with the names of the spices printed in Caslon type on a green ground, to the round spice boxes of tin with domed lids and cupid bow handles, or the circular boxes about eight inches in height, with sectional compartments which can be moved at will. Small firkin casks on cradle legs are not to be despised when they appear at country sales. There is always space for them in the cellar or outhouse, and after cleaning they are serviceable. Barley hazellers of iron and wood consist of a roller divided into a number of open serrations. A long handle enabled the operator to roll the barley. The milkmaid's yoke, immortalised in Rowlandson's drawings, is still in use. There is an astonishing difference in local types. Wooden bread platters, butter moulds, pats and stamping devices, some wheeled and others ribbed, open up a new field for study and delight. Almost within living memory the industry of mould making was active. The devices are curious and vigorous in design, ranging from birds, beasts

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and fishes to floral patterns, including the rose, the thistle and the leek. Wooden pounders or 'beetles', 'dollies', or large sized pestles, all belong to the useful things of other days. Within this range can be included the antique rat cages and mouse traps of the eighteenth century. The rat cages are, strange to say, half the size of the machines employed to slaughter mice. They are made of oak with strong iron bars separating the upper from the lower boards. The modern mousetrap is a faint echo of their design.



For Countrymen & Countrywomen - 17

WHO were the authors of the following two passages?

1. 'Many returned again. For what cause? They would not live in a country without trees, by God, they would not endure it. . . . When your Excellency writes a book, you will not say, "Here is a beautiful church and a great castle." The gentry can see that for themselves. But you shall say: "In this village there are no hens." Then they will know from the beginning what sort of country it is . . . "Look you, your Excellencies," said a man who was making coffee over a brazier, "there is no religion in the towns as there is in the country places." "My friends," said the Agha, "I will tell you the reason. In the country men are poor and they want much. Of whom should they ask it but God? But in the towns they are rich, they have all they desire and why should they pray to God if they want nothing?"'

2. 'To Dr. Williams who did carry me into his garden and did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats who come hither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered: that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above one hundred cats.'

Answers will be found on page 221

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Thanks to Winter Flowers

I HAVE been looking back through the earlier weeks of the year and counting a number of plants, to realise with the opening of April, with the wealth of the spring and summer all before me, how much pleasure I have had from the flowers that have been with me through the winter. By the autumn, when I shall perhaps be planting more of them, some of my winter memories will be dimmed; so that now seems to be the time to give thanks. I shall begin, then with my chief friend of the mid-winter fogs, which is my *Grevillea Rosmarinifolia* – a shrub which I have written of before in *THE COUNTRYMAN*, and which for more than one reason is a puzzle to me. For ever since the frost of February, 1929, it has changed its season of blossoming; it used to flower from February to October, now it flowers from November into the following summer. And it puzzles me, too, for I was told it was not easy to grow, but mine has never stopped growing since I planted it ten years ago, and now it is more than forty-three feet in circumference, and still putting out new shoots – and covered on every branch with its rosy, shell-like flowers.

Next, perhaps, must come *Viburnum Fragrans* and *Lonicera Fragrantissima*, one of them a guelder rose and the other a honeysuckle, and both breathing scent in the winter sunshine; and the witch hazels, with their crimson calyces and twisted yellow petals; and the camellias, budding red in February, and with them *Rhododendron Nobleanum*, in my garden earliest of all. But the plant which next to the *Grevilleas* has always surprised me most with pleasure is not a shrub but a climber – *Clematis Cirrhosa*, which from Christmas onwards, twenty feet high on the house wall, has put out every year at the same time its profusion of pale green, creamy bells, all along spray after spray. There are books that will tell you this clematis flowers in May, and needs shelter. No, mine is happy in a north-west wind with snow, and flowers when there is holly in the hall. – *E.P.*

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Rural Authors. - 15. Edmund Blunden

IT is with some temerity that we place Edmund Blunden (*Collected Poems*, Cobden and Sanderson, pp. 336, 10s. 6d.) among our Rural Authors, for with firm courtesy he disclaims being a 'rural author'! 'The titles and contents of my books, *The Waggoner* and *The Shepherd*', he says in his preface, 'have done me a slight injustice, that is, they have labelled me as a useful rustic. I notice this not ungratefully, but with the desire that those who take up this book will not altogether skip those pages which are non-rural.' And yet it seems to us that all these poems are of the countryside, whether desolate in war

These trees were jagged with worse than lightning's flame,
These fields were gouged with worse than ploughs, a moan
Worse than the wind's with every wind went on.

or happy in peace

Rooks in black constellation slowly wheeling
Over this pale sweet sky, and church-bells pealing
Our homely pilgrims to the fount of healing.

The man who has edited with such deep sympathy the poems of John Clare does himself no 'slight injustice' in undervaluing the public's appreciation of his power of interpreting what he calls 'the country life and that stately march of the seasons above, around, below'. He is one of a small and noble company in the economy of phrase and emotion with which he avoids all sentimentality. With a silent cheer we greeted the quotation from the song

I sits with my feet in a brook,
And if anyone asks me for why,
I hits him a whack with my crook -
'It's Sentiment kills me', says I.

Take the delicate restraint of this memory of a childhood's love

But to look back to child with child primrosing
Is all the sweetness of the spring's unclosing.

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Nor does he fear to give us the bitter along with the sweet,

What happy place we travel through!

Did wallflowers ever look so gay?

Kissed by the periwinkle blue

The old wall stoops above our way . . .

And for this blackclad ghost-like maid

Whose cobbled shoes so wearily trace

The dust, whose gaze on ground is laid,

Whose steps are wounds – what happy place?

In the old fairy tales men sometimes found a herb which gave a keener vision to their human eyes. We take, as a slight example of that gift shown throughout these pages, these three pictures of thistles

Where thistles with their caps of wool

Stand sentinel at every coign.

and

Stern on their knolls the patriarch thistles stand,

Nid-nodding in assembly passing wise.

and

Above the hedge the spearman thistle towers

And thinks himself the god of all he sees;

But nettles jostle fearless where he glowers,

Like old and stained and sullen tapestries.

The War cut early into Mr. Blunden's world. Through-out his War poems rings wearily the countryman's conviction of the insane incongruity of man-made hell beside the wide reason of unchanging Nature. A shell has spared him alone of his companions –

And while I squeak and gibber over you,

Look, from the wreck a score of field-mice nimble,

And tame and curious look about them; (these

Calmed me, on these depended my salvation).

Thus he sought oblivion behind the line,

Remember not with so sharp skill

Each chasm in the clouds that strange with fire

Lit pyramid-fosse and spire

Miles on miles from our hill . . .

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About you spreads the world anew,
The old fields all for your sense rejoice,
Music has found her ancient voice,
From the hills there's heaven on earth to view

The depths of the suffering that he has known give the later poems a living beauty. Compared with the earlier ones they are as growing plants to cut flowers. Out of death and degradation came forth life

There I was tortured, but I cannot grieve;
There crowned and palaced – visibles deceive.
That storm of belfried cities in my mind
Leaves me my vespers cool and eglantined.



The Country House Aeroplane – 8

A FOLDING-WING D.H. Moth can be got into a hangar not a great deal bigger than a lock-up garage for two cars. With wings folded the space occupied is twenty-four feet by ten feet, and the clearance height required nine feet. A hangar to take this craft, therefore, needs to measure twenty-eight feet by twelve feet three inches by nine feet six inches. There may be stables or out-buildings easily convertible. A stretch of tarmac should be laid down at the approach to the hangar. This surface ought to measure about twenty-five feet by fifteen feet. For the easy towing of the craft a tail trolley, consisting of a small axle, having two wheels, mounted on the end of a long, T-shaped metal handle, should be used. With this the owner and a single assistant can manoeuvre the machine from its hangar to the landing ground, and back again. There are aerodromes where machines may be garaged at four shillings a day, twenty shillings a week, or sixty-five shillings a month. The fee includes assistance in hauling the machine in and out once a day, folding and extending the wings once each, and warming up the engine if needed.



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Country Books of the Quarter*A SHORT GUIDE TO THE BEST READING*

FIRST there had been the time-honoured joke of unfastening the bride's garter. 'And then we sang'—it is Sisley Huddleston in his *Between the River and the Hills*, a collection of sketches of life in his Norman village (Harrap, pp. 316, illus., 12s. 6d.), giving an account of a wedding. 'One by one we rose to our feet to sing our song. Not to have a song which one can sing on these occasions is accounted unsocial. So each of us had come prepared to sing. Most of the songs were ribald. They dealt with the humours and joys of married life in the frankest language. They spared nothing. They would come under the ban of watch committees and vigilance societies and postal authorities in Anglo-Saxon countries. They were rich and ripe and juicy; they were not songs of innocence, but songs of experience. But nobody at the wedding feast would have dreamt of complaining, or of considering the singers of the songs as low-minded or evil-speaking folk. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. If one cannot joke about the functions of marriage at a marriage feast where can one joke about them? They are good, clean, honest folk, these Normans, decent in their behaviour, serious and sober in their habits, but at the end of the wedding feast they feel themselves entitled to relish the humours as well as the joys of the eternal serio-comic drama of human relations.' And here is a description of how the author's fruit reaches your table when you dine in London: 'My man does not pluck the fruit in handfuls; he works methodically and carefully, selecting each fruit. He ranges according to rule the fruit in paper-lined baskets. He weighs each basket meticulously. After many hours of labour there is a pile of baskets ready to be sent to market. I have no longer a name, I am a number. When it is too dark to work in the trees the baskets are taken on a handbarrow, into the village to the courtyard of the president of the

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fruit-growers' syndicate of Sainte-Ursule. There my responsibility ceases. I hardly know, I do not care what happens afterwards. All the other fruit growers of the village, each of them identified by a number, carry their baskets to that courtyard; and thence the baskets are sent by rail and ship to the Paris markets and to the London markets. I have a receipt for each delivery and in due course I shall be given a bond which I can convert into cash in the bank of the nearby town.' Then there is the tale of old Grégoire who had planted many fruit trees in Huddleston's garden. One day he was found planting on the property on his own account a young oak. The trees he had formerly planted, he explained, belonged to his master. He, Grégoire, had been paid for planting them. But 'I am not paid for planting this oak sapling, because I am not working to-day – it's Sunday. It will be a proud tree some day. A little fancy like that hurts nobody. They will call this tree Old Grégoire's oak.' By these samples the reader will judge how pleasant is this record of experiences of life in an old mill in Normandy. – *Germany and the Germans*, by Dr. Eugen Deisel (Macmillan, pp. 218, 10s. 6d.), is not a countryside book, but it is an excellent introduction to Germany and German life. Authoritative, liberal, light in hand, it does incidentally give the reader some impression of the rural side of the Republic. In one place Dr. Deisel mentions that while the stork is 'fast dying out', there are 'between 37 and 150' beavers in Germany. The author remarks on the way in which the German agricultural landscape is not be-hedged like the English, but divided by ridges. He dwells on the flowers in German gardens, the fruit by the roadside and (in Upper Bavaria) the way in which the peasants stick coloured glass balls on poles between their asters and sunflowers. In contrast, 'in France the peasants frequently live in poor stone cottages with the merest apology for a garden, while the Poles have no gardens whatever, and have even had to borrow their word for garden from the Germans'. In its

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forests Germany has preserved 'something specifically Germanic'. 'Central Europe is the only region in which extensive forests are to be found in the midst of thickly populated countries.' – With Dr. Deibel's vivacious book we should mention *In Northern Europe*, 1930, a further volume from Rolf Gardiner (9 Lansdowne Road, W.11, pp. 84, 12 illustrations, 2s. 9d. post free), which chronicles activities by some of the post-War generation in Britain and Germany in the cause of the best kind of progress. It is a record of tours in Germany by young Britons and in Britain by young Germans. Oldsters who are thinking about Anglo-German relations might do worse than dip into this chronicle. The good feeling evoked as the result of the dancing and singing and conversation of the British and German young men and young women is now to lead 'towards some new focal activity, probably in Scandinavia and the Baltic'. – The Institute of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia is responsible for *The Country Life of the Nation* (University of North Carolina Press, pp. 229, 9s.) in which Wilson Gee edits a dozen American authorities on the farm industry and rural conditions. One writer estimates the avoidable loss through the disorderly marketing of American perishable crops at £25 millions! Another says 'the immediate problem' in the United States is 'the motorizing and mechanizing of family-size farms'. A third opines that if the United States had a tariff of say £1 per bushel on wheat 'we would actually increase the number of farmers who grow wheat at a loss; the farmer's interests all lie in the direction of greater freedom of trade with all nations.' – The trials and the follies of amateur gardeners afford the same kind of amusement to onlookers in suburban Prague as in Outer London, and so there is a familiar ring in *The Gardener's Year* (Allen and Unwin, pp. 160, 3s. 6d.), a translation from the Czech. But it is not every day that illustrious dramatists like the authors of 'R.U.R.' and 'The Insect Play' condescend to a book of this sort, and so Karel Capek's book, with numerous

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jocose illustrations by his brother Josef, will have many admiring readers.

Believers in the good old times, particularly people who may be inclined to give 'merrie England' as late a date as Farmer George's days, should not miss the *Journal of a Somerset Rector*, one John Skinner, an antiquary-parson who was born in 1772, and, after a sad life of it with his parishioners and his own family, shot himself in 1839. (Murray, pp. 355, 15s.) The poor man left the British Museum about a hundred manuscript volumes. A one-volume selection, which has now been made, throws a searching light on the rural conditions of the time. Take the roads. Skinner states that they were so heavy that he had to get a cart-horse as 'leader' to his mare. Immorality, drunkenness – in the church after a marriage – the foulest language, and fighting were of the life of the community. 'Twice this week very worthy parishioners have tied a tin pot to the tail of my little dog to exasperate me.' 'I have my doubts', writes his reverence, 'about teaching the lower orders beyond reading.' Many strange things happened then. 'I took my servant into the Glebe fields, lately occupied by Lewis, and with the spade he carried I cut up a portion of the turf and said, "I take possession of this my ground."' Ten thousand people assembled to see a hanging, among them 'well-dressed and delicate females who pressed to the foot of the gallows to witness the torments, which were probably very violent, for the executioner pulled down the legs of the wretched sufferer for two minutes, yet notwithstanding even when ten minutes were elapsed the limbs were still convulsed.' At an inn Skinner entered for some bread and butter, 'the landlord was upstairs with cholera'. People burnt camphor and also juniper to ward off the cholera, and after a death 'fumigated the room with tobacco'. But they left 'the nasty dung-heaps and filthiness of the children before the doors'. One phrase of this much-tried cleric is new to us, 'From a briar one does not gather mulberries.'



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Some of the subjects dealt with in recent issues are listed below. These will afford some indication of the scope of the Journal:—

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'Mending Wall', 'The Wood Pile', 'The Cow in Apple Time', 'Gathering Leaves', 'The Valley's Singing Day', 'The Kitchen Chimney' are titles picked at random from the *Collected Poems* (Longmans, pp. 349, 15s.), of Robert Frost, the American poet—almost an English poet, saving for bears and blueberries, chickadees and sugar maple. His verses move from a quietude that is seldom monotonous to sudden pinnacles of lyricism. Quotation might give an idea of the quality of his intimacy with earth but not of the wide and whimsical humanity which makes his narrative poems so delightful. The small things do not escape him:

The small bird flew before me. He was careful
To put a tree between us when he lighted,
And say no word to tell me who he was . . .
He thought that I was after him for a feather—
The white one in his tail; like one who takes
Everything said as personal to himself.

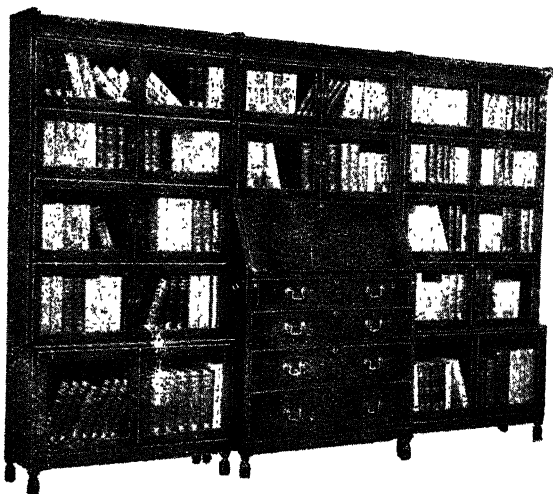
Neither is he escaped by the greater things.—In the Caravan Library—the name is pleasant to the ear—Macmillan's give us the delightful *Gardener* of Rabindranath Tagore (pp. 150, 3s. 6d.). Was there ever a set of lyrics with so many first lines that stick in the memory?—

Ah me, why did they build my house by the road to the market town?
Again,

I remember a day in my childhood I floated a paper boat in the ditch.

It is little wonder that there should be a second volume of the 'Morning Post's' pleasant *Trivet Bedside Book*. (15 Tudor Street, 2s. 6d.). 'We often ask God for flowers, and He gives us seeds', 'Early in the morning is still the best time for gathering manna', 'There is always light enough to take the next step' are the kind of thing.

English Windmills (Architectural Press, pp. 146, 5s. 6d.), by M. L. Batten (with 80 illustrations) is the first volume of the work prepared on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. It deals with the mills of Kent, Surrey and Sussex, which have more windmills



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than other southern counties. One mill illustrated, Oatwood in Surrey, is the oldest known windmill in England, built as such and still working. Owing to the regrettably-limited demand for whole-meal flour, the mills devote themselves almost entirely to grinding food for live-stock. — Once more we welcome a handsome county survey, this time of *Cornwall* (University of London Press, pp. 149, 17s. 6d.), with forty-two illustrations and three maps. It is prepared for the Cornwall branch of the C.P.R.E. (the first formed), and the author is W. Harding Thompson. There are notes by Charles Henderson and a preface by 'Q' which is good reading. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch mentions a fact of which many people are no doubt unaware, that the knot or loop of cord which dangles at the shoulder of the King's coachman is a relic of the days of bad roads when rope was needed at times to drag even the sovereign's coach out of the mire. Q.'s advice to a stranger visiting Cornwall is to begin by regarding it as an island. The population of the county is decreasing. We note the statement that 'many' monuments marked upon the Ordnance Survey maps 'have been destroyed or moved (some even never existed!),' while a great many important objects are not marked at all.' — This is the twenty-sixth year of the *Dorset Year-Book* (Watkins, 274 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2, pp. 288, 2s. 6d.), a most commendable enterprise. — *In England Now*, by Maribel Edwin (Sheldon, pp. 263, illus. 5s.), 'The countryside week by week' is for young people. — *East Anglia* and *Cumbria*, 1s. each, and *South-East of England*, 1s. 6d., are the latest reprints of chapters in Ogilvie's *Great Britain: Essays in Regional Geography* (Cambridge University Press). — The Hon. Elsie Corbett has written a pattern *History of Spelsbury* and its particularly interesting district. (Author, Spelsbury, Oxford, pp. 284, 6s. 6d.). There are included in the book, which is done with exceeding care and no little wit, and in the most engagingly simple way, extracts from the valuable collection of old letters in the possession of Lord

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Dillon. There are also many telling photographs. — Once more the co-operative movement produces its *People's Year Book* (Co-operative Wholesale Society, Manchester, pp. 360.) The movement, which now employs a quarter of a million people, has sales to the value of £346 millions. In Great Britain it has 27,000 acres of land, in India 33,000. — It now needs 3,511 pages of two columns of the small type used in our 'Countryman Directory' to accommodate the biographies or rather autobiographies in the invaluable *Who's Who* (Black, 30s.). Taking the Shaws, we find that, eliminating residents oversea, twelve live in the country, four in cities or towns and country, twelve in cities or towns and eleven oversea (or fail to give their addresses). Of the recreations Bernard Shaw's is well-known: 'anything but sport'. The only others given are 'motoring, gardening and photography', 'country life', 'golf, hunting, polo and tennis', 'visiting places of interest', 'all outdoor sports', 'tennis and golf', 'walking and golf', 'riding, farm-work and reading detective stories', 'hunting, motoring and tennis', and 'tennis, fishing and motoring'.

About *Practical Jumping*, by Major J. L. M. Barrett, lately equitation officer, R.M.C., Sandhurst, with thirty-two careful illustrations by Charles Simpson ('Country Life', pp. 174, 12s. 6d.) it is important to say that it is not only an exceptionally competent but a readable and therefore helpful book. — *Gliding and Sail-Planing* (Bodley Head, pp. 121, 5s.) is a beginner's handbook (with no fewer than eighty-four illustrations), translated out of the German of the principals of two flying schools with ten years' experience in motorless flight. It strikes us as an exceedingly practical five shillingsworth. The first requisite of an air-glider, according to the authors, is a good pair of boots, so that he can jump well. For the rest, 'a good airman can generally hold his own in any form of light athletics'. — Alexander Angus's *Ready Reckoner for Surveyors, Valuers and Farmers* (G. and W. Fraser, Aberdeen, pp. 293, 5s.) is an

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up-to-date compilation of undeniable utility. The Scottish mile is 1,976 yards against the 1,760 yards of the English mile, and a Scottish acre equals about one and a quarter English acres. — *Horiton Lace Making*, by M. Kate Jemmett (Azania Press, Four Marks, Hants, pp. 52, illus., 1s. 6d.), is 'a practical guide to a paying homecraft'. — We may also mention a delightful brochure, full of illustrations, *Embroidery without Tears*, sent out by the Old Bleach Linen Co., Randalstown, Northern Ireland, which will set many women embroidering who have never embroidered before. — *Vegetable Cookery* by Elizabeth Lucas (author of Mrs. Lucas's French Cookery Book), a sound book of special quality (Heinemann, pp. 360, 8s. 6d.), deals not only with recipes but with methods and utensils. Mrs. Lucas asks for one salad a day and for 'one deliciously if simply prepared vegetable as a separate course'. While the French manual of army cooking gives twenty-six ways of cooking potatoes and twenty pages to vegetable cooking generally, our army manual devotes sixteen lines only to potatoes and four pages to the whole subject. Our author is sure that 'too much meat is eaten by most people'. Why do English cooks generally find it so hard to understand the virtues of long simmering which comes naturally to French housewives?

Edible and Poisonous Fungi, with twenty-five coloured plates, is an admirable Ministry of Agriculture 'Bulletin' (10 Whitehall Place, S.W.1, pp. 26, 2s. 6d.), which ought to be in every school and country house, for, as Sir Francis Acland insisted in our last issue, 'the number of kinds of fungi that are really poisonous is comparatively few'. — The Ministry's *Bee-Keeping* (pp. 60, illus. 9d.) is a bargain. 'Owing to climatic conditions', it begins, 'few people in this country have found bee-keeping on a large scale a successful occupation: on a small scale, however —'. — *Some Beneficial Insects*, from the same benevolent source is 4d. only, and, with its illustrations of sixteen insects or larvae, is most serviceable.

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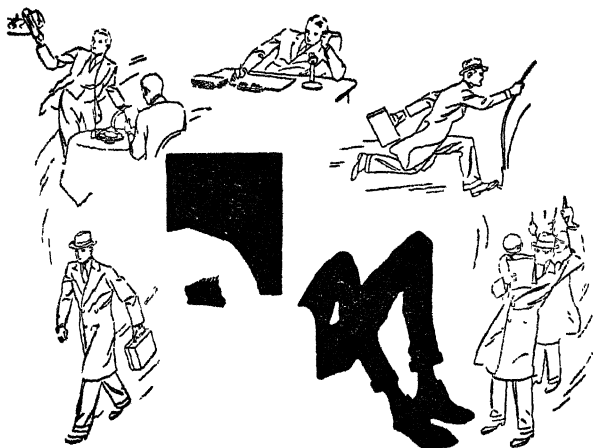
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The late Dr. Jamieson B. Hurry, of Reading, wrote a number of books on out of the way subjects, and his posthumous *Woad Plant and its Dye* (Oxford University Press, pp. 346, 21s.) with seventeen plates and a dozen other illustrations, is a valuable monograph. It tells not only all there is to tell about the plant, its history and cultivation, and the manufacture and use of the dye, but all that can be learnt about the woad industry in Great Britain and on the Continent. In this country two woad farms survive, and photographs are given of the process of balling and drying the woad. — In *Marketing of Fruit and Vegetables in the Vale of Evesham* (author, Dr. M. A. Abrams) we have No. 1 of 'Avoncroft Rural Studies', published by the praiseworthy Avoncroft College for Rural Workers at Offenham. The book comes from the heart of the plum, asparagus and cabbage industry, is full of trustworthy data and is candid, as for example, when it blurts out that 'tariff protection would leave the marketing of our fruit and vegetables inefficient'. — The housewife who wants to carry her knowledge of cheese beyond the article we published in April, 1930, should spend sixpence on the Ministry of Agriculture's *Report on the Marketing of Dairy Produce, Part I* (H.M. Stationery Office) in which she will get 153 well-illustrated pages for 6d. In this country as much cheese is still made on farms as in factories. — There could not be better guides to choice of varieties than the Ministry's admirable Bulletins Nos. 2 and 4, *Fruit Production: Tree Fruits* (pp. 69, 1s.) and *Fruit Production: Soft Fruits and Nuts* (pp. 110, 1s. 6d.), to be had from 10 Whitehall Place, and the illustrations are practical on pruning, grafting, etc. The Ministry's *Report on the Preparation of Fruit for Market* (Gooseberries, Currants, Cherries, Logans, Raspberries, Tomatoes, Cucumbers and Grapes), which gives 100 pages and any number of the right kind of illustrations for sixpence, is remarkable value.



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AN AFTERMATH OF FROST.—'E.P.' may be interested to know that I planted *Grevillea Rosmarinifolia* in my garden about thirteen years ago. Every year it has begun to shew bud about the end of November, and flowers practically from the end of December until May and then it is over. — E. G. Winstanley, *St. Issey, Cornwall*.

BUTTERFLIES FORECASTING WEATHER.—Towards evening, in fine weather, butterflies may be found in numbers on the heads of flowers and grasses, where they rest for the night, but before adverse conditions, they conceal themselves among the vegetation and completely disappear. Therefore should they make their disappearance towards evening on a fine day, it is a sure sign that a spell of dull unsettled weather will shortly follow. — F. W. Frohawk.

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Hints for the Housewife - 4. Meat

Following the practical hints about the varieties and qualities of cheese, butter and jam by acknowledged experts, we have received this letter from a subscriber on the subject of meat.

TAKE the meat-buying part of your housekeeping very seriously. Imported meat is only good enough for those who do not know any better. If necessary, eat less meat, but eat what you do eat good. There are many cheap cuts which are as nourishing as the expensive cuts; they may want more preparation, but health is worth a little trouble. The Ministry of Agriculture should issue a booklet on cooking cheap cuts of beef, mutton and veal. The town-dweller is safe in insisting on National Mark beef. For roasts and steak get 'Selected' or 'Prime'; for other purposes where money is a serious matter 'Good' will do. Mutton is not yet made fool-proof to buyers. All who teach cooking should teach about buying, and judging meat. They can learn from a friendly butcher, but constant practice will be necessary. They should learn to judge a sheep's age by its teeth, and when they go into a butcher's shop look at the sheep's heads, and so get an idea what sort of meat that butcher kills. English pork should have a clean-looking fine rind. Beware of flabby-looking pork; it is probably inflated. Beware of 'shiny' veal blown up to look 'frothy'. Butchers blow veal to make it look attractive; they even blow thin calves to make them look well; this lets the air into the lean and it dries up in cooking. Veal should have a reasonable amount of fat on it. Fat and health go together in meat animals. Beware of newly-killed meat which country butchers often sell in summer. It is tough and indigestible. Even in summer an uncut carcass or side should keep well for a week if hung in a draught. Kept meat loses weight and causes trouble, so butchers do not like keeping. Insist on having your meat at its best. Beware of butchers with insufficiently ventilated ice-boxes and refrigerators.

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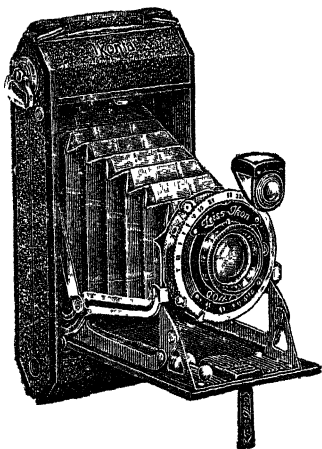
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Country Auction Pitfalls

by John Stevenson, Secretary, Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents

A YEAR or so since, THE COUNTRYMAN, in an editorial note, referred to the useful work my Society was doing in warning people living in country districts against what is known as 'rigged sales'. It is not usually the people who live in the village where this kind of 'auction' is staged who are defrauded. They are aware that the house has stood empty for long enough, and know of the methods adopted by the operators of the sale to catch the guileless. But country society is often divided into compartments, and so people who live anything from three to twenty miles distant may well think they are attending a perfectly genuine auction. If you have made a mistake in bidding, withdraw your bid at once, and it becomes the auctioneer's duty to put the lot up again. When an article has been knocked down to you, the law, in general, is that you must pay for it or be cast in damages. (Unless you be drunk, or a minor!) Again, while no conditions of sale may be so framed as to deprive purchasers of their common law rights, the Courts assume that bidders have read these conditions (printed in the catalogues, and usually displayed in the sale room), and a slight error or mis-description will not suffice to render a sale void. Nevertheless the auctioneer must not make wilful or careless misrepresentations, and when a warranty is given, the purchaser is entitled to the strict enforcement of its terms. With regard to commission, this ought always to be the subject of definite agreement between client and auctioneer. Until agency is established, there can be no successful claim to commission, and, except in a few exceptional cases, it is to vendor or lessor, as the case may be, and not to purchaser or lessee, that the auctioneer looks for payment of his services.



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Wild Life in Mull

by A Gamekeeper

IN Mull, where there are no foxes, wild-cats, badgers, polecats, or weasels, the most interesting animal is the otter, which is everywhere making a good fat living, as is its wont, in salt or in fresh water. Otters are often seen fishing and playing within Tobermory harbour. On the fresh-water lochs of the island they are observed to kill and eat wild-fowl, rabbits and hares.

The stoat of Mull is a little smaller than the stoat of the mainland, and is much bolder, coming into the middle of the villages, and killing fowls, even in daylight. The stoats of Mull contracted some disease, very likely distemper, in the winter of 1928-29, and I saw a good many which had crept into heather bushes to die. No doubt they had got the disease from dogs during their fowl-hunting excursions.

The red deer population of the island is probably on the increase. When the stags of a herd made a raid on a potato-clamp, they drew out the strongly-driven posts and tall barbed-wire entanglements put up to keep the deer off. The deer must have combined to do the work, and they had their reward, several bags of potatoes being eaten. The deer feed a good deal on sea-weed, and are intelligent enough to watch the tides, for it is only at low tide that they can reach the new growths of dulse and tangle which they love. They even swim to rock islands bared by the tide, and having fed, lie on the rocks until the tide partially covers them. It is supposed that they do this to rid themselves of insects. However this may be, I have seen the herds immersed to the nostrils on fine, sunny days.

Common hair seals often come into Tobermory harbour in winter to feed on the young saithe, which at their approach move in great shoals into shallow water. The seals follow, and having driven the fish into an almost solid mass, butt



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right in, guzzling away, while 'cuddies' – which have had narrow escapes, leap in the air.

No one who has not shot at and missed a seal has any idea of the animal's underwater speed. Some were noted travelling half a mile in less than a minute. An estimate of the number of grey seals annually breeding at Treshnish is 2,000.

Porpoises working intelligently in co-operation, rounding up mackerel, remind one of collies engaged in penning sheep. The porpoise shoals sometimes move to the south as birds do in one long non-stop journey. On one occasion the sea was covered, for as far as could be seen from a steamer, with emerging and submerging porpoises. There must have been thousands of them. All were heading southwards, breathing regularly at each half-minutely emergence.

A large whale I saw heading for the south was going at an estimated speed of twenty miles an hour, and each long sighing breath was audible, as the creature emerged and submerged, with a clockwork regularity. Another whale, which seemed to be fishing, was seen to run on a rock. There was a tremendous upheaval of water and the whale eventually scraped clear, going a long way under water towards the open Atlantic before re-emerging.

If the porpoise is the wolf of the sea, the grampus or killer whale is its tiger, for it swallows seals as a trout takes flies, and delights to harry a flock of eider. Grampus herds make for the south through the Sound of Mull in early winter. The grampus may be known from the porpoise by its habit of throwing itself clean out of the water.



FOX, CAT, AND CHICKENS—In reply to Mr. Llewellyn Hutchinson's inquiry, may I say as a former Master of Hounds that there is no more effective way than by keeping a foxhound puppy, and asking everybody to let him hunt on his own. There will be no marauding foxes. — *H. Sleigh, New Club, Edinburgh*

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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

THE natural satisfaction which we feel in celebrating, with this issue, our Fourth Birthday is tempered by the thought that, since THE COUNTRYMAN was started in April, 1927, five periodicals of the front rank, which we used to read with pleasure, the 'Edinburgh Review', the 'Realist', Æ's 'Irish Statesman', the 'Bermondsey Book' and the 'Nation' have vanished.* In the public interest it is well worth while to face the reason why the community has lost a part of its Press which was of admirable quality. The reason, to be blunt, was lack of advertisements. THE COUNTRYMAN is alive and daily adding to its readers and its influence because it has plenty of advertisements. These five excellent periodicals are dead because they had very few. We press this simple fact because, in the four years in which we have been in close touch with the public which reads reviews, we have found that, among men and women unacquainted with the technique of journalism, there is a regrettable ignorance and — we must say plainly — snobbery about advertisements. The sooner this ignorance and snobbery are got rid of the better for the 'expectation of life' of periodicals capable of making a worthy impression on public opinion.

THE nonsense that, one time and another, undoubted country-lovers have written to us about the space given to advertisements in THE

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WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

COUNTRYMAN passes belief. There are clearly many readers of periodicals who are under the illusion that they pay their way with their sixpences, shillings and half-crowns. They never have done so and never will, any more than with twopence they pay for their 'Times'. If the aim of a periodical or a newspaper is quality it is not easy for it to have a large circulation (although ours, we gratefully acknowledge, is already more than thrice what, at the start, its most hopeful journalistic friends prophesied for it). The monthly bills of a superior type of periodical, for printing, paper – how many of our readers realise that the cost of the paper used for the present issue of THE COUNTRYMAN is £129? – salaries, contributors, postages, rent, rates and taxes can be met in three ways only: (1) The periodical may be the parasite of a publishing office, that is, it can be fed out of the profits of other publications or books. (2) The periodical may be kept by a rich man, or a political or business interest, and so lose the complete independence which we take to be of the essence of the journalism that is worth the wear and tear. (3) The periodical may print a sufficient amount of the advertising of firms who want to sell goods to educated and reasonably well-to-do people. It is our experience that the best type of advertiser realises that, whatever papers or publications educated and reasonably well-to-do people may glance at, the publications which they carefully read are likely to be publications of substance and conscience. THE COUNTRYMAN is not bought, rapidly scanned and left in the train. Nor is it of a class of weekly or monthly that, after

BARCLAYS BANK

LIMITED

Head Office:

54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

Over 2,100 Branches in England & Wales

TOTAL RESOURCES

EXCEED

£300,000,000

Every description of British and Foreign
Banking Business transacted

The Bank has power to act as Executor
and Trustee under Wills and Settlements
and as Trustee for Debenture Holders

AFFILIATED BANKS:

The British Linen Bank. *Head Office:* Edinburgh

The Union Bank of Manchester, Ltd. *Head Office:* Manchester

Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas).

Head Office: London

Barclays Bank (France) Limited. *Head Office:* Paris

Barclays Bank S.A.I. Rome and Genoa

Barclays Bank (Canada), Montreal and Toronto

inspection or perusal at home, goes down to the kitchen or is bundled to the workhouse. THE COUNTRYMAN is kept, read, often re-read, sometimes lent, and frequently bound. We doubt whether there is any publication that is read, really read, not glanced through, by a larger number of readers per copy. It is illustrative of its appeal that the managing director of a well-known hotel should have just written to us, in booking a series of page advertisements, 'Judging from the condition of the January and October numbers of THE COUNTRYMAN in the lounge, *they seem to have been read more than any other periodical.*' In another hotel an advertiser, as his agency wrote to us, 'left THE COUNTRYMAN in the lounge and noticed that it was read by nearly everyone with the greatest interest; it was this as much as anything that decided him to take space.' Because this is the way THE COUNTRYMAN has been read we have in this issue more than a hundred pages of advertisements.

FOR two reasons we are glad to record this fact. In the first place, the advertising revenue means a self-respecting, absolutely independent existence for THE COUNTRYMAN. We can say what we like and when we like. In the second place, as far as we can judge, our advertisements are offering value for money. If the contrary can be established about any of them, out they go. For some time past we have had the police on the track of one advertiser who had a code of his own. We have lately kept two other advertisers from getting into THE COUNTRYMAN. Indeed it is now a fair sum in three figures

Security at a Low Price

The first essential in insurance is *Security*; and if that *Security* can be purchased at a cost lower than the average, then a bargain is indeed obtained

You can have

SECURITY and SAVE MONEY

by insuring in

**The National Farmers Union
Mutual Insurance Society, Ltd.**

All classes of Farming and Live-stock Insurance, specially designed to meet the needs of the Farmer, transacted at preferential rates

**The Largest Mutual Fire
Office in the Kingdom**

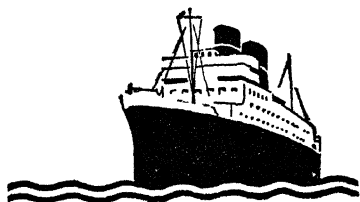
HEAD OFFICE
STRATFORD-ON-AVON

BRANCHES AND INSPECTORS EVERYWHERE

that we have declined because we believed that certain advertising which was offered was below our standard. It was not only good morals but good business to decline it. Our pages have become the more valuable to advertisers of rectitude and standing. As a result, we have always more applications for special advertising positions than we can satisfy. For some we have applications three deep.

WE are proud of the fact, and we are sure that every one of our readers, when he or she comes to think about the full significance of the fact, will be proud also, that we are giving satisfaction to our advertisers as well as to our readers. For *it is largely with our advertisers' money that we have made THE COUNTRYMAN what it is, and it will be largely with their money that we shall keep on improving it.* We are proud, also, of the high artistic level which many of our advertisements reach. The brains and taste (as well as honest dealing) which are put into advertising nowadays are pleasant things in British industrial life. Since the War there has been as great an advance in the personnel and practice of advertising as in the position of women. We are proud further, of the fact that, by reason of the quality of our advertisements, we have persuaded readers, who in the past, as they tell us, have given a cursory glance at advertisements, to look at ours with interest and appreciation. This is the kind of testimony which frequently reaches us when readers renew their subscriptions:

'I have enjoyed every word of THE COUNTRYMAN, and not least the advertisements.' (Glasgow.)



'ARANDORA STAR' SUNSHINE CRUISES

April 23rd — 25 days, to the
MEDITERRANEAN

Visiting Tangier, Naples (for Vesuvius
and Pompeii), Rhodes, Constantinople,
Athens, Tripoli, Malta, Algiers

May 23rd — 16 days
To Lisbon, Tangier, Casablanca, Las
Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, Arosa Bay
(for Santiago)

June 13th — 13 days, to the
NORWEGIAN FJORDS
Calling at Ulvik, Eidfjord, Trondhjem,
Aandalsnaes, Molde, Oie, Hellesylt,
Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm,
Gudvangen, Bergen



For full particulars of these and other forthcoming cruises apply

BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (Gerrard 5671);
Liverpool, 10, Water Street, and Principal Tourist Agencies

'I read the advertisements in the same way as I read the articles.' (London).

'If many of your readers are like me, they must be *rather at a loss to know exactly why they find themselves, quarter after quarter, reading the advertisements.*' (London).

'That advertisement for Buoyant chairs strikes a friendly and understanding note.' (Sydney, N.S.W.).

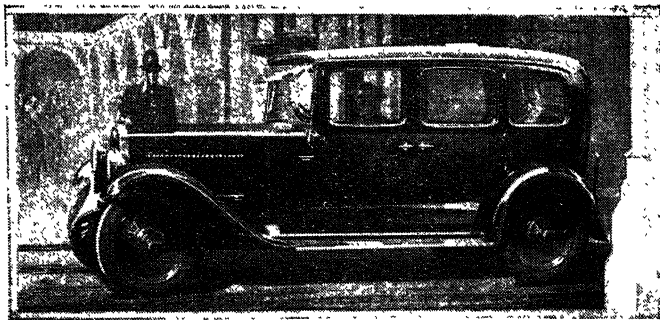
'Equally attractive to reader and advertiser.' (Canada).

'The reader's interest (in the advertisements) is just as strong at the front or back of the magazine.' (Bath).

'I hope your advertisers pay you well for *you have done more than anyone has ever done to make people first tolerate, and then like advertisements!*' (Edinburgh).

BUT it was only by offering an original inducement to advertisers, the opportunity of facing matter, that THE COUNTRYMAN was able to obtain the nourishment necessary for a strong and healthy childhood. If THE COUNTRYMAN is now lusty, if it is able to be of service at a critical period in the rural history of Great Britain, if our contributors are of the best – since we can afford to pay them, if THE COUNTRYMAN is, as the Press and our readers keep writing, unrivalled in its sphere, it is because discerning advertisers (for value received) have fed it. For this we have our advertisers very much to thank, and our readers for their interest in our advertisers, and our contributors for the pains they have taken – since, when all is said, it is the writing that attracts the advertising. There has been no secret about our editorial method. At THE COUNTRYMAN office we have never sat with wet towels round our heads trying to find out what our public wants. We print what interests us, dwellers

AS • DEPENDABLE • AS • AN • AUSTIN



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

How would *you* judge a car's worth?

Few people would question that the first and foremost quality which a car should possess is dependability.

Then, the vital factor—appearance. We all value coachwork which not only is good to look upon but which is good and practical *inside* . . . with wide vision, ample headroom, airiness and comfort. When cars are appraised in this manner, choice becomes easy. For the Austin

satisfies all these essentials. Outstanding dependability is inseparable from the name Austin. The new bodies are striking in their good looks, their comfort, their completeness of equipment, which even includes folding occasional tables, folding foot-rests, and arm-rests.

And remember, in every Austin you obtain ungrudging, care-free service, for many, many years. See your nearest Austin dealer.

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. With fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium plating, wire wheels and Dunlop tyres. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (six window) or Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (four window) £335.

THE SIXTEEN
BURNHAM SALOON

£335

(At Works)

AUSTIN

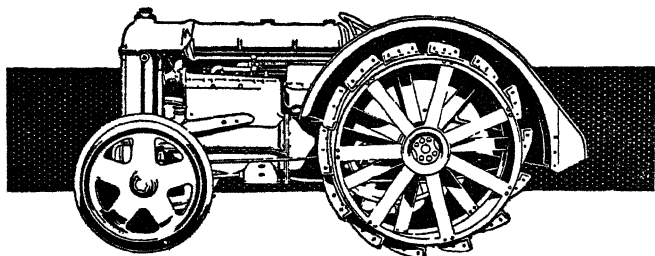
READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for Austin
Seven : 479-483 Oxford St., London, W.1. Showrooms & Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11

in a hamlet, countrymen and countrywomen, with a wide, cheerful, abiding interest in the country and a sincere concern for its future. And we print our articles just at the length at which our interest is keen, and not a line longer. After the first number of *THE COUNTRYMAN* came out there were friends, who, in the goodness of their hearts, addressed us on 'the essential character and type of a review', the 'length to which articles in a review should properly extend', and so forth. But we have dared to take our own peculiar way, and we shall continue to take it, for we believe that what interests us, and just as much as interests us, will interest most of our much occupied readers, for we are not providing a periodical for idlers. We are writing for intelligent and therefore busy people. We have all of us far more to read than we can get read. For articles the writers of which take a page to get started, and quarter pages in which to get breath, and more than a page to get stopped, *THE COUNTRYMAN* has no use.

GETTING back to our innovation of having some facing-matter advertising in a quarterly – a practice long accepted in the weekly reviews – although we have been glad to change from the right to the left the advertising pages which face reading matter, and have now a series of particularly pleasant-looking advertisements in the front of *THE COUNTRYMAN*, we would not willingly destroy the camaraderie of reader and advertiser in our pages by thrusting all the advertising regardlessly to the front and back. The advertising is much more

Work done when the weather is right



£156 at Manchester or other centre of distribution

With a Fordson you can get your work done quickly when you want it, when the weather or the market is right. Your Fordson is always ready to start work and to work overtime if need be. Ploughing costs from 6 to 10 shillings per acre with a Fordson. It cuts costs, too, on all operations, whether on drawbar or belt. Farmers cannot neglect the economy of a Fordson in these days.

Your dealer will be glad to bring a tractor to your land for a thorough demonstration.

LINCOLN



FORDSON

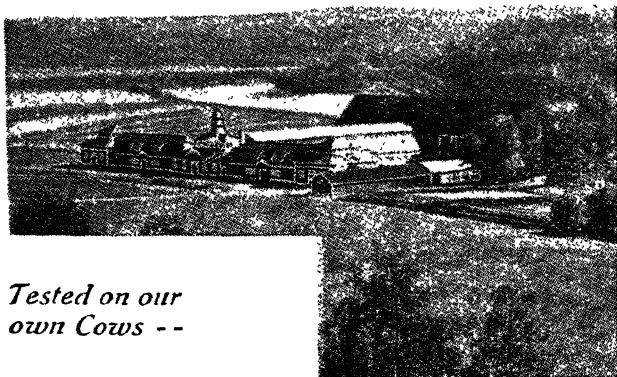
AIRCRAFT

FORDSON •

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON AND MANCHESTER

easily read divided up as it is into three sections. We have tried to do something which has not been done successfully before, to bring the review reader pleasantly into touch with his benefactor, the advertiser — in our pages, usually a type of advertiser who not only aims at pleasing the discriminating eye but at serving a discriminating taste. Men and women who live in the country, away from the shops, are specially indebted to advertising, and, as has been seen from the letters of our correspondents, read THE COUNTRYMAN advertisements with particular appreciation.

IT has been heavy (but joyful) labour running THE COUNTRYMAN. In the course of an extremely busy life we have never worked harder, and not until last year have we done anything with our modest profits but spend them on increasing our staff and the number of our pages. But now we take out a trifle for ourselves so that THE COUNTRYMAN can look us honestly in the face. Our hands have been strengthened during the four years that have gone by daily letters of kindness and understanding from all parts of the world. Few reviews are blessed with more unseen friendship. There is no mystery about the way in which THE COUNTRYMAN, though not largely displayed, perhaps, in shops and book-stalls, where people are not over ready to put down half-a-crown at once for a magazine they have not examined, has made its way into every corner of Great Britain, into every Dominion, into the United States, and into most foreign countries. It was started as a subscription periodical, and it is



*Tested on our
own Cows - -*

Above is an aerial view of our experimental 120-cow dairy farm where all ALFA-LAVAL products are tested before ever they are even heard of on the market. It is nearly 40 years ago since we first began experimenting with milking machines. Now, as ever, we lead the way and can offer the most up-to-date, efficient and reliable milking machine in the world,

THE **ALFA-LAVAL** **MILKING MACHINE**

Fully tested on our own cows at the farm shown above

Full particulars from

ALFA-LAVAL COMPANY, LTD.,
34 Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1
(Victoria 7174-5-6)

Also makers of the world-famous ALFA-LAVAL Cream
Separators and ALFA Boilers and Steamers

chiefly a subscription periodical still, gaining new readers by the recommendation of old ones. 'I love THE COUNTRYMAN and now subscribe,' writes a Vancouver reader. 'I went to see some friends and started to tell them about it, how delighted I was with the copy a relative had sent me, and – would you believe it? – I found they take it in. The day I received my first copy a friend came in and picked it up and was fascinated with it, so much so that I generously said he could take it with him and read it. Well, he took it, and a friend went to his house and the same thing happened, and the result is that I have only just received it back again. And so on!' A London publisher, whom we have never met, was so good as to write, 'Most of the Press is too ramified for the personal work which makes THE COUNTRYMAN really salty.' 'This letter has rather run away with me', a Danish reader says, 'but your magazine has a more personal tone than is common.' But we might quote interminably.

MAY we add that it is our own birthday this month as well as THE COUNTRYMAN's? We are just thirteen times as old as our progeny – older than a man usually is at work like editing – unless he feels in his heart that the work he is privileged to do is worth while. It has been a great privilege to found and edit THE COUNTRYMAN at a time when a firm faith in the future of our land was never more necessary. We do believe in its future. Our hope is that THE COUNTRYMAN will gradually draw to itself young men and young women who believe also, and have the moulding of that future.

TORQUAY

OSBORNE HOTEL

FACING FULL SOUTH AND THE SEA.
FULLY LICENSED **GARAGE FOR 50 CARS**

Coloured Photographic Brochure
from Manager — C. M. Paul

Telephone 2232 (3 lines)
Telegrams—OSBONOTEL

As It Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, Happy Finder!—*Cromwell*

The Poacher's Ferret

FROM the reports we see of the proceedings at petty sessions there is evidently some doubt about the precise powers of a gamekeeper when he meets, trespassing on the land of his employer, a man 'in search or pursuit of game or conies, contrary to the Game Act 1831, s. 30'. May he take the trespasser's ferret and his nets and the bag or bags in which the same are contained, as we notice one keeper did the other day? The answer is, No. If he does take them, he takes them at his peril. Section 36 of the Act gives the keeper and other persons specified the power, if any person be found in search or pursuit of game, and have in his possession game which shall appear to have been recently killed, to demand the game so found, and in case the same shall not be immediately delivered up, to seize and take it from him for the use of the person entitled to its ownership. It will be seen, therefore, that the keeper's power of seizure is limited to game, and does not extend to a ferret, net, or other contrivance by means of which the game may have been brought into the possession of the trespasser. If a keeper makes bold to seize and detain articles other than game from a trespasser, the trespasser may 'justify a battery upon him in defence of his property'. It must not be assumed, however, from what we have written that there is no power to take from a



4-valve
S.G. Portable Set

37/-

DOWN

remainder in monthly
instalments, or

CASH PRICE

17 Guineas

ON the dial of the Murphy are marked the actual station wave-lengths found in any daily paper. You turn the dial to whichever station you want, and—there it is—the programme coming in delightfully clear and loud.

I have designed the Murphy so that *anyone* can use it. A little child can tune it quite easily.

There is only one tuning control. And no aerial or earth is required. Selectivity is ample for cutting out Regional Stations

Ask your usual Wireless dealer for particulars

Frank Murphy

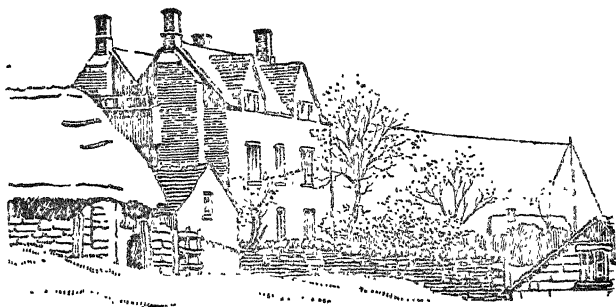
B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.I. Rad. E.
Chartered Elect. Engineer

MURPHY RADIO

MURPHY RADIO, LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS

Telephone: Welwyn Garden 331

M.C.24



*'The Countryman' Editorial and Publishing Office in the Country,
which is why it is a really rural periodical*

THE COUNTRYMAN costs you only 10s. a year post free and you have the authority both of the 'Times' and of the 'Economist' that it is 'good value.'

*

To 'The Countryman,' Idbury, Kingham, Oxford

Please send me post free a copy of the current issue for which I enclose 2s. 6d., or the 4 quarterly numbers for a year, beginning with the number, 19 .., for which I enclose 10s.

Name and Address

.....
.....

Please also send post free a copy of the current issue for which I enclose 2s. 6d., or the 4 quarterly numbers for a year, beginning with the number, 19 .., for which I enclose 10s., to the following

Name and Address

.....
.....

There is space on the back for your kind use for names and addresses of Friends, Relatives, Clubs, Institutions, at home and abroad, likely to become Subscribers if we sent them a specimen copy.

poacher anything other than game which shall appear to have been recently killed. Another Act than that quoted from, the Poaching Prevention Act, 1862, provides that it shall be lawful for any constable or peace officer, in any highway, street or public place, to search anybody whom he may have good cause to suspect of coming from land unlawfully in search of or pursuit of game, and of having in his possession game unlawfully obtained or any gun, part of a gun, or nets or engines used for the killing or taking of game. Should there be found any game or any such article or thing it may be seized and detained. In the event of a conviction following proceedings against a person offending against this Act, the defendant forfeits not only the game but the gun, part of a gun or nets and engines found in his possession. It will be observed that the power of search, seizure and detention under this Act is limited to a constable or peace officer and does not include a keeper. It will also be observed that the search must be made in a highway, street or public place.

MacNeilage

WE much regret the death of Archibald MacNeilage, the editor for so many years of the 'Scottish Farmer', the best agricultural paper in the world, if editing with personality and principles counts. By the same test we are not sure that the second-best rural journal is not from Scotland also, the 'Scottish Farm Servant'. The superiority, in many ways, of the Scottish Farmers' Union to the English National Farmers' Union, and the fact

THE COUNTRYMAN
THE
POTTERS' ARTS GUILD

(Founded and developed by Mrs. G. F. Watts)

COMPTON, GUILDFORD

Designers and Manufacturers of Artistic
Garden Ware — Figures, Vases, Bird
Baths, Sundials, etc., in Red or Grey
Terra Cotta. Special designs suited to
the material made to order

Enquiries from Architects receive careful
attention

All Figures are entirely Hand Modelled
by Competent Artists

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION



FLUTED POT

Prices from:
Red 10s. 6d, Grey 16s.
Height $21\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Width $17\frac{1}{4}$ ins.



'HAREBELL'

3ft. high
Price £6 10s. od.

*Memorials to Special De-
sign executed, or Designs
submitted*

Estimates free

that Scottish agriculture maintains a saner attitude towards politics than the English farming world manages to do, have been due in no small measure to the commonsense of MacNeilage. And the Scottish farm servants, who value their Union and their own wit, resolution and merits beyond a Wages Board, owe no little to Joseph Duncan and his candid, forceful, well-written journal. It is not with the butter-boat but by plain dealing that agricultural journalism can help agriculture, and MacNeilage and Duncan have been preachers with enough respect for their congregation and enough regard for the agricultural cause to keep on telling what they, at least, thought was the truth. MacNeilage, *ætat* 72, was in his editorial chair the day before he died. The gift of £2,000 and a piece of plate, which his admirers offered him ten years ago, showed the impression which was made by his devotion to the best interests of rural life.

Out-of-Date

WE have often wished that rural crematoria were as common here as in Japan; but, failing these, there are now crematoria in many convenient cities. Ever since, in our teens, we wrote a plea for cremation we have had a difficulty in understanding just what incontestable reasons thinking men and women have to set against its manifest advantages. The cemeteries of our great towns are, aesthetically, psychologically and economically, one of the most deplorable products of our civilisation, and it is little understood what grim overcrowding goes on in picturesque country churchyards. As

IMPROVED MAINTENANCE
arrangements have now been
added to the many important
advantages offered by the

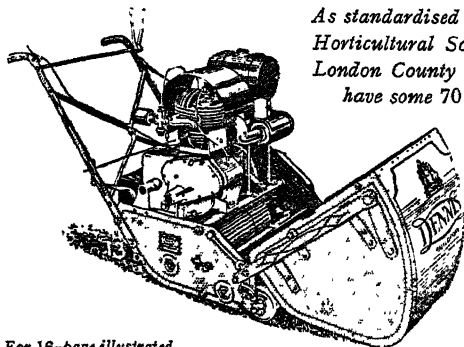


DENNIS

MOTOR LAWN MOWERS

The provision of pressure-gun lubrication to 12 important points of the machine enables its extremely high efficiency to be maintained with a maximum of ease

As standardised by the Royal Horticultural Society and the London County Council, who have some 70 in service



24in. £72

30in. £85

36in. £100

Trailer seat
£6 10s.

For 16-page illustrated
Catalogue, write to Department 'C.N.,'

DENNIS BROS., LTD., GUILDFORD

Motor Vehicle and Motor Lawn Mower
Manufacturers to His Majesty The King

*Less 5 per cent. for
cash. Carriage paid
to any Railway Sta-
tion in Great Britain*

for the acres and acres of good land that are wasted under our burial system, much might well be said. One thing is certain. No man or woman who witnesses the decencies of cremation is ever likely to countenance the burial of bodies when ashes can be interred instead.

The Farm Tractor in Rhyme

THEY have got to the stage of verse with farm tractors in Germany. We read about it in 'Deutsche Landwirtschaftliche Presse':

*Der Motorpflug stinkt und raucht
Und ist kaput – wenn man ihn braucht.*

(O, tractors stink and tractors smoke,
Work 'em a bit, they go clean broke.)

This produced a riposte, also in a couplet, from Deulakraft (the German school for tractor-drivers):

*Ich hol' mir 'nen Mann von der Deulakraft her,
Jetzt läuft er und er stinkt nicht mehr.*

(I've got one of those drivers the tractor schools train,
And the tractor goes fine, and will ne'er stink again.)

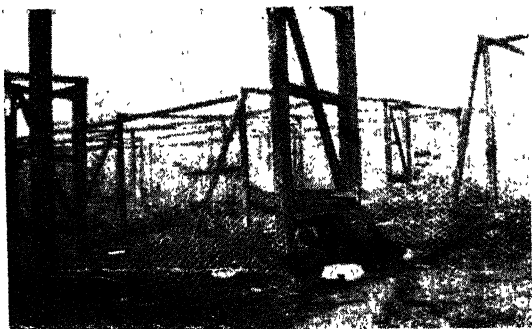
A further rejoinder is from a director of some tractor company:

*Der Motorpflug verlangt mit Recht
'nen Fachmann, keinen Ochsenknecht,
Dann stinkt und raucht und bockt er nicht
Und tut gehorsam seine Pflicht.*

("Tis right the tractor should demand
An expert, not a raw farm hand,
Then it won't stink or smoke or rear
But do its duty like a dear.")

Silver Fox Farming

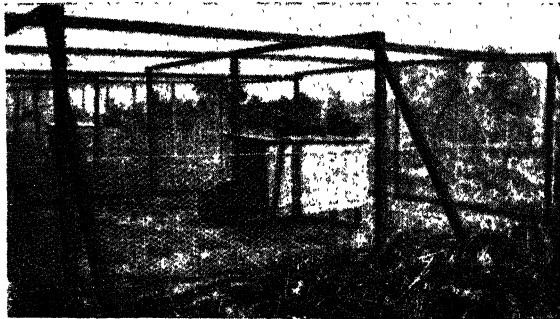
A Growing British Industry



Pedigree and Registered Stock

High Breck Silver Fox Farm
Headley, Hampshire

ANDREW W. PORTAL



Enquiries and Visits invited

The Seven Farmers of Stratford

STRATFORD-ON-AVON has fame beyond that brought it by Shakespeare and the great Memorial Theatre that a woman architect is building there. Those of us who have a care for the future of agriculture, and realise that it largely depends on the stuff of which it is now made, are sometimes encouraged when we think of Stratford as the place where, just twenty-one years ago, seven tenant farmers chatted in an underground tea-shop, and, seeking for a way to draw the members of their calling together, founded what came to be called the National Farmers' Union Mutual Insurance Society. There was a notion of getting 'the gentry' in, but, we were once told, 'the gentry backed out because they consulted their solicitors'! The capital subscribed by the farmers, and it was all that was needed, was £190, the office for the first twelve months was a farmhouse, and the profits of the year were £15. Now there are 45,000 farmers assured in the Society, and profits are close on £400,000. The farming class is almost ideal from an actuarial point of view. Insurance officials are the best lives of all (58.3 per cent. mortality between 25 and 61), and after them men in banks (60 per cent.) and then clergymen (63.9 per cent.), followed by farmers, (67.4 per cent) and agricultural labourers (68.8 per cent). Teachers tail away at 73.6 per cent. and solicitors at 89.9 per cent. The Society pays branch secretaries of the National Farmers' Union a considerable sum for acting as agents. This enables the Union to secure a higher type of secretary than it could otherwise pay for. There

USE AERMOTOR

Auto-oiled WINDMILLS for the FARM WATER SUPPLY

The importance of an adequate supply of cool, pure water on the farm is emphasized by agricultural authorities, by whom it is contended that open ponds are subject to serious contamination, which leads to ill-health and the spread of disease among cattle

The
OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES
*of wind-power over other systems for water
pumping purposes are that:*

Wind Power costs nothing.

Maintenance charges are trifling.

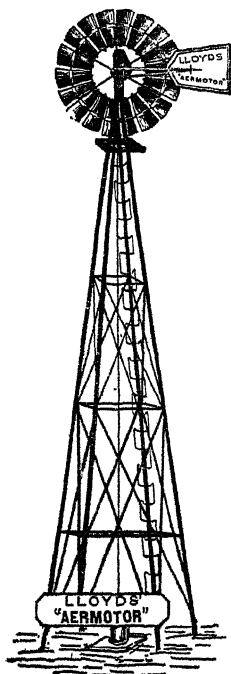
The 'little-and-often' input of water makes for a cool supply, which is so desirable, especially on a dairy farm.

Outfits supplied from £26 10s. complete

Send for descriptive lists of
AERMOTOR WINDMILLS
Also 'PLANET Jr.'
FARM AND GARDEN IMPLEMENTS
*Including Horse Hoes, Harrows, Hand
Seed Drills and Wheel Hoes, and the*
'PLANET Jr.' MOTOR CULTIVATOR

LLOYDS & CO. (Letchworth) Ltd.
(Agricultural Dept.)

LETCHWORTH . . . HERTS



is certainly no activity in connection with the N.F.U. which is doing more to keep in the pockets of farmers the money that comes their way than the N.F.U.M.I.S. Just as there were drinkers of water before the Seven Men of Preston invented teetotalism, so there was plenty of mutual agricultural insurance on the Continent before the Seven Farmers of Stratford-on-Avon set to work. But their achievement is none the less noteworthy and praiseworthy. It inspires a belief that Dr. Addison, in his hopes for agricultural combination, may not be before his time.

The Tragi-Comedy of a Gypsy School

NO further information has reached us about the Gypsy School, the extracts from the 'Remark Book' of which (*temp.* 1852-55), reproduced in our last issue, have excited so much interest. But Miss A. I. Harvey has been good enough to send for our inspection a rather remarkable book, a memoir of the wife of the Rev. John West, 'Rector of the Contiguous Parishes of Chettle and Farnham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Duncannon', who founded the school. Mrs. West died two years after the accession of Queen Victoria. The almost incredible advance from such a book as this to Jeans' 'Mysterious Universe', in less than a century, is surely a stimulating thing.

Farm and Estate Magazines

SOME time ago we called attention to Major Keith's magazine devoted to happenings on his farm and the ideas which inspired its management.

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Now we receive from the Marquess of Camden's agent a copy of the Bayham estate magazine. It has two hundred subscribers at sixpence a quarter, and 'practically pays its way'. Mr. Henry S. Eeles, the agent, and Lord Camden's chaplain, the Rev. N. W. Lydekker, are joint editors. In the current issue we notice a poem by the home farm shepherd.



EPISTLES FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD

6. THE LIFE OF THE VILLAGE

MANY a Bill introduced into Parliament is of less advantage to the countryside than this Bill to tell us what patent medicines are made of. Few people realise the extent to which the villages drug themselves. It is a discredit to the six-figure circulation daily and weekly press to have told their readers nothing of those analyses of patent medicines published a quarter of a century ago by the 'Lancet'.

ECONOMY, economy, economy – as I sit at Petty and Quarter Sessions, I constantly wish that the newspapers I read and the people who are reported in them would think more of Waste, waste, waste. When I consider what these men and women who come before us have cost the community at school until they were thirteen or fourteen, and how the community has, in effect, largely wasted its money by caring so little under what influences they came afterwards, I wonder, as so many people have wondered, at the lack of commonsense with which we govern ourselves. If my readers are not sickened by religious and Party shindies over educa-

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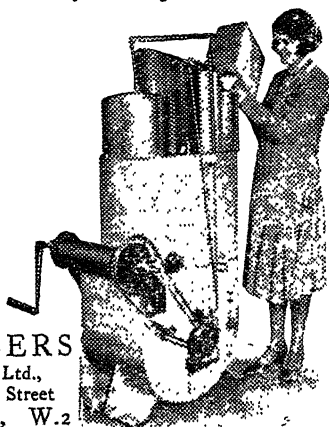
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tion, I do urge them, particularly school managers and members of Education Committees, to spend a half-crown on the second report of the Hadow Committee, called *The Primary School* (H.M. Stationery Office). Apart from the chief purpose of the report – read it for new light on ‘retarded children’ – there are in its pages several things that stick in the memory. For example, ‘In three elementary schools in the poorer parts of London forty-six per cent of young children had never seen any other animal than a horse, a cat and a dog, sixteen thought that a sheep was larger than a cow and twenty-three per cent had never seen grass even in a London park.’ But we have small cause to be cock-a-hoop in the countryside, for is it not true that ‘in rural areas the conditions inside the cottage are often as close, insanitary and unwholesome as the conditions inside the tenement of an industrial town’?

A READER puts it to me that while a lot is said and written about the losses that farmers and fruit-growers sustain through birds, nobody seems to have thought of doing the fair thing by the flocks of starlings, pigeons or rooks by estimating the value of the birds’ manurial contribution to the soil. All living creatures, except man (outside such sensible countries as China and Japan) return to the soil in fertiliser a large proportion of the nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus they consume in their food. (No doubt the nitrogen is easily lost temporarily. Ultimately, however, it must all be re-absorbed in the great cycle of nature.) I put the problem to the erudite Sir John Russell, chief of

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Rothamsted, the first agricultural station in the world in two senses of the phrase. His kind reply is as follows: 'Broadly speaking, 1,000 well-fed fowls produce 224 lb. of good manure in twenty-four hours. It is improbable that the birds of nature are fed as well as the pampered poultry of a modern farm, but if one assumed that they were, so as to make the best case for them, and further, if one assumed that two rooks or two seagulls equal one fowl, two pigeons equal one rook, and two starlings equal one pigeon, one can make a rough estimate as follows: Assuming a ten-acre field has working on it for a total of ten hours:

<i>Birds</i>				<i>Manure</i>
100 rooks45 lb. per acre
100 seagulls40 lb. per acre
100 pigeons23 lb. per acre
100 starlings11 lb. per acre
				<hr/>
				1.19 lb. per acre

With a total of 400 birds on a ten-acre field the manure distribution is 1.2 lb. per acre. The same number on a five-acre field would be 2.4 lb. per acre. A normal dressing would be about 1,000 lb. per acre.'

NINE miles from Felmersham in Bedfordshire, where the author of our 'Grave-Digger's Diary: 1763-1831', lived, and a little farther from Carlton, the home of Parson-Farmer Rogers, lies the village of Dean, seven miles away from a railway station. Five winters ago some young men thought

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— 1931 —

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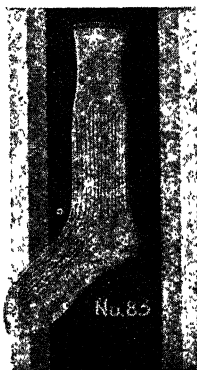
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they would like to attend a class. A representative of the Workers' Educational Union offered talks on 'Country Life of the Past'. But several people said they were not interested in the past. What they would welcome would be talks on the future. So there was a class on 'How we are Governed', average attendance twenty-five, mostly men and boys. Next year the tutor, who travels forty-eight miles, and has had fogs, floods and snow to contend with, proposed 'English Social Life in the Past', and got an attendance of thirty, including this time a few women. The year after the same subject brought thirty-seven all told. Twelve months later the subject was 'Pages from Bedfordshire History', the attendance being thirty-three men (nineteen unmarried) and thirty-three women (seventeen unmarried). Last year sixty-nine registered for a course on the 'History of Familiar Things'. The population of Dean, from which Miss Dalton is kind enough to send us this information, is 339. I may add that the Idbury carpentry class for men and women together, of which some particulars have been given in *THE COUNTRYMAN*, was continued last year with an increased attendance, and with the commendation of the county's inspector. Our fortnightly undenominational, non-Party 'Village Neighbours' meetings on Sundays have become larger and larger, although we issue no bills and do not ordinarily announce at a meeting who will be the speaker a fortnight later. An indication of the extremely wide variety of topics which have been the subject of the talks is given by the following list of some of the speakers:



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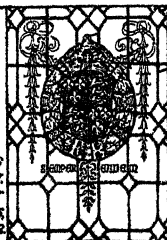
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The hymns are of a non-theological type and for prayer is substituted a minute's silence. Before the talk a passage of Scripture, of which a practical application can be made, is read, and also any stirring piece of scientific intelligence of the preceding fortnight. On the black-board there is a motto — new at every meeting and not sanctimonious — which some child reads aloud. The audience, which comfortably fills the school, is mainly composed of farm workers' families. A collection, of course.

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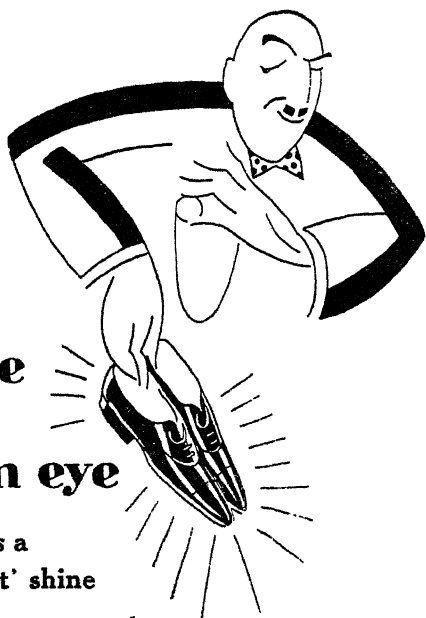
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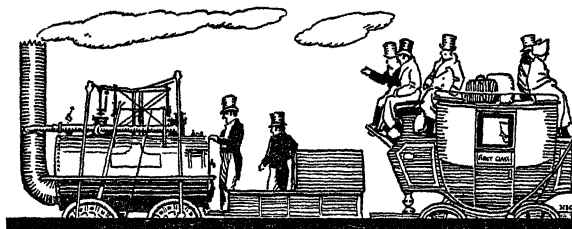
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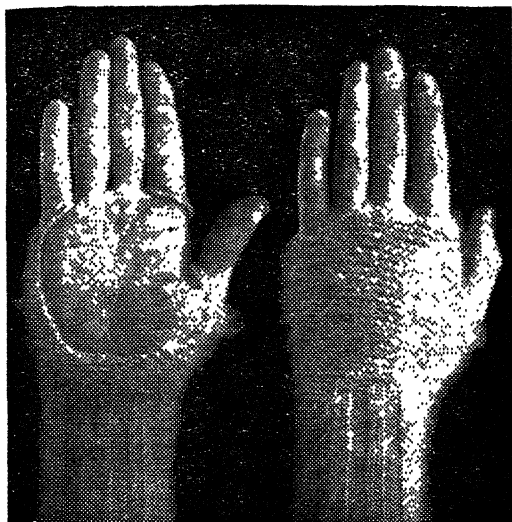
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Does not the existence of cemeteries in and around every town and city point to a gigantic and altogether unjustifiable waste of extremely valuable and productive land? And what an eyesore many of these graveyards are! Go to any cemetery you like, and you will see neglected graves.

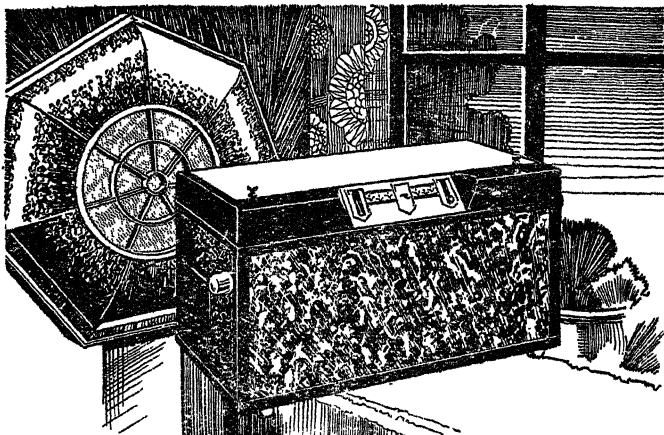
It is infinitely better that one's final resting place should be within the walls of some beautiful Columbarium, or mingled with the earth unfettered and undisturbed in the sunlight, among the birds, the flowers and the trees.

Yet another argument which carries more force than most of us care to think of, is based on the fact that cremation prevents the possibility of burial alive. Lest it be argued that the complete and immediate resolution of the human body to its component elements would facilitate the task of the poisoner, it should be stated that most complete and adequate precautions are taken in every country to verify the cause and

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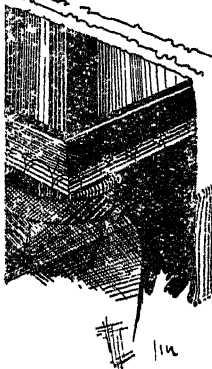
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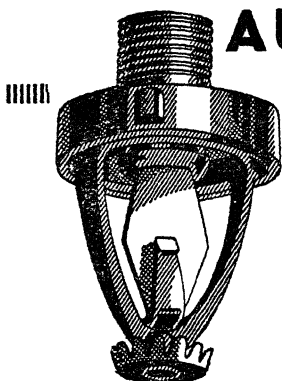
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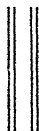
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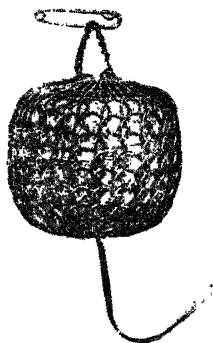
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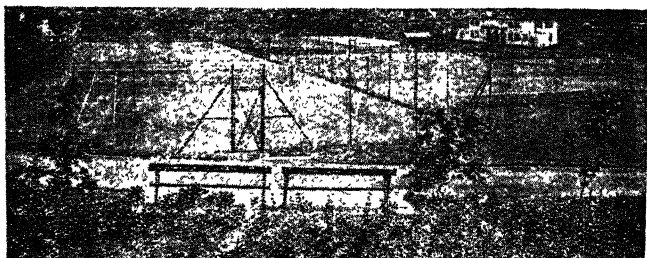


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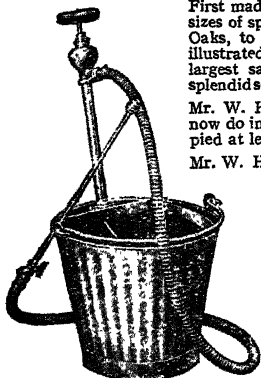
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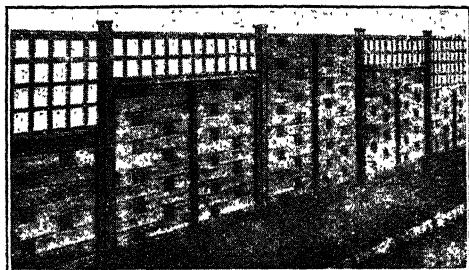
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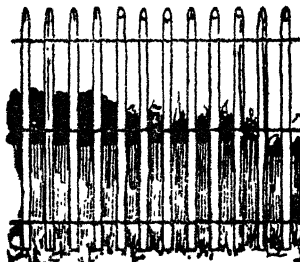
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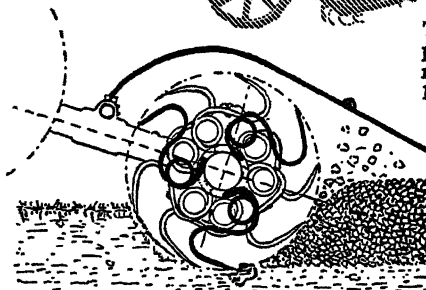
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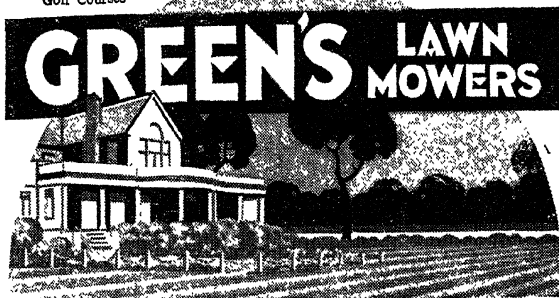
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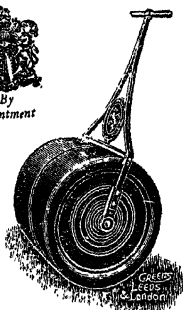
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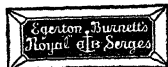
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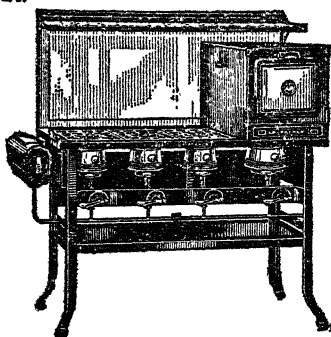
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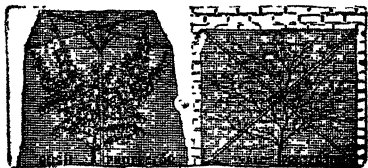
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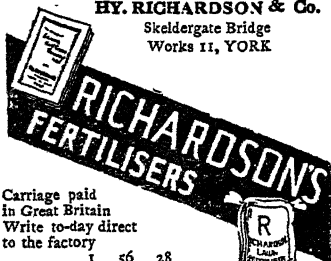
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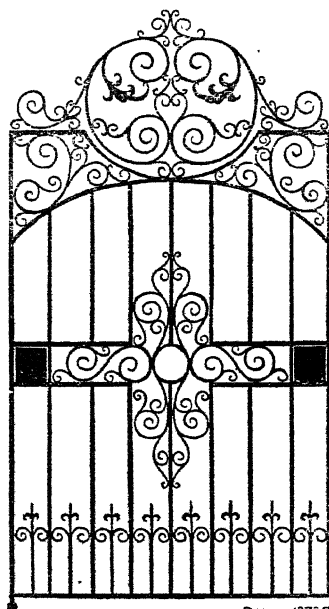
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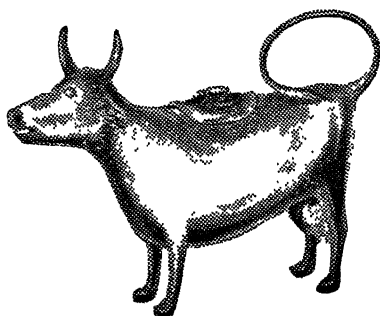
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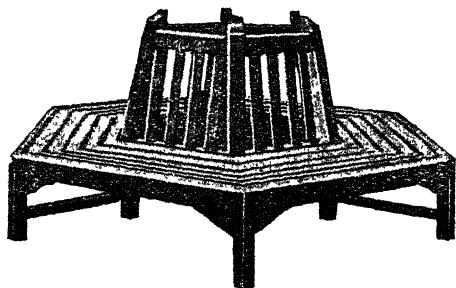
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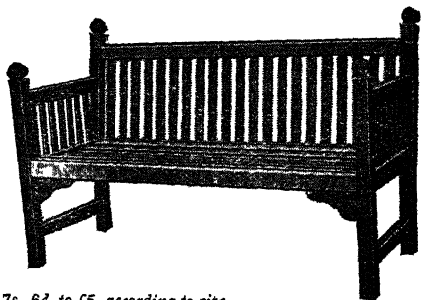


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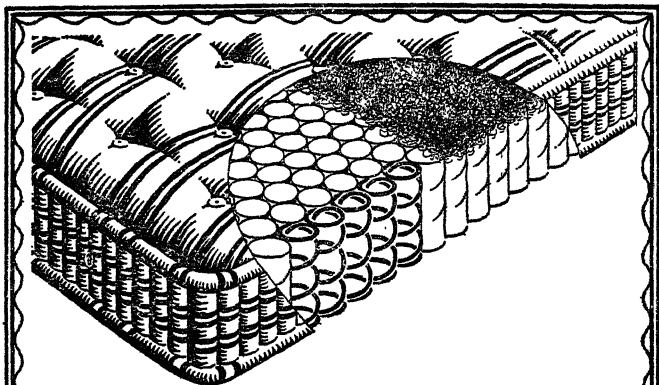
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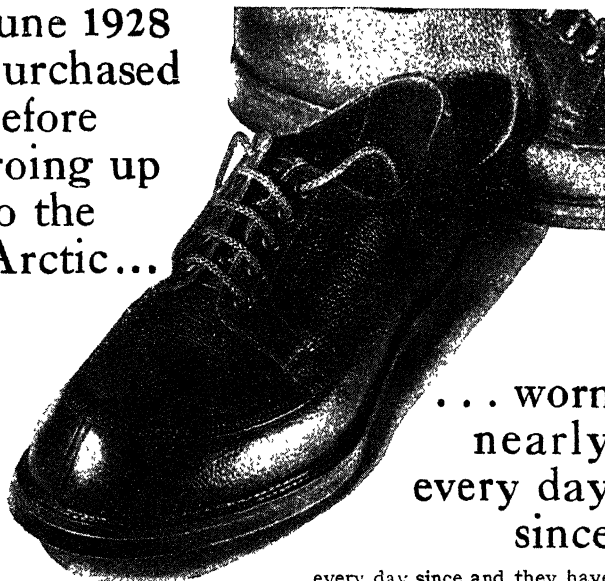
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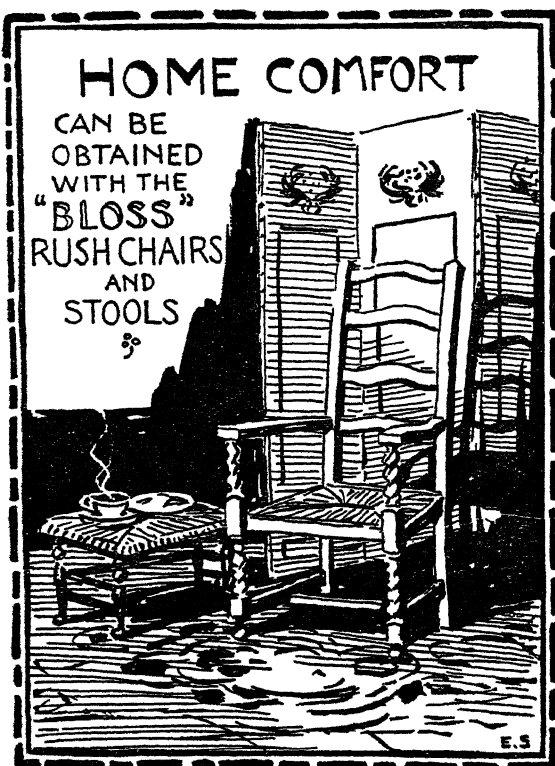
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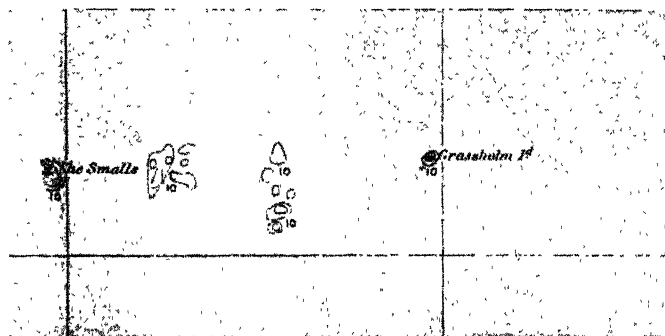
July 1931

My Island and Our Life There by R. M. Lockley

HOW the author came into possession of an island off the Welsh coast, full of wild birds and flowers, how he found treasure trove in the wreck of an abandoned schooner, which came ashore soon after his arrival, and how, after building a house out of the wreck, he brought his bride there, was told in the last number of THE COUNTRYMAN, in an article entitled 'The Man Who Found His Island'. In this further narrative, by the author of 'Dream Island', Mr. Lockley continues his account of the experiences of himself, his wife and little daughter, from the point at which the book leaves off.

NOW that his folk are growing older, our man John, to whom we owe our apprenticeship in the ways of a small boat at sea, is required to help with their garden and cows on the mainland.

We have agreed together that the summer fishing, though it has its excitements, is hard work for nothing. So we say, 'Goodbye, sir,' and 'Until the rabbit season, John.' John goes off to dig the garden of his people and spread manure and chain-harrow the small-holding fields (three cows and six acres). He will not be able to resist fishing on his own account with some mate he can agree with in Marloes. He will spend a merry month at midsummer making hay for his folk and helping all his helpers to make theirs; finally the equinoctial gales and ground seas will destroy his lobster-pots in September. Then he is ready for his winter's work again. If we need him at busy times, such as the shearing or boating of sheep, he is ready to spend a few days here, and last summer when Ann was born, and Doris much too engaged with the new arrival to partner me in the boat, he stayed on with us over the fishing season.



'UNINHABITED GRASSHOLM halfway between us and the lonely Smalls lighthouse'

Our Sheep. — These sheep are just a comfortable handful for one who has regular assistance from his wife and occasional extra help from outside or from the keepers at the island lighthouse. It was considered in the old days that, as a sheep-run only, the island should produce a lamb an acre, that is to say, 250 lambs, which would be the produce of not fewer than 170 ewes of the somewhat light type kept locally. To increase now would mean hiring an extra hand. An extra hand has to be fed and housed. Doris says, 'Let's enjoy the island for a few more summers before we start to exploit it.' And generally I agree with this charming proposal to continue the idyllic life. Still I have the desire to make a big, busy farm here, and already I have decided to keep on all the ewe lambs, which will mean nearly doubling the flock. We'll see how many sheep one man can manage if he is as keen and eager as I am. There is a certain element of danger in running a big flock over the winter. I am a little afraid of lack of grass in an exceptionally severe winter, and feel that I ought to lay up a mixed field of hay, oats and roots, which I cannot do without extra help. Against this it must be said that the Pembrokeshire winter is notably mild. So far, there has always been a great surplus of grass. Some parts of the grazings the sheep have never even visited. They keep closely to the cliff grazings. In a recent snowstorm of a day's duration (it melted almost at once) I fed some bought hay, but the sheep would not look at it, preferring instead to nibble the heather tops. This was a pleasant surprise to me. I can, in an extremity, fall back

on local farmers for a supply of grain. It is no wonder that I say so much about our sheep. Living so much with them, seeing them about us all day, relying so much upon them, we know them well. They are tame, trustful, innocent and guileless, at least the majority of them; the sly and shy ones are the exception. They are easy to manage, to handle, easily driven, easily satisfied. There are anxious days and some wakeful nights in lambing time, March and April; there are busy days washing, shearing, dipping and boating, but there are many long periods and happy summer days when the sheep require no attention, when we are free to holiday abroad on some long-projected cruise to some other island or along some fresh coast, or to picnic in some distant bay on our own island. In winter the sheep are no trouble at all. Once the marking season in November is over, we are free to leave the island for a month over Christmas should we wish to.

Christmas. — A complete change at that time of year, in the midst of the winter storms might be beneficial: to visit importunate relatives for a week or so does serve as a mental spring-cleaning and resharpens our appetite for island life. But we have not always voted for the change, finding too great contentment at home even in mid-winter. The first Christmas was wet and blowy, so we had every excuse for remaining indoors most of the day. Doris had piled the long table with festive things, and I the hearth with blue-flaming driftwood logs. Saving our two selves there was only Mousse, the kitten, to enjoy it all. We dined off an oyster-

catcher. True, it was not exactly a bird lover's meal, but this particular bird had broken both its legs, was picked up helpless, and being remarkably fat, deserved a better fate than being devoured by crows and ravens. I killed it and hung it for a few days and we divided it at our Christmas dinner. It was cleverly and perfectly cooked – that much must be said for Doris – and it was ravishingly sweet to our good appetites, surpassing even woodcock or plover. After dinner we strolled abroad in the moist, windy air, and said 'Merry Christmas' to our neighbours at the other end of the island, the three keepers at the lighthouse, and left them a cake.

The Coal from the Wreck. – Almost a year to the very day after the wreck of the *Alice Williams*, the mason dropped down upon the island with John, in the *Foxtrot*. He had come for the boat-load of coal which I had promised him and he had earned by helping me to break up the wreck. 'That bit of coal, sir; we've agot the *Foxtrot* here.' The mason stroked his long white beard as was his habit when talking. A nice sailing breeze from sou'east was blowing into Wreck Cove when we lay in under the cliff where the coal is stored. We lowered the sacks as fast as we filled them until the *Foxtrot* was loaded and well below wherever her Plimsoll mark should be. Then, with thanks and Godspeed, John and the mason set sail and were soon swallowed up in the mist along the far mainland shore.

Frenchmen at Grassholm. – Long before the Marloes men have finished making their lobster-pots, the hardy Frenchmen are to be seen on the coasts, in February, even in January. These little Breton

smacks, so variously coloured as to hull and sails, are well-known in every haven from Penzance to Fishguard and along the Irish coast. They are after crayfish, *la langouste* of the French epicure, which fetches a fine price so early in the year. Here, Bretons come, ostensibly to fish on the shoals about the lonely Smalls lighthouse, more than twelve miles at sea. They may not legally fish within the three-mile-limit of any shore or island, nevertheless they are by no means above dropping their baited cages for a few hours near some favourable shore, especially if it is known that no English Fishery Protection vessel is in the neighbourhood. Isolated, uninhabited Grassholm, half-way between us and the Smalls, is a favourite spot for them, so that one misty day late in April when Doris and I set sail by compass for the gannets' isle we pierced the fog about the island to find a startled Frenchman in the midst of his illegal work. There he was hauling his cages, *casés* he calls them, cylindrical affairs three feet long by two feet diameter, made of battens and string-netting, weighted each with two Camaret stones and baited with the gurnet favoured by all shell-fishermen. Two cages are dropped on one rope, which is buoyed with several corks painted red. There were at least twenty separate buoy-ropes bobbing to the northerly breeze all along the south shore of Grassholm, apart from the cages which had already been hauled up and stacked by two of the crew working in the ship's boat. The smack itself was dodging to and fro with foresheet to windward, waiting for the boat to return the cages on board. When, to make an even more official appearance,

I put on my bird-watcher's peak cap, which I only wear to protect my head in stormy weather, abhorring headgear otherwise, I suppose we did really appear to represent authority. Especially since my wife, in her boating outfit of breeches and blue shirt, at a distance may well have looked the part of my official male crew.

Seeing their bewilderment and hesitation, we ran the newly-painted *Storm Petrel* alongside their little boat, and cried: 'Why do you fish here? It is forbidden?' But Doris immediately destroyed the illusion of authority, by smiling engagingly and saying 'Bon jour'. The two fishermen, in their blue smocks, yellow oilskin aprons, absurd berets, and heavy clogs, grinned, shaking their heads to signify to me that they did not or would not understand my question. In a few moments we were friends, and they were piling enormous crabs into our boat as offerings of peace and conciliation. We took them in tow and motored across to the smack. Half an hour later, the captain was entertaining us in his tiny cabin with home-made wine and biscuits. Conversation waxed greatly, the whole crew of six disclosing quite a working knowledge of English, helped with gesticulations, while we summoned all our school-day French to our aid. Tobacco was pressed upon me, and when we left, after taking our turn at the great tiller of the smack, we were piled high with crabs, *casés*, bottles of wine, and other gifts which they were determined to make us take, quite against our earnest refusals. Apart from their natural generosity, I think that they also had a desire to propitiate us. They said they would call

at Skokholm to see us one day, and they ended up by inviting us to sail with them to Brest.

While we landed on Grassholm and saw that all was well with the gannet colony, which we regard as under our special care, the Frenchmen returned to their fishing, anxious to finish their haul before the current changed. It was very pleasant to lie in the long dead grass, eating lunch, enjoying the misty sunshine, and watching the beautiful response of the smack to the skilful helmsmanship of the Breton men.

One windy day late in June we again had the opportunity of watching this seamanship. French smacks, red, white, green, blue and black, came one after another past Skokholm, flying from the Smalls towards Milford Haven, seeking harbour from a stiff westerly wind. We just recognised the boat of our friend, *le capitaine*, by her green and white hull, and through the glass we could read her name. While we watched we saw her swing out of the procession and begin tacking up to our little island haven. Another smack at once followed, and presently both of them came very nicely into South Haven against a dead-ahead wind. They had no idea of the depth of our water, but each time they came about on a fresh tack, the leadsmen in the bow sounded, and chanted the depth aloud, until at last they were snug inside the haven with anchor and foresheet down, and soon all stowed, a charming picture.

As part of our hospitality to the two crews, each of six men, we taught them to play cricket in the home meadow. They had not the remotest idea of

the game, but they learnt quickly and soon were wildly enthusiastic. When the lightkeepers joined in we numbered nearly a full field. The boats stayed three days in the haven, the men coming ashore every afternoon and evening to play cricket. The weather became calm and warm on the second day, but still our visitors remained at anchor, the crews sleeping all the morning. To my reproach for such laziness the two captains explained that the spring tides now running were too strong for fishing at the Smalls, and they further added that when they rested they did rest, to make up for working day and night when they were fishing. When we gave them a tea-party, each man as he entered the house removed his beret and left his clogs in the porch. Last of all entered the two *petits mousses*, the rosy-cheeked apprentices, shy urchins of ten years of age, already able to handle the smack, who ate their cakes in awed silence, gazing fascinated at a frieze of my wife's on the wall. Their clogs looked very tiny beside those of the captain in that row of twenty-four beside the doormat. The party was delighted when we played what records of French songs we had on our gramophone, and nodded and smiled to each other throughout the playing. Before the Bretons departed we were again pressed to sail to Cameret, the busy little haven near Brest where these men have their homes. We hope to do so one day when the right opportunity comes.

In Beggars' Reach. — As soon as the Frenchmen had gone, having a sudden desire to see trees in summer foliage, we left the farm as snug as possible and set sail before that blessed northerly breeze.

Without motor, in sweet silence, listening to the murmur of the sails and the bow wash, we glided through the fairway below St. Ann's, past Great Castle Head, past Milford, past Pembroke and Neyland, up the wide river of the Cleddau into the cool wooded enchantment of Beggars' Reach. A journey of nearly twenty miles, five in open sea and the rest in land-locked harbour, had brought us at sunset to the narrows of Castle Reach, where the steep shore on either hand was completely garmented in the fresh green of tall old trees. Here, as we drifted upstream with the tide, our sails becalmed, we heard the evensong of the chiff-chaff, willow-warbler, sedge-warbler, blackcap, thrush, blackbird, robin and wren, and best of all, because of its association with the deep cool beechwoods beloved in boyhood, that of the wood-warbler. Sweet are his vibrating notes to one long parted from giant trees! But dusk was fast falling and a place of refuge must needs be found ere the tide turned. We started the engine and she chugged us along at half-speed. A few miles above Beggars' Reach, the Cleddau branches east and west and here it was that Doris woke me up by saying, 'I believe the tide has turned, we aren't making headway.' Not only had the tide turned, we found that we were aground, with the engine placidly turning her screw in the mud. We were within a few yards of the east bank, just where an inviting stretch of wood fringed the shore. I stopped the engine and we ate supper. In a few more minutes we were left high and dry by the rapidly receding tide. Nothing remained, therefore, but to make the boat safe with a rope

around a boulder, and to carry ashore our eider-downs. In a few moments we were fast asleep with beech leaves dry beneath us and green above. When we sailed for home at sunrise on the third day, we caught the blue herons of Slebech at their fishing along the shore, and the piebald sheld-ducks busy piloting their newly hatched young – perhaps twenty ducklings swimming behind one parent (surely an amalgamation of families?) – all along Dauceddau and Beggars' Reach.

(To be continued)



*Woodlark's Song at Midnight**

by E. W. Hendy

ARE all the waking hours of April days
Too short to ease your ecstasy, that you
Beneath the moon's irradiancy bestrew
Even the midnight silences with song
As silver-dewy as her shimmering rays,
In early aubade or late serenade;
Spill triolets in trill and shake, along
Each glimmering meadow and umbrageous glade?

Ah, small wise singer, do you know too well
How short is the rich revel of the spring,
How brief her blissful days of burgeoning?
Sing, spendthrift, day and night; dull senses seal
Beauty's full vision from us; you reveal
In part; the whole nor you nor we can tell.

* I have heard the woodlark sing at night in January, April, May, June and July. Usually there was a moon, but not always.— E.W.H.

A Monumental Scandal

Fourteen Bishops Speak their Minds

ON the deplorable invasion of the country churchyard by marble, we wrote in a recent issue that 'the Bishops who have neglected to remind the rural clergy of their duty, share the responsibility'. It is amazing that men high in the Church should have not only omitted, but refused – we write with the evidence before us – to speak out on a matter in which firmness would have made all the difference. We are glad, however, to have received the following letters from Bishops, some of whom, we are pleased to say, are subscribers to *THE COUNTRYMAN*. (Was it not the 'Guardian' which declared that 'no Bishop's study is complete without it'?) We thank the busy writers, and believe that the large number of clergymen who read *THE COUNTRYMAN* will do their utmost to give this weighty opinion the widest possible publicity.

'Marble tablets are obviously out of place in a Cotswold church and marble tombstones in Cotswold churchyards. There can be no harmony between the beautiful soft Cotswold stone and a piece of hard polished marble. In fact, the man who would put marble in a Cotswold church or churchyard is aesthetically a barbarian and the incumbent who allows such a proceeding deserves a reprimand. No tablet can rightly be erected in a church without a faculty granted by the Chancellor of the diocese. In many dioceses there exists a committee of taste to advise the Chancellor. I cannot imagine that any competent committee would be in doubt as to the advice which it would give when there

was any proposal to use marble when Cotswold stone is the obvious and proper material.' — *E. W. Birmingham*

'I wish that all country people could lay to heart the reminder of THE COUNTRYMAN as to the blot of a white marble tombstone in a country churchyard, especially in what you describe as stone districts. In the words of a recent report of the Central Council for the Care of Churches (an official organ of the Church of England), 'There is nothing more beautiful than an unspoiled English country churchyard, but unless some measures are taken to check the flow of staring and unsuitable memorials and to stimulate the proper use of flowers and shrubs, that beauty may soon become a thing of the past.' — *George Cicestr.*

'There is need for a healthier public opinion in regard to the care of churchyards, which, with their churches, form so important a feature of the countryside, and I sympathise with your view as to the incongruity of white marble monuments in districts where local materials are at hand which not only harmonise with their surroundings but also lend themselves most readily to local styles of craftsmanship. — *Mervyn Coventry*

'Cold white marble is not the best medium for tombstones in churchyards, and I should be very glad to think that its use was going to be abandoned.' — *John Guildford*

'I am in hearty agreement with the concern of so many people to avoid Italian marble for tombstones and other monuments for the open air, and I shall always encourage the resort for these purposes to native English stone.' — *Albert Liverpool*

'I am in such entire agreement with you that now I print in the annual Diocesan Calendar what you will find upon the accompanying sheet. (See end of article.) What very often happens is that the mourners first communicate with the stonemason and do not apply to the clergyman until some unfortunate monument has been completed. One cannot be heartless and severe to those whose eyes are full of

tears, or treat them in a strictly technical or disciplinary manner. What we really require to do is to win the hearts of the stonemasons. I have no cause at all for expecting that they would be unreasonable and merely obstructive, and when the right time comes I hope to approach them. I have heard that some of the marble monuments are actually worked in Italy. I do not know whether this is the case.' — *B. Norwic*

'Marble is unsuitable for churchyards in the Cotswold district.' — *Thomas Oxon*

'I have great sympathy indeed with your movement to discourage the use of white marble. Glaringly out of place in a village churchyard, it is to be deplored anywhere, and for the following reasons: (1) English stone, the natural outcrop of our island, harmonises with the local buildings, and is characteristic of English ways, outlook, and craftsmanship. (2) English stone is far more durable under English weather, and keeps its original appearance untarnished much longer. I have it on the authority of a very experienced monumental mason whose work is all over this part of England, that marble cannot be counted upon for more than twenty years, to look decent and in order. (3) The use of English stone means the use of English labour, and the retaining of English money in this country. (4) Since our monuments, at all events outside our buildings, for many centuries, were made of our stone, marble makes a glaring and disfiguring contrast in our churchyards. (5) Our English material — Cornish granite, Hopwood stone, Hamhill stone, and various local stones, are, in my opinion, far more beautiful under English skies than the slowly discolouring Italian marble, and more restful to the eye. I am glad to say that there are many Incumbents and parish church councils in this county and diocese who will not allow marble in their churchyards, and I wish it were so all over England. With real thanks for your effort.' — *Neville Portsmouth*

'This question is precisely the kind of question which the

Advisory Councils, which now exist in most dioceses, are there to regulate.' — *St. Clair Sarum*

'I heartily sympathise with your note about marble. We are doing all in our power to keep it out of our country churchyards and are grateful for the help which THE COUNTRYMAN gives us.' — *W. G. St. Edm: & Ipswich*

'I am entirely in favour.' — *Henry Southwark*

'I am quite heartily with you in this matter. Here, our old tradition is a beautiful slate monument. We have been campaigning for two or three years against the importation of foreign marble, and now I think we have got to the point at which there will be a definite black mark put against white marble monuments. Of late we have quietly secured that the monumental masons should be on our side, and there are some new regulations, issued by our Chancellor, on the advice of the Advisory Committee in the Diocese, designed to put great obstacles in the way of foreign marble coming into our churchyards; but without making its importation impossible by a faculty.' — *Walterus Truron*

'I was glad to see the note in THE COUNTRYMAN. Marble tombstones in stone districts are a great disfigurement. When I had charge of a country parish in Oxfordshire, I refused to allow marble in our lovely churchyard, though, alas, a few specimens had crept in before. I hope that your efforts will be successful in raising public taste in this matter. The importance of preserving the beauty of our country churchyards, which are so characteristic of the English landscape is very great.' — *James Wakefield*

'Only the other day I was commenting upon the incongruity of white marble tombstones in red sandstone districts. I quite agree with your article, and I should be willing to back up every effort to keep marble out of churchyards in the stone districts.' — *Arthur Worcester*

To a Bishop who assures us that 'he cannot see his way to taking any useful action' there may be

commended the Bishop of Norwich's '*Notes as to the Use of Monuments, Tombstones, and Epitaphs*':

'It must be emphasised that no stone or monument can be set up, or inscription be placed, without the previous approval of the incumbent. The ordinary head and footstones and a kerb (without any knobs or decorations at the corners or elsewhere), enclosing the space where a body or bodies are interred, require no faculty; but when railings, altar-tombs, or monuments are desired a faculty must first be obtained. It is desirable that the stone chosen for monuments should be in harmony with the quiet beauty of the churchyard. If stone is not available, brick, slate, or *terra cotta* are to be preferred to shiny marble. Iron rusts unless continually repainted, and its use is not to be encouraged. English oak is to be preferred to soft woods. The lettering on a tombstone should be satisfying and beautiful, and a real work of art. Some words may be in larger letters than others but the mixing of various kinds of lettering ought to be avoided. Roman capital letters are best of all. Ornamental stops and meaningless ornaments should be avoided. The name of the mason should not be recorded. It is better that it should become known through the quiet excellence and consequent admiration of his work than by any mention of it on the monument. Cases of artificial flowers and glass covers are much to be deprecated and they quickly come to look shabby and mean. Epitaphs are important and more care should be given to them. Mr. Vaisey's little book on the '*Writing of Epitaphs*', can be procured from S.P.C.K.

What could be more admirable? The Bishops of Coventry and Norwich also call our attention to a little book about stone issued by the Central Advisory Council for Church Fabrics, etc., of which the Secretary is Mr. F. C. Eeles, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W.7.

*A Village Portrait Gallery**by Vaughan Nash, C.B.*

ARE we too busy reconstructing primitive man and standing guard over threatened 'beauty spots' to spare the time for preserving a record of the wonderful old men and women who still survive in the villages? They are a bit of English history. Fiction will provide our descendants with fugitive glimpses of their goings and comings, their habits, beliefs and utterances, but this is not enough.

Why not a Village Portrait Gallery, with photographs where paintings are not forthcoming, and a Village Book, giving such account as the chronicler can contrive of the personality and career of those who are chosen for recording? This is the day of Village Halls, and no place could be more appropriate than the Village Hall for housing such a collection. I fear gramophone records would be too difficult to manage, but if the speech and accents of these patriarchs could be so preserved, full of character as they are, every word of theirs would be precious to a new generation a hundred years hence. Even if the old guard are regarded as no more than relics, it is surely our business to take such rubbings as we can while the inscriptions are still decipherable.

There is material in plenty, perhaps too much of it, the Editor of THE COUNTRYMAN may think, for I have heard him complain of the perpetual flood of Darby and Joan stuff. My sample shall be strictly

unsentimental, containing no trace of honeysuckle, rheumatism or other matter for oleographs.

Unfortunately it is too late to supply our gallery of old indomitables with a portrait of Mrs. Crapper, for she died last winter. For many years she drove the carrier's van to the market town, like Mrs. Dollery in 'The Woodlanders', busying herself on other days with domestic work and the family small-holding. The village cherishes the recollection of Mrs. C. when over seventy, setting off on her bicycle, ladder on shoulder, for the apple-picking. It remembers also her love of the open air and freedom, her inability to lie up and be cared for when her strength was failing, and the way in which, when she might have been resting and thinking of the latter end so close upon her, she stood in the ditches, a slight unkempt figure, holding the brambles down for the blackberries. Had there been a village record she would have had a place in it, and would have been 'on the line' in the Hall, for she was a woman of mark in the public estimation, and 'much respected'.

Simon Thorne is upwards of eighty. He radiates and personifies the evergreen life of the water meadows, where he worked as 'drowner' for fifty years, leaving home at four in the morning and doing his 'drowning' on bread and cheese, with now and then a bit of bacon, which he prefers of an age to be 'rafty'. His portrait shows a face of great sweetness, and betokening inexhaustible patience. Nowadays he divides his time between peddling watercress and making eel-traps out of split rods, a highly skilled job. If we could get a gramophone

record, he would tell us in his musical old voice all about the art of 'drowning'. As it is, the Village Book will have to relate how the 'drowner' keeps the 'carriages' and 'drawns' – the greater and lesser irrigation channels – clear for the flow of river water by dint of digging, scooping and raking – 'hard work but it didn't hurt me'. And how, when the river suffers from one of its periodical attacks of weed-choking, 'drowners' and other farm labourers muster for its relief, a process which looks like a tug-of-war with the river between the two teams. The teams are in fact sawing the weed with a long knife made of lengths of edged steel bolted together, and held by ropes fastened to each end. Primitive but effective, and, strange to say, actuated by no board or regulations but just by the farmers concerned. Thorne has a good deal of the old language. He will tell you that the herons which defraud his eel-traps of their prey are called cranes in these parts, or just jack-herns. On such matters he opens cheerfully into talk, as he rests against his favourite stile, from which there is a view over hundreds of acres of sun-steeped water-meadows.

Another village elder, once a farm labourer, is politically minded, and dates the beginning of all good things from the day when Gladstone gave the vote to the farm labourers. His studious-looking refined face will be welcomed in our Gallery, even by those who suspect him of Labour tendencies.

The Book should not miss some of his youthful reminiscences, such as his mother's weekly order to the grocer for a family of eight – half an ounce of

tea and half a pound of sugar; or her habit of soaking a bit of crust, toasted black, in the tea to make it go further; or his father's threat to burn his pair of Sunday boots — '*I never had no Sunday boots*' — bought with the boy's savings out of 6d. a week; and the way the threat was circumvented. Trivial records but history.

The champion old indomitable is eighty-four and still works and sweats, plies the scythe, trims hedges, tosses the hay, grubs tree roots, feeds pigs, and navigates an ancient tricycle to the market town nine miles off. He has a face deeply lined in ridges rather than wrinkles, a gnarled old neck and two or three teeth. The power and resonance of his voice are such that the interlocutor is overcome by a sense of feebleness and feels like nothing better than a grasshopper conversing with the Atlantic. Adlam was a dairyman, and I hope the Book will recite the soul-stirring stories of his encounters with refractory bulls, and his recipes for making mead. So strong an adherent is he of this ancient beverage, that when the doctor was fumbling in his little black bag after a bull fight in which Adlam had the worst of it, the patient remarked, '*None of your old gloriform for me. Here, Mary, pass me down the bottle of mead.*' So he had his pull, and the doctor and the stationmaster had their pull, and pull they did till the bones of the broken leg came click.

I hope that THE COUNTRYMAN will consider my suggestion and that something may be done.

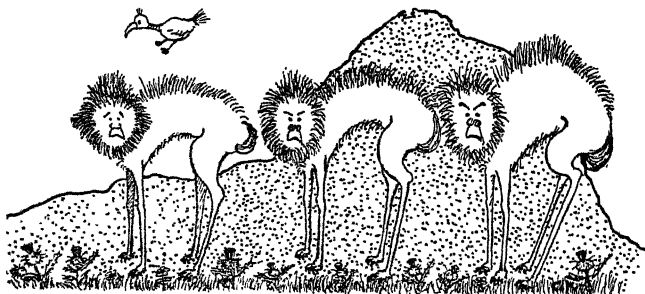
[WE are full of sympathy with the proposals of Mr. Nash. The best of all methods of preserving to posterity the lineaments and character of outstanding villagers is by portraiture.

Many of our readers will remember Anton van Anrooy's speaking picture of the old Idbury folk dancer in our first number. There have been other characteristic portraits of van Anrooy's in later issues. We also recall how Professor Lethaby praised James Fitton's portrait of a village publican. In an early number of *THE COUNTRYMAN*, we reproduced some remarkable portraits made by a daughter of Sir Edward Debenham in his Dorset village. After drawing comes photography, and Winifred Ward's photographs in our pages show what an expert can do.

As to reproducing the voices of village characters, we are assured that it is possible to have a gramophone record made for £7. A 10-inch title (one side of a record) lasts $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, a 12-inch $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. A double-sided record would cost double. We understand that the Irish Free State Government used a number of dictating machines for collecting folk songs and dialect, for use in standardising the Irish language. — EDITOR]

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE

Off the beaten track in Scotland



15. *Three young Haggis Romping, with a
Dirk overhead*

An 18th Century Parson Farmer
The Diary of Benjamin Rogers - 6

January the 28th, 1735. We had the melancholy News of Mrs. Goodhall Relict of Mr. Jno. Goodhall's getting up about 3 or 4 a Clock in the Morning, and going no body knows whither in her Gown and 2 petticoats without Stockings, who was not heard of that day or next, and is supposed to have drowned herself, she having been disordered in mind some time before.

February the 4th. Mr. Hazlewood died (as is said rich) and was Buried the 6th.

Feb. the 23rd. Mrs. Goodhall was found in the Duck Mill near Cardington by Wm. Phillips.

Feb. the 24th. Thomas Marks the farmer being in Bedford Gaol for debt and Mr. Rudd of Biggleswade being Steward for the Duchess dowager of Marlborough, and wanting one under him, had thought of employing the said Marks. But another Person, who they do not name being desirous of the same place is said to come to Marks, and drank tea in which he is supposed to have put poison. Marks then in an Hour after became Thirsty, and very much disordered, till at length he cut his throat, but not mortally, so that it is hoped he will do well. Dr. Davison, they say, affirms he was in a salivation when he first came to him. It seems it was at Robt. Clare's House that Marks drank Tea, Clare and his Wife drinking out of one Pot and Marks out of another, and by himself. From thence they set out for Biggleswade

together, but when they came to Mr. Rudd's who lives there, Marks was so ill, that he was incapable of doing any Business. This the Report. But no truth in it.

March the 5th. The Duchess of Marlborough was delivered of a Girl

The 7th. Inspec. Clark of St. Mary's at Bedford hang'd himself.

The 13th. My son Tho. chang'd 2 Cows and a Calf for a Horse with Allan of Felmersham who is to give him 20s. betwixt this and May day in Exchange.

The 17th. Mr. Hannah grafted a golden pear Roussett Cyon upon a stock the fruit of which I did not like. *Succedat.*

March the 22nd. Mr. Bletsoe told me he had been very ill about Xmas with a violent pain in his Head, but recovered by God's Blessing and Dr. Godfrey's assistance.

April the 10th. Richard Bell of Bedford Esqre and Mrs. Mary Carter of Turvey were married at Turvey.

The 14th. Mr. Whitworth and his Wife and I and my Wife walked to Turvey to wish Mrs. Carter and the New married Couple Joy. Mrs. Carter gave me some Flowers to set in my Garden. viz the Baronet of Odel, alias, the melancholy Lady, the Fool's Coat. But walking very fast back (as he call'd it) to blow me up Mr. Whitworth got Cold and fell ill of a violent fever, which had like to have killed him.

The 24th. Dr. Godfrey cal'd upon me, and was so good as to prescribe to my Daughter Jane, who

had a violent Head-Ach for a long time, and a Lowness of spirits, Gratis. viz a Vomit. An Ounce and h. of Oxymel of Squils, and a Dram of Salt of Vitriol mix it, and take a spoonful in a Draught of Carduus Tea, to be repeated as her strength will bear. Two days after the vomit take of the tincture of Hiera piera an Ounce and h. or 2 oz. with half a dram of the spirit of Lavender. mix it for a Draught early in the Morning, repeat twice a Week. And the days between the vomit and the purge take ten drops of Mynsiehts tincture of Steel in Draught of Wormwood Beer just warm at 10 in the Morning and 4 in the Afternoon. *Xápis.*

May the 1st. The following Recipe came in the Magazine for March last after the Article of Deaths; Tis not said indeed to be Dr. Mead's powder for the Bite of mad Dog the Drs powder for the cure of it being said just before to be sold at the apothecarie's but it is so like it, that I think I have Reason to say that it is the same, which Mr. Bentley the Dr's son's Tutor, told me when last at London the Dr. used in such Cases; and that he intended to publish it in the next Edition of his Essays on Poison which was soon to come out. It is as follows:

Having washed the Blood from the Wound, of Ash-col, Liverwort reduced to Powder 10 drams, of Black-pepper beaten to Powder 4 Drams. Mix and divide into 6 parts, and take one every morning in half a pint of warm milk.

The 21st. Was the Visitation. No sermon.

June the 2nd. My son Tho: went to Rothwel fair: he had of me 14 li. Last Saturday being May the 1st. Mr. Hazlewood made a complaint to me, then at Bedford, of my son Benj.

tho' with difficulty the Water running into her Chaise. Sir Rowland and his Lady etc. view'd the Ducks which were so exactly alike. They all said they were sure they were of the same Brood. Soon after the 2 Men Hollis and How of Turvey, of whom Stephen said he had bought the Ducks came without a Warrent before Sir Rowland; upon which Sir Rowland said immediately to my Wife, Madam they are guilty, or they would not have com without a Warrent. So he examined them how they came by the Ducks? Hollis told him he shot them between Odel and Felmersham upon which the Ducks were examin'd but no sign appear'd of their having been shot; but the man persisting in it, he order'd it to be stript of the Feathers but not one shot was to be seen. He ask'd my Wife whether she would swear they were her Ducks, no Sir says she that I neither can nor will. Sir Rowland said he thot he cou'd punish him, having catch'd him in a lie. However he said Mr. Farrar was to be at his house the next day, and he would confer with him about it; and that woud let us know what should be done in the case. He also said he would take care of Hollis's Gun.

The 19th. Being the Duchess of Marlborough's Birthday, I went to Bromham where I found my Lord Trevor in his chamber very ill of a cold (as I said before) His Lordship order'd me a Haunch of Venison and a Couple of Rabbits. *Xápis.*

(To be continued)



We have very few copies left of early issues. Readers with broken sets should complete them at once.



THE SCENE OF THE MALVERN FESTIVAL

The Country in London - I.

by Sir Timothy Eden

IT is an odd and pleasant thing that London's heart is green. Her head, in the City, may be full of money and noise, she may stretch her ugly limbs to Tottenham, Ealing and Woolwich, she may dabble her dirty fingers in the Thames at Rotherhithe, but her heart is green. It is this greenness which makes her the natural, sympathetic capital of England, a land where attention is still given to the quiet influence of grass.

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are generally regarded together and are sometimes even confused by the casual visitor. But to anyone with more than a passing acquaintance with their moods and atmosphere, there is a vast difference. Hyde Park, at the first glance, has many advantages. Against the dead sweetness of Peter Pan and the insipidity of nurserymaids, it can set the living Epstein, Rotten Row and the heady orators under the shadow of the Marble Arch. To Hyde Park, moreover, belong all the glories of the past. In Kensington Gardens we can only think of Queen Caroline, and we are not quite sure who she was. In Hyde Park long ago, the monks of Westminster enjoyed a day in the country, replying to the song of birds with psalmodes and Aves. Here the burly form of Henry VIII burst - swearing, no doubt - through the greenwood in pursuit of the deer. Here the Moroccan ambassador and his suite raced past on their fleet Arabs, flinging and catching

their javelins in the air. Here Henrietta Maria walked in sack-cloth to Tyburn. Here duels were fought to the death. Here masked highwaymen lurked for the hurrying traveller. Here, in more peaceful days, was the elementary pitch of a dignified Georgian cricket.

But the true lover of the country is little concerned with the past. For him the world is all coming and going. Death and life are both over in a moment. There is no time for lament. Yesterday's sorrow for the passing primrose is forgotten in the triumph of to-day and the scent of its lilac. So what do we care, as we walk through Hyde Park, for the memories that lie there and the woodland that is no more! For the present we have grass, and sheep, and people moving about, and a bird sanctuary, and the Serpentine with its gulls, and a police station, and Ajax defying the lightning, or Achilles, or an Italian horse-tamer, as he has variously been called. We have also a few good trees, but not enough. Here Kensington Gardens score heavily, though there is a pleasant little grove of birches which they cannot claim.

Rotten Row has associations for a countryman, whatever air of unreality there may be about this wide country sport so carefully limited to a ribbon of artificial dirt. There is something unnatural in the sight of these horses pounding steadily round and round, like animals in a circus.

We have still two beauty-spots to visit before we leave Hyde Park. The first is the Serpentine where people bathe; but we are come to see bathers of another sort. We are come for the gulls, and the

cross-looking geese, and all the gay varieties of duck which we try laboriously to identify with the help of coloured plates thoughtfully displayed for our guidance.

My second beauty-spot is the bird sanctuary, in the very centre of which is the hated Epstein. So let me say at once that I like it, that I admire it. At least you will admit that it is beautifully placed; the semi-circular background of shrubs and trees, the stretch of clean green grass, the bird-baths, where sparrows and other birds dip and flirt their wings. This is one of the quietest spots in London. Whether it be Mr. Epstein who scares the people away, or because it is on the way to nowhere, I cannot tell, but I have never met more than a very occasional passer-by. So here you can lean against the railings and hear nothing louder than the singing of birds, with the faint drone of distant traffic for their accompaniment; you can look at trees and grass and poor Rima with her large welcoming hands. If you will lean long enough, perhaps her quietness and simplicity will suddenly impress themselves upon you, and forthwith you will cease to worry about her proportions and her ugly face, and you will see that the thought given to her goes very deep indeed.



THE DEAD BLACKBIRD.—A naturalist friend came across a dead blackbird spreadeagled on her nest. Below her were four young ones alive. He examined the bird and found that she had been hit, probably by a stone. She had evidently returned to the nest in a dying condition.—*Oxon*

At Plough

*I. — In England**

I WAS awakened by someone severely shaking me. I got up in bed and rubbed my eyes. 'Are you going to get up?' asked my brother. It was five o'clock, and I nearly always got up at five o'clock, although I did not have to be at work before seven. I was fond of reading, and my best chance of getting a quiet hour was in the early morning. My brother on waking me always said, 'Are you going to get up?', because occasionally I felt much too tired to get up at five. I rolled out of bed, my brother snuggled down under the clothes, and by his breathing I knew he was asleep again. He looked so comfortable that I hesitated in getting up. But I dressed, went down stairs and soon had a bright fire burning. With my feet stuck up on the hob close to the fire I became interested in my book.

At six o'clock the rest of the household was astir. My mother was first downstairs; then my brother and father. At about half-past six we sat down to breakfast. My mother could never have her breakfast with us, for to cut up the day's ration for three men is a considerable task. A quarter to seven came and we set off to begin the day's work.

My job I knew would be to plough, and when the horses were groomed and harnessed up I was soon on the way to the field with the other plough teams. When we got to the field and the horses were yoked

* We have satisfied ourselves that the author of this article is a ploughman. — *Editor*

I took up the reins, caught hold of the plough handles and said 'Come on', with a flick of the rein on the land-horse's ribs. We went down the field, leaving behind a long, shining furrow, in which I knew the birds would be hopping presently. One of the horses let his swingletree drop behind that of the other, but with a touch of the rein he immediately drew abreast again. The railway ran close to the field. The nine o'clock train rattled past, and we knew it was lunch-time. 'Plough's well, Bill,' said the head carter as I took up the basket containing my food and was about to sit down beside him. 'Plough's well now,' I replied. Thus we talked during the meal time. It being a chilly morning we did not take long over our meal ; we were eager to get walking so as to get warm.

Presently I marked out down the field a furrow which had to stand the criticism of my fellow ploughmen. Where there are three or four plough-teams at work there is always a certain amount of competition as to who can drive the straightest furrow. As I walked along behind the plough I fell to observing the way in which the furrow was lifted by the ploughshare, and listened to the sound as it ran along the turn-furrow. Occasionally lumps of earth would roll back into the furrow, some coming on my boots, the smaller lumps going into the tops of them and making it uncomfortable walking. Every now and then the furrow-horse would put one of its feet out on the even ploughing, leaving behind the impression of its shoe, which seemed to spoil the neatness. At intervals a squeak would come from one of the wheels. I went on observing these things

throughout the day. Occasionally I had to stop and alter the plough, or one of the horses' traces came unhooked ; or the rein got caught up. Conversation with my fellow-ploughmen was only possible at meal times. Three o'clock came : it was time to hook off, to take the horses home, and to feed them. When we had hooked-off each one got astride one of his horses. After walking all day it was a comfort to sit. After a dozen jobs in the stables and feeding and cleaning down of the horses, five o'clock came. Someone suggested to me that it was time to go for our money—I had forgotten it was Friday. We all trooped to the farmhouse. The farmer came out and took his stand by the windowsill of the porch that overhung the back door. The men went in in turn. I observed the expression on the men's faces as they came out, putting their money carefully away in their purses and seeming in a hurry to get home. Now came my turn, and I went in. The farmer never looked up, but started counting my money out. ' Let's see,' he said ; ' one-and-sixpence off thirty shillings for insurance will leave twenty-eight-and-sixpence.' ' That will be right.' I replied. But as I walked home I thought it was hardly worth striving for. My thoughts ran on ; but one must do something to carry one's self along. When I arrived home a delicious smell struck my nostrils, and I became aware that I was hungry.

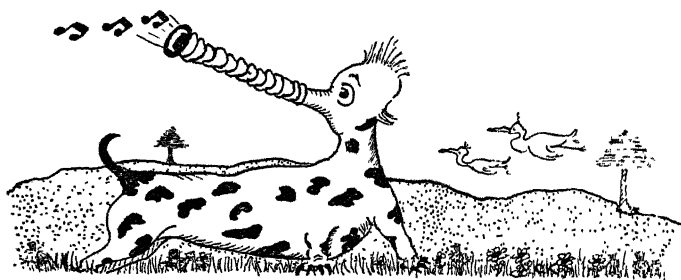
2. - *In Natal*

FOUR meek oxen with mild staring eyes strain under their heavy yokes slowly across the stubble, and a lean, brown youth stumbles and plods behind the plough. Heavy

going this, under the summer sun. Blesbok and Whiteman, the leaders, are followed by Malkop and Silima. The little 'patantambu', 'he that makes the rope', a skinny youngster half the height of the oxen, leads. He is in a loin cloth and what is left of a soldier's tunic, hanging down to his ankles and rolled up to his elbows, and secured in front by a piece of stick passed through two holes. Beside the oxen goes the 'Shi-ela', 'he that hits', carrying across his shoulder the long, supple bamboo pole with many feet of whiplash which he can crack to a nicety on and around the oxen while exhorting them incessantly with shrill whistles, raucous yells and ear-splitting howls. His fine physique is shown to every advantage. Through a hole in the crown of his once-crimson velvet toque—from goodness knows what ancient jumble sale—a long white cock's feather stands up jauntily. For the rest a wisp of black cotton cloth is girt about his middle while on his feet are a pair of sandals carefully cut from a motor tyre. Up and down the field plods the team, perspiring, stumbling, straining, wrestling with nature in no mean fashion, and presently stands panting and heaving in the shade of the wattle trees.—*M.P.*

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE

Off the beaten track in Scotland



16. *Piebald Pibroch Piping. Also Cock and Hen Sporran*

How I Turned Inn-keeper - 2

by S. B. Russell

THIS Summer more will undoubtedly be said and written by the customers of country inns about the accommodation and the fare they have had. How about the innkeepers' point of view? We have asked one or two successful country innkeepers to tell us their experiences. We begin with Mr. Russell, who has made such a success of the famous Lygon Arms. The first part of Mr. Russell's article appeared in our April issue.

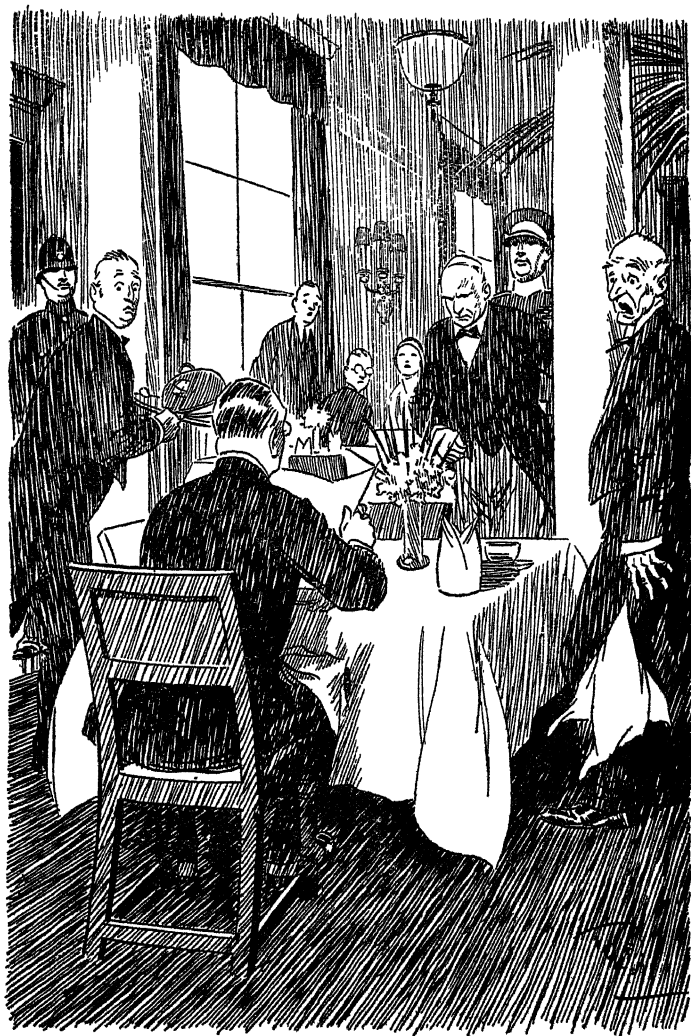
WHILE so much of the inside of the inn had been kept intact, the fashion for sash windows in the eighteenth century had led to the removal of many of the mullions from the ground and first floors. These were gradually replaced, and casements with leaded glass substituted.

Furniture was a pressing problem. I had brought with me from Repton my own small collection of old pieces, and it was at this point that my study of seventeenth century furniture became valuable. I was unable to afford the purchase of fine examples for all the rooms, but those were days when original pieces requiring repair could be bought at reasonable prices. Many of them had been stored for years in barns and lofts, since the fashion for oak had given place to mahogany. There was in the hotel buildings a carpenter's shop, and I looked round for an intelligent carpenter who could do these repairs under my supervision, and found in James Turner an excellent local man, who had been an estate carpenter. It is a pleasant reflection that after twenty-seven years, he is still in our employment in the workshops of Gordon Russell, Ltd., and that three of his sons have been apprenticed to us as they left school.

My youngest son was only a month old when we came to the Lygon, but I had wonderful co-operation from my wife in all the work and re-organization. Everything wanted

attention, bedrooms, kitchens, lighting, heating, and equipment. Work was going on, dirty, dusty work, continuously in some part of the house, and this had to be schemed so as not to make it an annoyance or inconvenience to visitors. It was at this time that I devoutly wished that everything could have been closed down for a year, so that I could get on more rapidly with this necessary work. But my capital would not permit of this course, and I now see how fortunate it was, for so much would have been done, without the light of experience, which would have had to be done over again.

During the progress of this work on the old part of the Inn, by which a number of the rooms were restored to their original condition, many objects were discovered that shed new light on its antiquity, and I often look back on my part in retrieving them. For, clad in my oldest clothes, holding a wet towel to my nose, I have been in rooms so thick with dust and falling plaster that I could not see a yard ahead. But I kept a keen ear for the clink of a falling coin or other object dislodged after centuries of hiding. Many such finds are now gathered together in a cabinet on the ground floor and comprise coins of Edward I, Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, and copper coins of all the Georges, many tobacco pipes going back to the early part of the seventeenth century, old black wine bottles, one still retaining its worm-eaten cork, and evidently hidden by a thirsty workman long years ago. There were also tokens of one Michael Russell, who lived in Broadway in 1670, records of candles made in the inn in the eighteenth century, and a carefully fashioned apple scoop in wood, carved with the name of AN TREAVIS, who was the third daughter of John Treavis, the landlord of the inn from 1604 to 1641, to whom there is an interesting brass on the floor of the chancel in Broadway old church. Nor shall I forget the thrill when on removing whitewash nearly a quarter of an inch thick, from the mullions in one room, we came across a number of initials and dates, the earliest being Richard Jervis 1586, who was born in Broad-



A Sketch for THE COUNTRYMAN by Thorpe

AN ENGLISH HOTEL VISITOR ASKS FOR AN APPLE AT BREAKFAST

way in 1548, with the dates 1623, 1624, and 1626 several times repeated. Among the many initials were T.T. and R.S., the former probably Thomas Trevis, who died in 1649, and the latter Richard Savage, at whose house in Broadway, King Charles I slept, on Sunday, June the 2nd, 1644.

Visitors came in increasing numbers, so that hardly a day passed without my coming into contact with some well-known and interesting personality, keen on everything that was being done to reinstate the hospitality of former days, and appreciative of staying under the roof of an historic inn which provided the comforts of a country house. When, in these latter years, I have been congratulated on what has been achieved, my reply has always been that my own part has been a singularly modest one, for I owe so much of the success to suggestions volunteered by distinguished visitors, very often architects and engineers at the top of their profession. Great help always comes to those who are good listeners and cultivate retentive memories. May I give an instance? The building of the great hall, on the site of the old assembly room, required much thought in planning, and many schemes were got out which were not happy in their arrangement or quite suitable for the purpose the hall had to fill. Just at the time when I could not see daylight, a well-known architect came to spend Easter. He asked me to take him round and show him the house, and in conversation I mentioned our next move and its difficulties. He said, 'You will readily understand that I cannot advise you professionally on the plans you have had prepared, but if you like to show them to me as a friend, something may occur to me which may help.' I shall not easily forget the flash of genius when, on looking at the plans for a few minutes he said, 'Why not put it the other way?' I saw at once how wonderfully this would fit in, and it resulted in a building which is universally admired as being in harmony with the old structure, both outside and inside.

Looking back on those days, I cannot now realize how it was possible to put in so much work, for not only were reparations going on inside, but there was the re-organization of the kitchens, the collecting of an efficient staff of English servants, the ramifications of a decaying posting business – which, one could see so plainly, was to make way for mechanical transport in the near future, requiring efficient garage accommodation – the purchase of an orchard of two acres immediately behind the building, and making the garden sufficiently large to grow our own produce. Above and beyond all these activities, I was director and afterwards managing director of the largest hotel in Newquay, besides being on the board of important hotels in Bournemouth and Swanage, and acting as receiver for a very large estate which included a well-known London tavern. But it was the additional income this brought in which helped me to realize my ideals for the inn which was soon to become one of the show places of England.

In 1908 my eldest son, Gordon, finished school, and, after a voyage to the Argentine, came to my help. With a genius for design and draughtsmanship, and a super-sense for traditional methods in Cotswold building, he superintended the repair work going on, including the carpenters' shop, where we now had additional men repairing furniture. Visitors were always asking if they could purchase certain pieces of old furniture and decorative objects but I made a firm decision from the first, that I could not combine the sale of furniture with innkeeping, except as a separate business. Old pieces which had been selected for various positions in the inn as being in keeping with some particular room, and other things which filled the qualities of being decorative and yet fit for their purpose would be looked for by returning visitors. An opportunity occurred of acquiring a fine old house on the east side, part of the bargain being that I should plan and build a house for the owner on another site he possessed in the village. Upon getting possession we started

a separate business in genuine old pieces, which grew very rapidly and led to the designing and making by skilled craftsmen of modern furniture. In the Paris Exhibition a cabinet designed by Gordon Russell was awarded the only gold medal given for English furniture and to-day my son controls, as managing director, this important offshoot. In the following year, 1909, my second son, Donald, left school, and after a few months of business training, came to take his share in a rapidly expanding business. He seems to have a natural gift for all that goes to good inn-keeping, and for many years now, he has, with the help of his able wife, been in successful charge of the Lygon.

(*To be continued*)



White Hares, Wild Cats & Peregrines by A Highland Gamekeeper

NO one who has not been at a white hare shoot can have any idea of the numbers of the animals. It is nothing unusual for a dozen 'guns' to kill four or five hundred in a short day, and a fortnight later to find the hares as numerous as ever on the same ground. The hares come down lower in winter, and, so extensive is the country, no amount of shooting does more than thin their number to a correct breeding stock. The white hare forms the principal food item of wild-cat, fox, marten, pole-cat, stoat, and eagle, yet it increases from year to year in spite of all its enemies. When out after hares once I saw two golden eagles hunting the animals. One of the birds dropped with closed pinions on a hare and began to eat it. Disturbed by the shooting party's advance, the bird left its prey, but seeing another hare speeding over the snow, it snatched it from the ground and carried it right away.

There are many wild-cats in the mountains and woods of Ross, and their tracks can be seen in certain places any winter day in the snow. The animals wander far from their

dens at night, and are sometimes, in severe weather, forced to descend to the line of the railway, and I have known more than one to be run over.

A fine sight is a peregrine family at the stage when its members are almost free of their baby white down, and each young bird has a perching pinnacle of its own near the nest. As I watched such a family once, I saw that the gaze of each young bird was intently directed skyward. Nothing was visible to me, although I heard a curious prolonged sound, not unlike that made by a drumming snipe, but louder and increasing in volume. Then a black speck, possibly a mile up in the air, appeared directly above the eyrie. This proved to be the father of the family, dropping directly on the eyrie, and the drumming sound was made by the wind escaping through his flight feathers.

At another nesting place of the peregrine falcon the quarry brought to feed the young was the puffin. It seemed remarkable that the hawks should find those birds an easy prey, seeing that their flight is low and rapid above the water; but one day I saw a peregrine stooping at a puffin, and the mystery was explained. The puffin flew at great speed within a yard of the water, but made no attempt to dive, though this was the obvious thing to do. The hawk was handicapped in its stoops by the fact that if it came down too rapidly, it ran the risk of immersion, and each time it came at the puffin its talons raised a spurt of water. The chase of the idea-less puffin, by the clever and adaptable falcon, was in fact a contest of brains, as much as of physical powers; and the falcon won by the delivery of a perfectly planned, and carefully graduated, final stoop.



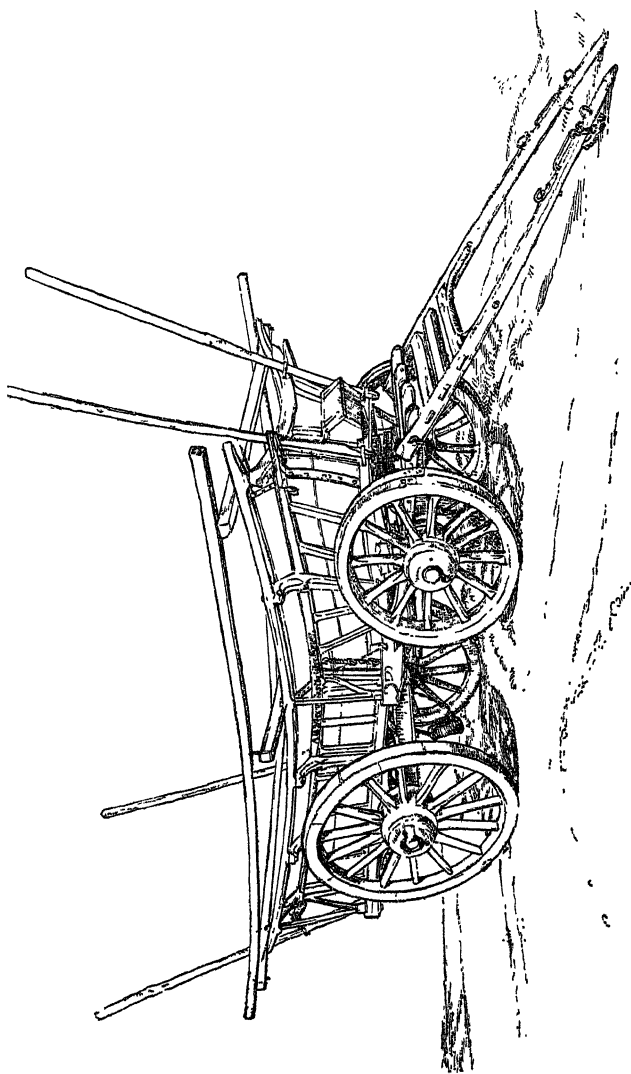
THE solution of the Ear Mystery which was the subject of a competition in the last issue of THE COUNTRYMAN comes from E. V. Lucas, who declares that 'Mark Antony was down that way burying Caesar and one of the countrymen from whom he borrowed an ear forgot to claim it'.

A Kentish Wagon

THE Kentish wagon on the opposite page (writes the artist) is somewhat unusual in having double front wheels and single back wheels – generally the wheels are alike throughout. It is a full-size wagon, drawn by four horses in line, the third horse only being in the shafts. With the false lade and standard added – as shown in the drawing – it will carry 200 trusses of straw, that is, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons. If it is to be loaded with cavins, the standards are put through the sides of the lade near the end, instead of behind them, as shown here.

The carter walks alongside the wagon on the near side (the opposite side to that from which the drawing is made), and on that side are hung the skid-pan and drop-chain, to fix the hind and front wheels respectively when going downhill. The little box in the front is called the wagon-box, and contains the wagoner's dinner. The load is roped on either side, and these ropes are fixed to the hooks at each side in front of the wagon, turned round the end of the lade, and, passing over the load, are pulled through the holes in the roller, or shutlock, at the tail of the wagon, and drawn tight by means of levers on the roller. Some Kentish wagons, especially in North Kent, have the lock chains underneath, from the fixed back axle to the movable front axle, to limit the movement of the front wheels when the wagon is turned, and to prevent the wheel from rubbing in the lock, which sometimes breaks it to pieces, or overturns load and wagon, but such chains are absent from the wagon illustrated.

As I was sketching I had several conversations with onlookers. An old neighbour came up and said, 'Doing a picture of Mr. Ovenden's motor car, then?' Myself, 'Yes, the four horse power one.' 'Well, you know, Adam had one of them, and made old Eve lug him round in it.' With this apocryphal piece of Scripture, he left me to it.



A KENTISH WAGON

Drawn for THE COUNTRYMAN by Thomas Hennell

*The Haunted Highway**An exultant voice cries*

GET thee behind me! Flatten thyself out!
Lower thy trees that frustrate sight ahead;
Angles that baffle, corners set about
With thickets and with riotous blossom spread –
Let all be cut, levelled and rolled out neat –
Graded and polished, tarred to suit my tyres;
My wheels must grip (though slip the horses' feet,
Their mouths be wrenched – they have no inner fires).
Now, it is done. My wheels have conquered thee!
Prostrate thou liest, docile, metallised, bare;
Clipped hedgerows, painted signposts orderly.
Now, nought impedes me but the wavering air.
Highway, for this my fathers cut thy track
That I might thunder thus along thy back!

A low voice replies

For centuries men drove through sun and rain
Great-hooved beasts, that drew with measured pomp,
Slow turning wheels of coach and harvest wain,
And passed wayfarers, pilgrim, pedlar, tramp,
Who went my way and climbed my arching back,
And heard sweet jingling, staid clip-clop repeat,
And smelled the hay and hawthorn, rested pack
Against my sturdy milestones in the heat.
These passed. Thou camest; and thy heavy hand
Laid on my surface cuts me to the bone,
Thy swift wheels spurn me and the quiet land
Is wakened by loud rattle and harsh drone.
Yet, go thy way! Time shall o'ertake and pass
Both thee and me – and cover us with grass.

AUDREY JENNINGS

*The Happy Highway**Yesterday***R**OAD, you're a liar!

Ruts, holes and boulders; robbers, tolls and mire.

Loud, swollen drivers, soaked with drink and rain,
Strained goaded horses, lashed by cords of fire.

Footsore, the shoeless trudged that path of pain.

To-day

Run, run new road. The world you leave behind

Lies dim and sad and filled with shades of fear.

Galanty shows of landless men: a hind

Tied to a whipping post; in stocks with ears
Close cropt, a luckless wight who spoke his heart

To his proud lord; serfs with slit noses peer

Past witches burning. Sorrow was their part

Though song and banter mingled with their tears.

Enough, enough! The clumsiest motor van

That lumbers o'er our road gives greater ease

Than ever monarch knew. New love for man

Is here. New light and – progress – if you please!

O'er happy highway the swift car passes

Lithe, sunburnt, bare-kneed, singing lads and lasses.

To-morrow

Freed thought mounts higher. On the plane's pinion

Man cleaves an airy way in new dominion.

ELSPET KEITH



IT is the settled policy of THE COUNTRYMAN to allow to its contributors the widest liberty of opinion and expression. In 'As One Countryman to Another' and 'As It Seems to Some of Us', we state our own views.

*Speculate! Speculate!**by Caroline Marriage*

IT was getting to be late afternoon, but the road to Bake-well, instead of shortening with every step, seemed to be unrolling itself as a salesman unrolls a stair-carpet. I pulled up to light my pipe, but match after match fizzled out without doing its job. 'Here, Mister!' said a voice behind me, 'Stop wasting them matches. Kneel here alongside of me, and I'll give ye the shelter of my coat.' A tramp, lying lazily by the roadside, had been watching me without my knowing it.

Now I have had many and many a talk with these roadsters, and if I have given them a copper or two I have always had my money's worth. I knelt down by this man's side, he held out his coat to windward, and my pipe was lit. 'Sit and have a bit of a crack,' said the tramp, 'Yeer pipe'll taste all the sweeter. And if it tastes as sweet as it smells, ba gum! it'll taste good!'

There was no being deaf to such a hint. I handed him my pouch, he filled his pipe, and took a good two pipefuls more and stowed it in his pocket. 'Now, Mister, will ye let me have a match? And would ye mind sitting t'other side of me? Now that's bonny, that is.' Absent-mindedly he slipped my box of matches into some safe recess among his tatters and leaning back against the wall, he said, 'Now I bet I'll tell ye in two guesses how ye mak' yeer brass. I'll tell ye that.'

I said I did not bet but that he might make his two guesses. So he sat up and looked me over. I must mention that I had in my hand a stick which had been my uncle George's, the best-loved doctor in the North Riding. The tramp's eye fell on the stick and he said, 'Akon ye be what folk calls "a medical man", and that's how ye addle yeer brass?'

I shook my head and told him to guess again.

'I've one other chance, so I have. Ye don't earn it

hastening men out o' the world, or helping them in? Well, then, ye must earn yeer money in some other way. Am I not right? and in two guesses? But I say, Mister, ye're not a curious man. Ye don't ask me how I get *my* money!

I thought I could see that very well; but to humour him I said, 'What is your profession?'

'Ah,' he laughed, 'that's well said, yon! Why, I couldn't ha' put it better myself. I'm a speculator by profession, that's what I am. On the Stock Exchange?—nowt o' t' sort! I do a sight better nor that! I see ye don't credit me; but lookye here, didn't I see you come up with yeer pipe? and didn't I hold out my coat—what did that cost me? And what did I get from it? I got the pipeful I'm smoking. I got two more pipefuls o' bacca; and rare good bacca it is! I got a box o' matches—'

'Here! hand over,' I said, 'I shall want them myself!' but, cool as brass, he took the box, opened it, and handed me back less than half the matches.

'And now,' he said, 'I want fourpence to pay my bus fare to a spot I mean to shelter in to-night, and I jolly well know I'm going to get that too! (Thank you Mister). If all this ain't speculation, and without a ha'p'orth of capital, I'd like to know what is!'

As I went down the hill he called after me, 'Hey! Mister! start speculating yourself! Speculate! Speculate!' And then he put both hands to his mouth and shouted 'SPECULATE!'

Now it was a long way to Bakewell, but the tramp's words had hardly ceased to ring in my ears when I overhauled a motor-car with a man sitting in it poring over a map. I said to him, 'I wonder if I can be of any use to you?' Said he, 'This darned map's all wrong. Here am I just there'—he pointed with his finger on the map—'and there should be three roads, and I want the middle one. And that's just the one that is left out.' I got into the car and sat down beside him. 'May I look a minute? No, see here! You're

not there yet, not by three mile and more. You're here. I know the road quite well, and I'm going your way.

So on we went, and it was a nice lift for my tired legs. 'Where are you going?' he asked as we came up to the sign-post and the three roads, 'Can I take you any farther?' I told him I was going left to Bakewell, and, laughing, I told him of my friend of the road and of his last words to me. 'So I've been doing a bit of speculation myself, and you've given me a welcome lift!' With that he gave a roar of a laugh and said, 'How far is it to Bakewell? What! only six miles? Sit where you are, I'll run you there in a jiffy. Gad! that's a story to tell my old father when I get home. He made his fortune by speculating; I'm spending it!'



A NEW ZEALAND EARTHQUAKE SCENE

Many friends of Lord Bledisloe will be interested in this photograph by His Excellency, which he has been good enough to send us

Dog Racing in the Country

by Philip Jordan

WE drove along narrow lanes until we saw, through a gap in the hedge, a field of motor-cars, mostly battered. Two policemen, and (for some reason which we could not understand) ten men of the St. John's Ambulance Corps, eyed us with suspicion. We each paid sixpence and were allowed to park the car. Somewhere below us a man was shouting, 'Two more dogs wanted for the St. Leger Stakes.' The field was over a quarter of a mile long, and narrow. Tall hedges kept out 'dead-heads'. There were present about a hundred quiet people, nearly all were in thick tweeds. Half of them had dogs on leash. Six hilarious young men and a bottle of whisky ran the totalisator in a covered green charabanc. The course was wired off. There were only four dogs to each race.

The hare was an ingenious contraption, made from a stuffed rabbit, chained to a quarter of a mile of twine. The other end of the twine was tied to the rear wheel of a baby motor car, the axles of which were jacked off the ground. The hare was wound in at the caprice of the chauffeur. In front of the car a tarpaulin was pegged on the ground, and underneath this the invincible hare disappeared with a plop at the end of each race.

The landlord of the inn had given us a sure recipe for winning money, but being novices we thought we knew better. We ignored Long Bob, who appeared to be the favourite, and put our two shillings (this being the unit of the tote) on Molly, a white bitch whose extreme cleanliness appealed to us. Molly ambled home third, and Long Bob won by ten lengths. A dividend of half-a-crown was paid on him, this being, so we were informed by a mathematical yeoman, equivalent to four to one on.

With a recklessness born of gambling, we declined to be down-hearted, but consulted a knowing fellow inside the

rails. 'Back Trixie,' he said. 'She's my brother's little bitch, and never beaten yet.' He was a brown leathery fellow who wandered up the rails, quite unable to keep his information to himself. He knew everybody, and we all liked him. Whenever he muttered Trixie's name a figure would slip away from the railings and edge towards the green betting vans. We were all friends, bound together in a common vice.

After we had each bought a two-shilling ticket on Trixie, we went and stood behind the judge. Somebody rang a bell and the car's engine started. Far down the field we could see the stuffed rabbit bobbing towards us. The dogs had no chance. If the leader came anywhere near, the chauffeur-controller accelerated. Just before the leader reached the winning line the rabbit plopped under the tarpaulin, and Trixie, the winning dog, slowed up. Black Boy shot past her. But he was not to win. 'Trixie wins,' shouted the judge with unnecessary violence. 'Trixie wins. Black Boy second.' We looked at one another and said nothing. It was not for us to argue; and we each had two bob on Trixie. An ungrateful fellow behind me said: 'O' course Trixie wins: she's his own little bitch.' I could not help admiring such immense dishonesty; and when a dividend of two-and-six was announced I hurried to get my money before a dispute began. There was no dispute. George liked his dog to win, and it was only the mugs who hadn't backed Trixie.

We stayed for one more race. Our genial oracle, who wore the narrowest trousers I have ever seen and a smart coat of the fashion of 1901, once more advised us. 'Black Tiger.' We followed his advice, despite the unpopularity of the dog. When he won we drew four-and-sixpence, and departed hurriedly. We had been in touch with magic, and had made a shilling each. When we drove out of the field we were lordly men who knew a thing or two about greyhounds. We had gambled recklessly under the eyes of two policemen, not to speak of the ten men of the ambulance corps.

Autolycus Ltd., Vagrant Merchants - 4

IF the sun shone less on us in July of last year, good fortune smiled more kindly. Our fruit sales mounted until we were selling five pounds' worth in a day and our profits increased out of proportion. We had learned to save ourselves waste, to deal in fruit which gave a rapid turnover, and to carry enough of what our customers would certainly buy. When August came wet-foot, we had our moors' results to cheer us, the navvy-carting became each week more valuable, and in the beginning of August we added a new occupation to our swelling list. One evening an acquaintance halted us in Newtonmore to ask if we would tutor a boy in Latin and in Mathematics against his Cambridge Entrance examinations. We were only too pleased! In the last week of August Betty had to go away to end her year's teaching.

The weather got worse. I saw cows swim to safety from the flooded meadows where they had been marooned on hillocks. All along the Spey Valley the crops were under water, and coils of hay went down the slow stream to the sea, with carcasses of sheep, relics of fences, and tins and bottles, poor trophies of the water's victory over the land, to keep them company. The strangers to the country who had come holidaying lost their appetite for fruit when the days were perpetually wet, and the folk of the country had their thought too much in their distressful fields to think of apples. I was selling only one pound's worth of fruit where we sold four previously. As August went out, and the holiday-makers departed, the trade had lost its profit as well as its savour.

I had more than lack of good fortune. I had bad fortune to contend with. The first week after Betty's departure Corybante broke a pin in her clutch, and the repair cost two pounds, as well as the week-end's receipts from my navvies. Then the navvies, as their job finished, got fewer and fewer.

When I brought Betty home early in September, the day was one of wild floods which made us so wet and cold that we had no time to think of our misfortunes. Near Huntly, the Deveron's entire flood poured across the roadway, for the bridge was choked with sheaves. In every valley men and women and children slaved on the edge of the water to drag sheaves from the rising torrents, and the Spey lay in one vast loch for weary miles. We had never seen such devastation, and our small distress was swallowed up in thought of the misfortune which had come on the country. The news-getting still remained, and to that we devoted ourselves, hurrying here and there to forests, moors, and remote shooting lodges in an effort to make the best of what remained of our broken fortunes. As September wore on the weather grew from wet and cold, to colder and wetter, with showers of sleet to remind us that winter was at hand, and winter was no time in Speyside for caravanning. We must find a winter station, and that soon, for the hills were whitening.

We had gone, one day, towards the end of September, into the upper reaches of the Spey to half a dozen shooting lodges, when, in the very heart and centre of a moor on which there was no other house, no other sign of human habitation, we saw an empty house by the roadside, and, going to investigate this forlorn place, we found the back window unsnibbed. The summer of fruit-hawking had made us bold even to breaking and entering, so that we climbed in and wandered through the empty rooms with neither shame nor fear. It was a well-preserved house, lined with bright fir, and dry. When we had searched through its rooms we hurried to find who owned it that we might rent it over winter. The owner was quite glad to have his house occupied so we went to Aberdeen for furniture. Our store of money was small. We bought here and there, in sale rooms, in shops, at sales, until we had spent over £20. It was not a great amount but it left us so short that we knew that even in the depths of winter we could not live on what we had

but must get news, or write articles at top speed. After we had unloaded the stuff into the house, and made tea, I spent a few minutes fishing in the burn. A pound trout endeared the place straightaway to me.

Winter came on us when we were but newly settled. There were twenty-foot drifts from January to March beside our doors, and the road was closed for months to all traffic, save the unwitting strangers who took it and staggered to our doors, spent with struggling. There were storms which held up trains at Dalwhinnie and Kingussie, and on the wildest day of the year we ran out of food and spent five hours walking to Laggan Bridge and returning with our load, a journey of seven miles. Across the road from the Halfway House an old storm-thinned wood provided us with fuel to burn so that our scanty money was not spent on coal. When the weather was frosty we took a sledge to a further wood or gathered turves from the roots in our wood. We tore the frost-bound earth to get the old roots, and sent such roaring fires up the lum that there was not a house in the country so warm as ours. Stags came hunger-crazed to our very doors, and we could hear them scraping in our midden through the nights. At our ash pit grouse and black cock were as tame as hens. Almost from our first arrival we had mice, a blackbird, a chaffinch and two weasels for company. Spring brought peewits, crested and proud, to eat our tea-leaves, and gulls, crows, whaups and sea-piets mourned with merry hearts about us.

We saw few folk. There were strange passing people, wanderers who came sometimes to ask a drop of tea, and shambled on again. One morning we saw a smoke rising from behind the hillock of our wood, and when we climbed to see, there was a man sitting stark to the waist in the biting wind which curdled the waters of the burn beside him. He had a small fire of roots burning, and he held his steaming shirt towards it to dry, while beside him a string stretched from one tree to another supported some pairs of

socks, a pair of trousers and an undershirt. We saw, when he had gone, the large toffee tin which had been his washpot, and we remembered what another wanderer said to us when we saw his open neck, and heard the wind whistle snow-laden, 'The owld dog for the hard road, the puppy takes the pavement.' While one visitor, an old Irishman, with a long white beard, supped his bowl of venison broth (for stags though hungry were not skin-and-bone), he told us that he would not go to America because there were two of his aunts there already, and that was 'enough of the M'Manus fambly in wan country.'

So spring came on us, and in March we had such hot weather that we douked in the burn. As spring strengthened the thought of our past summer came, and we resolved to live again in our caravan. We were weary of the news-getting and of the articles which came back so surely. We remembered the fruit-selling, which gave us pleasant days, and an income depending only on our own efforts. Hack-journalism had served us fairly well all winter but we had no stomach for a summer of it. There were many occasions when we had so little money that we were forced to wait for the postman to bring us postal orders before we could buy food. We said that summer would see us quit of the occupation which grew so laborious, and decided that this time it would not be fruit we sold. We hesitated for long over our trade, until at length we decided that we would run a shooting booth. So if we have enough money to buy lorry, air rifles and booth, that is the occupation which we hope will bring us fun and some money this summer.



POSSIBILITIES OF FRUIT GROWING.—You will be interested to hear that, despite the newspapers, commercial fruit growing is not quite at its last gasp. A large number of cherries and pears were planted in the winter which means, of course, that some people made some money during the summer.—*A Nurseryman*

Crossbills Come to Stay?

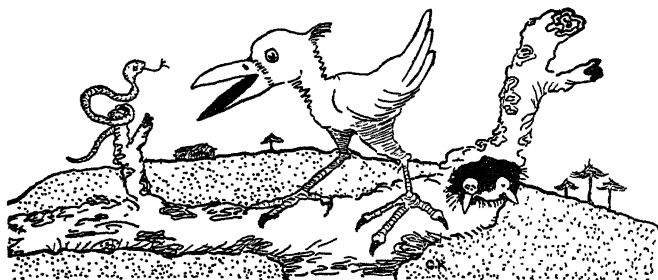
ONE day in March my gardener came to me with a problem. Could I tell him what bird it was he had seen? A chocolate-coloured bird it was, about the size of a bullfinch or a little bigger, and it came and sat on the branch of a tree quite close to him and sang a song he had never heard before. He is a good countryman, and knows much about birds and flowers even though he has not always got a name for what he sees, and I was sure that here was something new. Could the bird be a crossbill? Chocolate-coloured puzzled me, and also I had never heard a crossbill sing. But it turned out, sure enough, to be a crossbill, or rather a pair. All through April they were about my rock garden, perching on neighbouring trees and shrubs and coming down to drink at the pools and water-courses; strangely tame and unafraid, and the cock with a pleasantly meditative little warble, with now and then a greenfinch's note in it and now and then a roulade like the chaffinch's. And that pair of crossbills has been a complete puzzle to me. It is the first pair I have ever had stay in the garden, though crossbills are common winter visitors to my part of Surrey. The cock was much darker in plumage than the brick-red which is the colour the books give to crossbills, and I wondered whether it was possibly a young bird, and whether perhaps crossbills do not breed until their second year. For the time for the nest is as early as February, and though the birds often perched and swung about the top of a large spruce near the rock-garden — just the kind of tree they would choose to nest in — the hen certainly was never sitting on eggs. And then, at the end of the month, the pair vanished. Did they go back to their northern home, in Norway or Sweden, wherever it may be? If so, they must have returned after their nesting season was over or perhaps they make a second nest? — E.P.

loaf sugar to each pound, and let the sugar dissolve gently. Then boil from three quarters to one hour, stirring all the while until it becomes stiff. It is then ready to be put into moulds which should be previously warmed. Lay waxed or brandied paper directly on the top of the cheese and tie it down either hot or cold.

Rhubarb Conserve.—A subscriber sends the following Scottish recipe for rhubarb conserve: To preserve whole use 1 lb. sugar to 1 lb. rhubarb. Let rhubarb toughen in the sun. Cut into sections. Place in deep basin alternate layers of rhubarb and sugar. Leave for 24 hours. Lift rhubarb into another basin. Boil liquid 10 minutes and pour over rhubarb while still boiling. Leave for another 24 hours. Repeat, boiling liquid this time for 20 minutes. Leave 24 hours. Repeat, boiling liquid for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Leave for 24 hours. Then boil the liquor till it forms a syrup. Add several lumps of whole ginger, hammered well, or better still, preserved ginger. Add rhubarb to the liquid and simmer till soft. The mixture never jells, but eats like a preserve, not a jam.

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE

Off the Beaten Track in Scotland



17. *Tufted Cairn Gorm Defending her Young*

THE 'Scottish Farmer' tells the experience of a Fife farmer who advertised in its columns for a man and wife. He engaged a couple about to be married. They left their respective farms in the morning, got married, bought their furniture, and were in their new place in time for the afternoon milking.

Rural France as It Really Is

A WONDERFUL country,' said the Great Statesman, 'every inch cultivated.' Despite the deference that youth owes, and sometimes pays, to age and experience, I could not let this pass. As I recalled many pleasant journeys in France, the barren Causses of Perigord, the dour landscape of Auvergne, the enclosed fields of the Jura, almost of an Irish green, I made my respectful demurrer. The legend of the small cultivator has taken root in England, and attained a tenacity only equalled by the belief that French cooks make soup out of yesterday's leavings. Curious! and yet France obeys the laws of heat and moisture as in other lands. Where it pays to farm on the big scale there it is done; where small culture is possible, there we find it practised. Take a car from Bayonne in the West, head eastwards through the lovely Bearnais Country and you will see large farms worked by modern machinery and showing every evidence of prosperity. As you reach the lower slopes of the Cevennes you mount upward to a sub-Alpine country, and here you may see deserted houses and even small villages abandoned and desolate, the fight with conditions having been too severe, even for the thrifty French peasant. Descending into Provence you run into the huge vine area of the Midi whose vast expanses make the famous 'clos' of Bordeaux and Burgundy look like gardens. Or let us go from Paris to Chartres and see the great wheatfields of Beauce, immortalised, or traduced if you will, by Zola in 'La Terre'. Endless seem the horizons of golden fields, broken only by the filigree of the roadside poplars, without which the roads themselves would be lost under winter snows. And then let us run into the fertile Loire valley, a country of fruit and wine, fit subjects for the small farmer. Crossing the river at Tours we reach a landscape which recalls the Berkshire Downs and it is again a country of large farms where the threshing machine and the tractor may be heard.

W. BILL

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As the culture varies, so the people. The typical Frenchman is the Gascon whose happy circumstances touch his nature with an inextinguishable gaiety. The Auvergnat has something of his native granite and his is a grey outlook; while adjoining him is the Basque, living in a wet Irish climate and sharing the charm and the indolence which it engenders. Market day at Nancy would surprise those in search of the typical Frenchman. Here are tall, heavy, slow-moving men, whose bovine looks and fair complexions suggest the Teuton rather than the Latin. But while France is, in the main, a country of peasant cultivators, the increasing industrialisation is already taking effect. If there are any who think that peasant ownership offers a way out for agriculture, let them go to the neighbourhood of some large French town and see for themselves which life the younger generation prefers, the factory or the farm. Not long ago I stood on a hillside near Lyons talking to an old friend whose fruit and vines were his life's work and his love. Gone were the vines on the terraced slope and in their place the hay stood ready for mowing. 'My son now works on the railway. He likes the regular hours, the holidays and the companionship. "Why should I toil all the year," he says, "only to find all the grapes ruined by mildew in a wet autumn?" And so it is grass now - *c'est triste ça!*' - E.A.B.

2. - *A Question from Professor Patrick Geddes*

WHY is there no explanation or even enquiry how it is with so much unemployment in Britain, in Germany and in the United States, the French have taken the place of America in accepting emigrants, and this up to 2,000,000 Spaniards, Italians and Poles. Why are no British workmen and labourers sent to France? The story goes that this was suggested through the French Foreign Office to ours some years ago and was turned down. You can well imagine that the French would rather have had good emigrants from us than most of those they have from Spain, or Italy, or Poland.

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Why did our people not go themselves? Workmen in a foreign country could not but learn words for food and for money the first day, a kindly greeting for a hostess and a beginning of talk with neighbours the second day, some understanding in a week and in a month some reading of the papers! It is only our schools with their useless and even paralyzing grammars that cause learning languages to be thought impossible! But the dollars of America, the shillings of England, look soon so much bigger than depreciated francs at 2d.! Yes, but with the pay here, the workman gets a better meal than a Britisher or an American, a full bottle of wine for three or four francs at the most (and often less), an omelette or meat, better vegetables than ever he tasted, cheese or fruit and a table napkin. And similarly he pays less for lodging and clothes, tram-ride and newspaper, etc., and in kindlier conditions. Why is France so busy? Because here survives the old political economy of tilling the soil for all we're worth, deep and well, for the crops – and children! Whereas to our workers has soaked down our later individualistic political economy of manufactures and machines, of buying cheap and selling dear, of giving as little and getting as much as may be, of futile 'leisure' and all other vicious doctrines and habits of our economic system – of mechanistic and pecuniary mythology instead of bed rock facts of life!



IN OXFORD.—One day during the warm spell in March I saw come wavering along the Cornmarket from Carfax a glorious brimstone butterfly. It flew about the height of one's eye right down the middle of the street among the cars and buses. I watched it for some time, and as far as I could see not one person turned to look at the lovely creature! It was so bright that there seemed to be no other colour in the street at the time.— *M.M.*

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*Changes**by Elspet Keith*

MRS. OLDENSHAW, tall, with troubled brown eyes and greying, wavy hair, arrived with furniture, van-men, plants, a goat – all, except her daughter who was to follow in a few weeks. Drenching summer rain screened this interesting activity from a waiting village, eager to appraise the new owner of 'ole Squire's' place – Greystones on the hill.

Mrs. Oldenshaw laundered, milked her goat, gardened, painted woodwork and cleaned and rubbed at the old house until it glowed like a Tudor casket of jade and silver. For this she was called a miser, a criminal in hiding, mad – and Mrs. Mole said to Mrs. Hedgesdale that had she lived 'in grit-granpi's day, 'haps they'd 'av drowneded 'er!' An answering 'Rubbish!' fired Mrs. Mole to add that if they could 'prod Mrs. Oldenshaw's thumb wi' a freshly cut thorn 'haps black would come out 'stead o' blood!' Again Mrs. Hedgesdale said, 'Rubbish!' and, 'She's "gentry" right enough, but nobody never has took an interest in Heckstone village since ole Squire died, nor never will.'

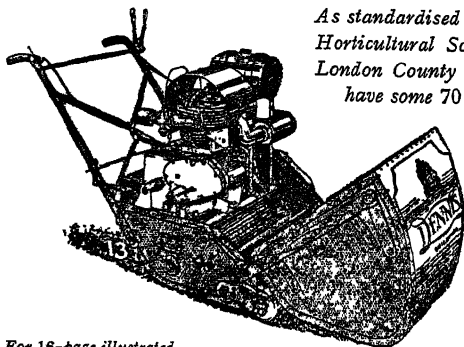
What could any village make of a woman who pinned to her back door her lists for calling tradesmen, yet showered smiles and small gifts on the children who dared to peep through her garden gate? Mrs. Oldenshaw captured the ancient heart of Samson Woolly along with his hat one windy day when she returned the headgear to him with a kindly word. The schoolmistress's judgment carried less weight than Samson's. Her notoriously charitable habit of mind could find only good in the donor of £2 to the children's summer treat. The widowed and Reverend James Dugdale gave non-committal hearing to the gossip; but even he wondered, for he had rapped twice in vain at Greystones door. Once he was sure he saw Mrs. Oldenshaw at an upper window.

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So the mystery grew with advancing summer until one lovely morning the postman brought to each cottager and farmer a letter that held the final affront. Mrs. Oldenshaw had bought the whole estate and she invited one and all to come to Greystones to hear about rents and about her plans for the bit of 'waste' that had once been commonland. 'Scan'lous! Unnatteral!' The thirty-five glum souls standing outside Greystones on the appointed evening were scarcely conscious of the honeyed breath of a front garden once more full of flowers. Their curiosity about meeting Mrs. Oldenshaw's newly arrived daughter was nothing to their surprise, as they were ushered indoors, to find a feast waiting them as abundant as any ever given on a tenants' day by 'ole Squire'. The aloof but smiling Mrs. Oldenshaw shook hands with all and said as she motioned them to be seated, that her daughter would speak for her. Queer that, for she was only a girl. And queerer still was her tale. The Oldenshaws were kinsfolk to 'ole Squire'! They were Colonials that had saved up to come home and buy this old place. Colonials! That explained the mania for hard work. What did she say? Rents were to remain as before but her mother would put every house in repair. Her mother was going to build a village hall on the old 'waste'. Incredible! When she had finished her story, Miss Oldenshaw looked oddly, even apprehensively, at her mother and then said to the ashamed and tongue-tied hearers: 'Please go on eating. Don't cheer or anything. You see my mother would not hear. It might hurt. She is stone deaf!'



VILLAGE CHILD: 'Look, Mother, there's a bird flying just like an areoplane!'

A STORY went the round of the papers that Lady Radnor has a collection of 'snakes, crocodiles and birds.' The truth is that Lady Radnor once had two tortoises, one of which is now dead.

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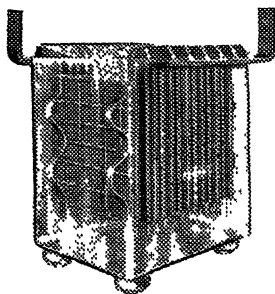
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Even if You Can't Swim

MAJOR C. WHEELER, who has given demonstrations of scientific life-saving in half-a-dozen Continental countries and in the United States, and is honorary examiner of the Life Saving Society, sends us a useful reminder for the hot weather: There is little danger for a non-swimmer in the water if he can but retain his presence of mind, and refrain from throwing up his arms. 'Throw yourself on your back and you will float easily' is the usual advice a swimmer tenders to the non-swimmer. All right as far as it goes, but more often than not the non-swimmer does not find himself on his back as the result of accidental immersion. In ordinary conditions, the greater part of the body and the legs well submerged, the best thing to be done is to imitate the movements of a dog in the water, by pawing with the hands and arms in front of the body and moving the legs as if running upstairs. Sweeping movements of the arms until they are quite straight is better than short jerky strokes. It will quickly be found that steady progress through the water is made. Probably a yard or two will be sufficient to reach the side of a boat or the river-bank. The practical value of this advice over that of 'Float!' is that it encourages the immersed person to do something, and action is natural.

A normal person can also float in an upright position. But vertical floating is hardly for the accidentally-immersed, rather scared non-swimmer, especially if he is in river water, which is less buoyant than sea water. I speak of vertical swimming simply by way of emphasizing the fact that the human body is naturally buoyant, and that, unless you lose your head and help to sink yourself, there is really little danger. The more of you below the surface the easier it will be for you to float. Hence the injunction not to throw up the arms out of the water. No misgiving need be felt about the weight of one's clothing. As the clothes are inflated with the air they will assist floating for some time.



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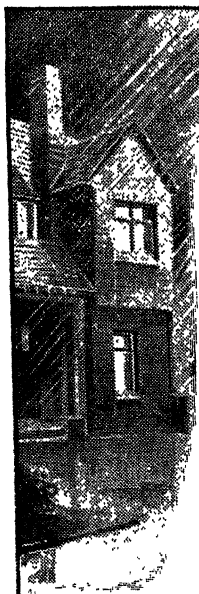
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The Garden*Autumn Crocuses*

ABOUT this time of year there arrives from the nurserymen a freshly printed catalogue, and new life comes into the garden. Or into the gardener's heart, perhaps, for in the garden there is always new growth somewhere; the heather bloom calls the bees when the cuckoo has flown to Africa and the delphiniums are grey seed-pods. But how pleasant, in the heat of July, to remember that you may plant crocuses, and see them in bloom within a few weeks of planting! That is a sense of spring in autumn which comes to me fresh and somehow unexpected year after year; I forget that I can place new colour and scent in my garden until the postman actually brings that new flower catalogue to my table. And what pleasure there is, too, in the mere reading of the descriptions of the crocuses I am to order! Here I can have a group of 'soft clear violet-blue flowers with orange stigmata', and here 'charming soft lilac flowers with scarlet stigmata, delicately scented', and here another group 'pale lilac feathered violet' – the whole printed page is an invitation. And that, of course, is what a seedman's catalogue ought to be. The Dutch bulb-growers know something of the art of catalogue-making, and sow their pages with typed blossom. They even become reminiscent and philosophical, and recommend you to buy this or that collection of bulbs because 'they it were who cheered us up during the darker days of our life. Didn't they?' But no seedsman or nurseryman, either in Holland or England, has yet realised his full opportunity. Flower catalogues ought to be compiled by a writer like Reginald Farrer, whose two volumes *The English Rock Garden* are literally an anthology. He can write of crocuses that 'once they are opened, do not know how to shut again, any more than the heart of man', and then reminds you that he is a gardener



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by writing of corms and mice. It is Farrer to whom I go in the heats of July, but only to read; for the practical business of buying I must go to the nurserymen. — E. P.

Strawberry Troubles, by E. A. Bunyard

IN field and garden alike, strawberry crops have decreased until they have often become unprofitable. Some commercial growers have turned to a more profitable crop. Already some causes of our troubles are diagnosed, and the past six months have shown that weather has had much to do with our failures. Firstly, absence of hard frost, which lifts a shallow-rooted plant like a strawberry, brought plants through the past winter in much better form than for several years. The old plan of covering the plants with straw in the late autumn was a wise garden custom which should be revived. An abundance of rain in the spring also told its tale in vigorous growth. In a dry spring, watering would certainly pay. Above all, the value of plenty of vegetable matter, such as leaf mould and straw manure is emphasised. So far culture may help us. Against pests we must take precautions. Red spider should be killed by one of the oil sprays now available, aphids may be best suppressed by a nicotine dust. The presence of a mite of the same family as the big bud mite of black currants is another probable cause of dwindling plants. A means of dealing with this may be soon found. Lastly, which should be firstly, comes the question of varieties which have a natural resistance to disease and a vigour which stands up against unsuitable weather. I find that Royal Sovereign and Sir J. Paxton retain their early merits, if free from disease, and the new comers Tardive de Leopold, and Oberschleisen are immensely vigorous and fertile, though not quite of the first quality. For the present we must leave Dr. Hogg, Viscomtesse de Thury and other distinguished invalids in the hospital and be thankful for the smaller mercies of the day.

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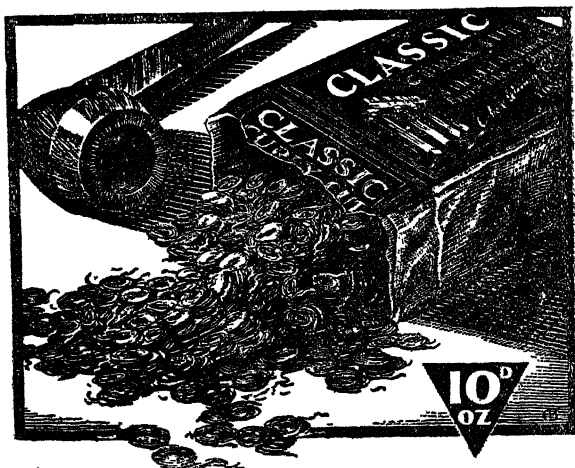
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A Little Hairy Caterpillar

MOST of us, at some time or another, have seen one of those black hairy caterpillars crossing a country road, not always the least frequented either. The other Sunday, my wife and I were walking along the motor-infested road between Maxwelltown and New Abbey, when I saw one of these active little fellows leave the grassy roadside embankment, and set out in a straight line for the other side of the road. Vehicles of all kinds were passing at intervals of a few seconds, and, being curious to know whether it were possible for him to accomplish the journey safely, I lingered to watch his progress. He gained the centre of the road without mishap. A small car then came whizzing along, at anything between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and went right over him. The wheels missed him, but the suction carried him about a foot along the road. For ten or twenty seconds he lay, apparently dazed; then he wriggled himself into position and again set out in a bee-line for his original destination. Another car appeared and a similar experience befel him, with similar results. He was now nearing the grassy bank to which he had originally directed his course, and my wife placed the point of her umbrella directly in his way. He pushed his nose up the ferrule about an eighth of an inch, then proceeded round the right side of it. My wife repeated the obstruction, and this time he passed it on the left side. The third time it happened, however, he turned directly round and made off, as we thought, in the direction whence he had come, but it was only to make a circular detour towards his first objective. Eventually he reached the bank towards which he had first set his course, no doubt with sadly frayed nerves. Now, why does this caterpillar cross a road, risking death in the process? Was it scent, intelligence or instinct that impelled him to overcome every obstacle that was placed before him? Apparently the thought of turning back never entered his head.—*W.S., Edinburgh*

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For Countrymen and Countrywomen - I 8

1. At the age of fifty-three one of our Prime Ministers found twenty-four miles 'rather too much for my stiffening limbs'. At the same age another Prime Minister wrote, 'I can claim thirty miles without finding it too much.' Who were they? - 2. 'There's that thrush again - I can't afford it - he'll run me into a pretty bill for music.' Author? - 3. 'I have seen him at his House in the Months of October & November, when the Dew was quite wet upon the Grass, within these 2 or 3 Years, go out into his Garden, & all over the Grass, without so much as an Hat on his Head, a light Silk Waistcoat, & thin Slippers not thicker than good substantial brown Paper, to feed his Poultry of all Sorts, after his Breakfast; & all this without the least Inconvenience, when I have been muffled up in a cloak & forced to change my Shoes as soon as I got into the House.' Who was this miracle of hardihood? - 4. Who wrote to his son, 'Eat as much game as you please, but I hope you will never kill any yourself, and, indeed, I think you are above any of those rustick, illiberal sports of guns, dogs and horses.' - 5. 'Out of the darkness came a wail, a terrible, mournful cry, rising and shivering away through the still night air, like the last gasping cry of a lost soul in torment. A mixture of a whine, a gasp, a spit and a howl, which startled even the hooting owls into silence.' Whose wail? - 6. What clergyman wrote as follows: 'Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles around, cart-mares shot; sows running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; all these scenes of war an Austrian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate.' [*Answers, page 461*]

SOME will say it is the doing of a certain Boy, very artfull, very fair; one that wears a Bow and little Darts; that so many



Homes are now a making. But that they will be so snugg, secure and sweetly pleasant is the doing rather of the Buoyant Chair. For in this Chair is a great Permanence, a Depth of Ease too excellent to suit with hasty Workmanship, or derive from Trash. A most kind Support as of sturdy Oakes, and more Gentlenesse than you shall find



in a mossy Laun. Where it stands near the fragrant Hearth, there is indeed the very Phane and Focus of Content. Do you then, O Boy and Girle, first ask of the Furnisher that he show you this Chair whose every Springe is sprung upon a Springe. Apt to re-create you. Most efficacious to keep Happinesse untouch't and intire!

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*'No Need to Borrow their Thoughts'**by Salfario*

ANGLERS enjoy a contentment of mind which is sometimes almost dangerous. When that contentment borders on complacency it is more than dangerous, for complacency is objectionable.

Anglers are nearly always judged by the example of that devotee of the craft who pursues the chavender or chub and other winter fish. That he is still does not mean he is inactive. It is often an effort to be still. The watcher of the float is very active in his mind, or needs to be.

To say that anglers think only of angling when they angle is easy, but is not always true. When it is not true they angle badly. Trout especially have a curious habit of rising to a fly when you have borrowed someone else's thoughts. As Walton says, there is no need to borrow the thoughts of others when you are pursuing trout. There is nothing peculiar in angling in as far as it suggests the need for concentration. I cannot imagine any sport that will allow abstraction. What is more significant and important is that when one is angling there is no wish for any other interest; it is enough for any mind.

Golf is somehow measured by a round, cricket by an innings, hunting by a run, football by a match, shooting by a drive. Angling begins with daybreak and having slipped from one hour to another is not ending when the sun has set. You cannot even measure it by a season, for the thoughts of last year join up with to-morrow's journey to a stream or loch as though there had been no winter in between.

Angling is not to be remembered by numbers or a weight. Stuffed images in glass cases are so much vanity and pride. It is sufficient in itself. It has no need to borrow, even thoughts.



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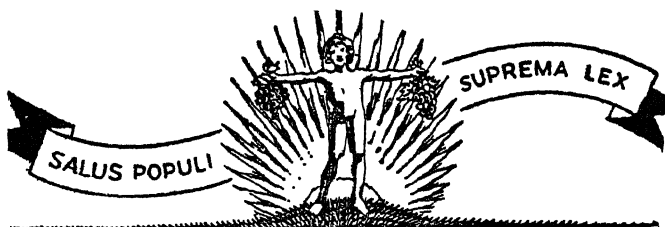
*A booklet 'Lights of Other Days' will be sent post free on request to
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the reign of Charles the First*

The Country House Aeroplane

9. — *The Autogiro*

TO many of us the most interesting thing in aeroplaning just now is the Autogiro or 'windmill' aeroplane, as it is popularly called. The trouble about aeroplanes with most people is not what they may do in the air but the rate at which they may hit the ground. The Autogiro cannot descend rapidly and it is, therefore, impossible to hit the ground on descending. The Autogiro may be conceived as an aeroplane with a parachute attached. The four blades which rotate with the forward speed of the machine, or with its downward descent, have a lifting effect which enables the machine not only to fly at very low speeds but virtually to stop and descend vertically. The Autogiro development is of particular interest to country residents, for it makes it possible for an aeroplane to land in quite a small area. A three-acre field would probably be quite sufficient. With skill it would even be possible to land on a tennis court, though this would be trick flying and would be impracticable for the private owner. More room, however, is required by the Autogiro for rising from the ground. In taking off, about thirty yards run is required. This will probably be considerably improved upon when the rotary blades are made to rotate mechanically. At present they are moved by the wind-stream set up by the propeller.

One of the virtues of the Autogiro is its extreme simplicity of handling. Although the ordinary normal flying training should be undertaken by any prospective owner, an Autogiro owner has the comforting knowledge that, however unskilful he may be, it is almost impossible for him to crash on landing. Unless he should fly directly into an obstacle, such as a house or a tree, he should always be able to get the machine down to the ground without serious damage. Even with a parachute, it is possible, if one lands awkwardly, to break a leg,



There are people who stay fresh and unruffled on a sweltering summer's day. There are people who grow tired and angry — wishing that the day were done. The only difference between the two is that the first have found the golden rule of health. To be fresh—you must be clean within. To be cool—you must be free from clogging, heating poisons. Doctors—for more than sixty years—have recommended Eno's 'Fruit Salt' as a safe and sufficient preventive for constipation. That is why wise men and women take a dash of Eno in a glass of water—before they do anything else. That is how they make the cool of the morning last all day

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but the Autogiro descends at less than the speed of a man landing by parachute. There is, therefore, a large margin for safety, and only considerable clumsiness, extending almost to stupidity, would produce any personal damage to the pilot.

The Autogiro, it should be understood, is not the same in principle as a Helicopter. The Helicopter might be described as a machine with propellers which lift it mechanically from the ground. The Autogiro obtains its lift by a combined forward and upward movement, the lift being obtained from the angle of the rotary blades as the machine travels through the air.

The inventor, Cierva, is a Spaniard. Although most of the experiments have been carried out in this country, the machine is making progress in America. The company is at present selling manufacturing rights to aeroplane and seaplane manufacturers, with a view to the fitting of rotary blades to existing designs of aeroplanes. Although the Autogiro is still in its infancy, it may be said to have outgrown the experimental stage and to be now a practical proposition for the private owner, and to no class is it of more interest than to those who are living at a distance from any aerodrome in the heart of the country.

Getting away from the Autogiro to country-house aeroplanes in general, Mr. Nigel Norman writes to us on two points. 'First, it will always be desirable to graze country house aerodromes, unless they are very heavily used. For this purpose sheep of the Scottish or Cheviot breeds are much the best stock. They are extremely intelligent and very soon learn to get away from the landing area at the sound of an aeroplane overhead. Southdown type sheep are much slower minded. Cattle are very difficult to shift, being either stolid or inquisitive, and horses are also a great nuisance owing to the fact that they move very quickly and one cannot rely on their staying at the edge. My second point is that I see many private aerodromes which have obviously been laid out without the assistance of any experienced advice.'

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*Local Government and Administration*2. *J.P.s and J.P.s*

IT would be a great pity if the plea which is made from time to time to appoint stipendiaries for petty sessions were to gain force. It means expenditure, and it means doing away with a system of administering justice, which, on the whole, works well. An enlightened painstaking Bench, with a good chairman, is an admirable English device for considering the facts in petty cases and for fixing penalties. It usually acts with some knowledge of rural human nature. Much necessarily depends on the chairman, as I have said, or the clerk, and on the tone of the court. A good superintendent of police is an asset. But, ordinarily, matters proceed at petty sessions in a way that will bear the intelligent foreigner's inspection. There are Benches, however, where an improvement might well be made. Sometimes the chairman is opinionated or set in old ways. Sometimes he gives heed to colleagues who are of that character. It is well worth while considering whether there should not be a limit of age for chairmen both of petty and quarter sessions. Another thing worth attention is the way in which some Benches are stocked with justices who are overwhelmingly of one political party, or with justices who have ceased to be resident in the county or to attend regularly. Why should they not be removed? For one thing, their presence prevents the admission of new blood. The powers that have the appointment of new justices say that there are enough justices for that Bench. Then it is desirable to consider whether there is not a tendency for some Benches to regard themselves as a punishing machine only. Undoubtedly there are times when the right word in season from the Bench would be helpful. Such obvious improvements as not using the dock, unless absolutely necessary, and utilizing to the full the services of the probation officer, have been made in many courts. But there are still petty

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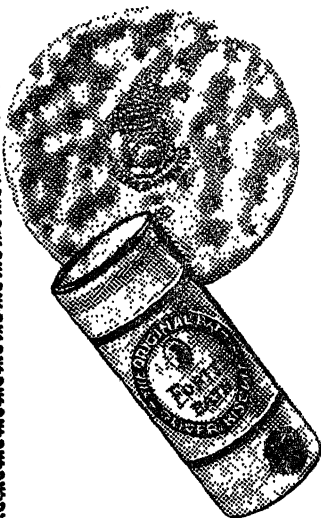


sessions in which a woman can be severely cross-examined in the most intimate way without any woman being present in the body of the court. Obviously the woman constable or some respectable matron ought to be brought into court and asked to sit beside the woman who is to give evidence, and the number of women justices might be increased. At one local bench I saw and heard justice perfectly administered by one man and one woman J.P. At another bench there sat with the chairman two women magistrates, and things went well. — *B.*

Probation

THE year 1830, writes Lord Feversham to us, saw young lads whipped at the cart's tail for petty offences, and offenders, who stole from a dwelling house articles valued at more than forty shillings, hanged. 1930 found delinquents charged with similar offences accorded the beneficent but disciplinary investigation of a juvenile court and often treated by committal to a kindlier guardianship in a more favourable environment. Has a greater change in thought and outlook occurred in any other department of our social life? Yet the incidence of crime has materially decreased, in the country as in the town, as humanitarian principles have been brought to bear. I would draw the attention of country Benches to the fact that probation offers the most economical plan for corrective treatment, for it spares the taxpayer the heavy costs of correctional institutions, while it allows the greatest latitude for treatment of individual behaviour problems under normal conditions of life. For eighteen years the National Association of Probation Officers has done useful work. Lately, by the generosity of Mrs. William Carrington, 18,000 copies of the journal, 'Probation' have been dispatched to magistrates and justices' clerks. The Home Office is actively sympathetic. We will gladly provide any probation committee with lectures and literature.' Address: 29 Great James Street, W.C. 1.

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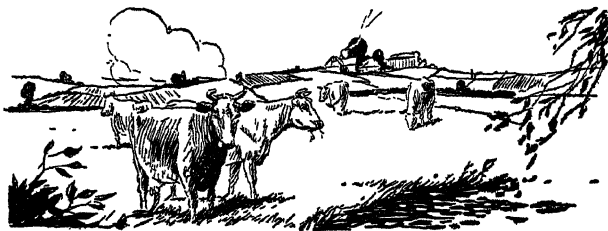
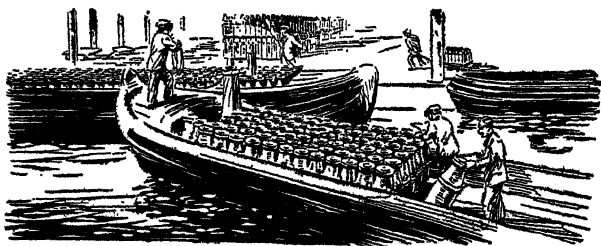
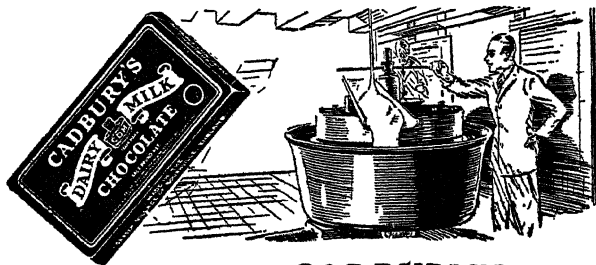
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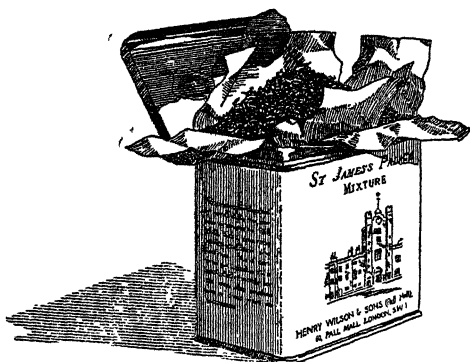
WHEN travelling I avoid hotels and public-houses, mainly for reasons of economy though there are some country innkeepers whose prices for food and lodging seem quite inadequate to leave them any profit. Three-and-six I have been charged in Lincolnshire for a supper of bread and cheese, apple-pie and a pint of porter, an excellent bed and breakfast. But quite half of the village landlords to whom one applies will have nothing to do with casual comers who arrive late, and say either 'Full up' or 'Don't put up strangers here'. In a private lodging-house or temperance hotel one will get beef-steak and strong tea for supper, an airless bedroom, and breakfast in company with a suffocating paraffin stove; and then be offered the visitors' book, in which to write, 'Home from home'. But the worst thing about inns is that one can never get away soon enough in the morning. My own plan is to travel by bicycle, starting as soon as may be after daybreak, and not beginning to look for lodgings till dusk. A strong carrier on the back holds the tools of my trade, together with tooth brush, razor and such extra clothes as may be needed, a wholemeal loaf, butter and cheese, and often a pot of honey, which (as David found when pursuing the Philistines) is a reviving food. I don't believe in carrying things on one's back; it is unnecessarily tiring, especially in the rain. For sleeping out, I tried carrying a tent, of the two-poled ex-Army kind, called a 'one-man bivy'. But this made a rather awkward load. After that I bought a grey Army blanket for 4s. 6d. but it was inadequate when the nights were cold, and so I used another one inside it. These went quite well on the carrier with the other luggage, and I usually slept in barns and sheds. The floor of a waggon lined with straw is a particularly comfortable bed. It is draught-proof, and has the advantage of being out of reach of rats and other animals. Not all barns are so

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comfortable, nor so well provided with hay or straw, as one might be inclined to imagine. One may have to be content with a collection of musty sacks, or a few inches of hay on a substratum of cobbled floor. Once, at a barn where they had been threshing, there was no choice but to sleep on a surface composed of the tied-up mouths of sacks of grain, which were piled two sacks deep over the whole floor of the barn. I may have been unlucky but I have found the shelters which farmers provide to house their fruit pickers or extra harvesters wretched, with the wind lifting and drumming the corrugated iron roof. Oast-houses are nearly always well-built and comfortable; so are mills, though they may be dusty. To sleep in cow-houses is said to be particularly wholesome. The romantic pleasure of sleeping under haystacks is usually attended with severe cramps. But, given a fairly good night, nothing is more delicious than to wake up among the fields and trees, in the twilight of a mid-summer dawn. I have said nothing of those lodgings which, out of the kindness of their hearts, householders sometimes give to benighted travellers. Sometimes these are much better than sleeping out; occasionally they are worse. My contention is that travelling is interesting in proportion as it is cheap. Also it is necessary to have some sort of objective. If it brings in money or secures employment in casual jobs, so much the better; but if one is not particularly interested in something or in everything one had better stop at home. Finally, have enough food, clothes and blankets to keep warm, don't occupy premises nor light fires or matches without the owner's consent and never sleep in newly-made hay.



‘O V E R here also,’ writes an American reader, ‘we have “howlers” illustrating the townsman’s unacquaintance with the country. For example, a schoolboy, who had heard of alfalfa but had not quite got the word, recorded that “in California they irritate the soil and raise alpaca”.’



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who smokes two or three
pipes in succession

There are so few tobaccos which remain sweet and fragrant when your pipe is refilled while the wood is still hot. St. James's Palace Mixture, which does not contain Latakia, is particularly suitable for the man who smokes two or three pipes in succession. Fine tobaccos from Virginia and Kentucky blended with a semi-light leaf from the sun-drenched fields of Africa make it a delightfully cool and non-biting smoke. Piquancy is obtained by the final addition of two choice tobaccos from Macedonia.

Indoors or out – a thoroughly satisfying smoke.

HENRY WILSON & SONS

60, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

*Importers of Choice Cigars and Makers of Fine Cigarettes
and sole Blenders of St. James's Palace Mixture*



Tail Corn

OUR 'Young Bill', in collaboration with Miss Joyce Johnson, has invented a new 'Alphabet' of freak animals for children called 'The Funnizoo'. The 'zoo', we find from a specimen Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have sent us, consists of twenty-six extremely comical animals on postcards ready to be coloured, with the life story in rhyme beneath each portrait. A box of paints completes a present that every town and country child will be happy to receive, and that parents and uncles will find amazingly cheap at 4s. 6d.

'THERE'S two nests!' burst out the young Cockney maid at the country house to a visitor. 'I think they're sparrers. It's all just like a Christmas card.'

LITTLE GIRL: 'I think when I go to Heaven I'd like to take a cow.' Mother: 'But cows are not allowed in Heaven.' Little Girl: 'Who has to go down to Hell for the milk?'

'I 'OPE he'll be more pop'lar like than the last one,' said the verger, talking about the new rector to a visitor. Then, noticing on the visitor's face no expression of approval, he added, 'If that could possibly be, Sir.'

WITH their exhilarating periodical 'Modern Man', - scandalously distributed for nothing - Messrs Austin Reed persuade us that we have not to our back a shirt or anything else that matters much. That is all right, but to break in on our guileless hamlet life with the puzzle that goes with it, a puzzle provided with dice - DICE! Now Messrs. Phillips merely asked to be allowed to apply their Duragrip soles and heels to our editorial shoes. It was a job of a workmanliness to delight in. We at once walked five miles, and when we came back, threw one leg over the other with an air.

What is Good Advertising?

ADVERTISING is good only when its results are good. Its excellence is in strict proportion to its earning power.

Competition is so intense to-day that no business man can afford to be satisfied with advertising that is 'seen but not heard.'

The point is worth emphasising. It is dangerously easy to judge advertising by other than essential standards. By size, for instance; by appearance; by momentary enthusiasm for a clever phrase or picture.

An advertisement may have all these qualities and still lack that vital persuasiveness which directly influences sales.

We believe that modern business urgently needs the compulsive, energising power of 'productive' advertising, and every resource of our organisation is directed to its creation.

That is one reason why, in a year of depression, we have been privileged to handle more business for our clients than at any other time in our thirty years of experience.

We invite correspondence from a few more national advertisers who want to make their advertising pay.

SPOTTISWOODE, DIXON & HUNTING LTD.

Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising

REGENT HOUSE, KINGSWAY

LONDON, W.C.2



A READER's father remembered when there was so little traffic in the City that grass grew in Old Broad Street.

'MORE than once', writes a Sussex reader, 'I've heard a cottage woman refer to the birth of a first child as "my first obedience". The connection between this and the "love, honour, and obey" is sufficiently striking.'

ONE George Ashley, who died recently at Toddington, Glos., knew more than most about fruit and vegetable growing. He was a devoted ringer of church bells and hand bells, and his fellow ringers, complying with his request, played sacred tunes on hand bells by his open grave.

IN reference to the review in the last number of THE COUNTRYMAN of the memoirs of a Somerset rector-



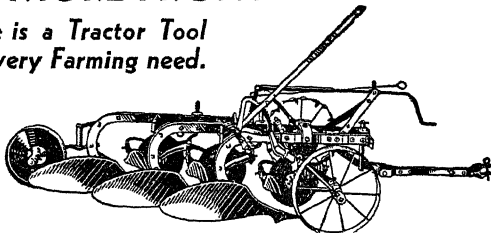
A SCAREHAWK

antiquary, John Skinner (1772-1839), the editor of the 'Scottish Farmer' writes to us that it prompted him to look up the poems of another John Skinner (1721-1807), the Aberdeenshire poet-parson, who after seven years of failure at farming, wrote on giving up his farm (1765) that he had

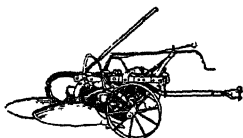
. . . Now resolved another course to try:
 Sell corn and cattle off; pay every man;
 Get rid of debt and duns as fast's I can:
 Give up the farm with all its wants, and then
 Why even take me to the book and pen,
 The fittest trade I find, for clergymen.

TRACTOR FARMING IS THE KEY TO MORE PROFITABLE FARMING

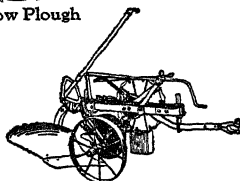
*There is a Tractor Tool
for every Farming need.*



Oliver No. 83 Three Furrow Plough



Oliver No. 8A Two Furrow Plough.



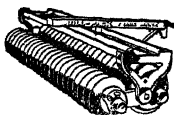
Oliver No. 134 Single Furrow Plough.



Oliver Tractor Cultivator.



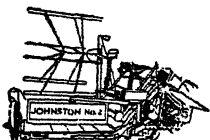
Oliver Tractor Disc Harrow.



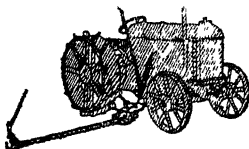
Tractor Roll Pack.



Superior Tractor Seed Drill.



Johnston No. 2 Binder.



Junior Mower.

Good Implements make Good Farming Better.

Please write for "Profitable Tractor Partners" to ALFRED DUGDALE, Ltd., HENDON, N.W.9

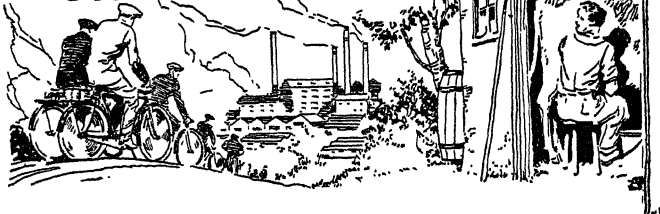
The Changing Outlook in Agriculture
by A Student

I AM glad to hear that Mr. Harald Faber, who has retired from his position of Agricultural Commissioner for Denmark, after no fewer than forty-three years' service, during which he has so often earned the gratitude of students of his country's agriculture, is engaged on a second edition of his excellent *Co-operation in Denmark*. Denmark, because of its high standard of living, is badly hit by world conditions, but it is not without knowledge that the Danes rely on their remarkable co-operative organisation to bring them through the anxieties of to-day and to-morrow.

WHY do so many advocates of this or that agricultural policy talk or write as if it were necessary to have only one kind of agriculture in England? Set a man down anywhere in England, and frequently a ten mile walk will put him on a different soil and in sight of a different kind of agriculture. Set him down in America, and it is quite likely that he will have to go a hundred miles to find anything very different. People talk as if a wheat policy was necessarily antagonistic to live-stock farming, 'Down-corn-up-horn'. They forget our variations of soil and rainfall. In our country there are many bottom fields and river valleys, where, as Mr. Baldwin said of the Severn fields below his home, the plough has never been. But there is much land that will grow wheat. Not half our soil is fit for small holdings and market gardening. Some of our counties have forty inches of rain per year, some barely twenty. Some are all flat, some all hills.

A spring letter from a farmer reader who, after being doubtful about tractors, has gone in for one: 'So far I am very pleased with the tractor. It has rolled my grass as it was never rolled before, for about 4*d.* per acre in fuel, and of course the carter and horses have been pushing on with other work.'

Keep the young men on the Farm



A TIMELY WARNING TO FARMERS

MR. JOHN BEARD, President of the Workers' Union Group of the Transport and General Workers' Union, addressing members of the Central Chamber of Agriculture in London on the 5th May, is reported to have said:

'Your young men are leaving you. When the first burst of good trade comes you will not have a young man left on your farms.'

Be Prepared and install an

ALFA-LAVAL MILKING MACHINE

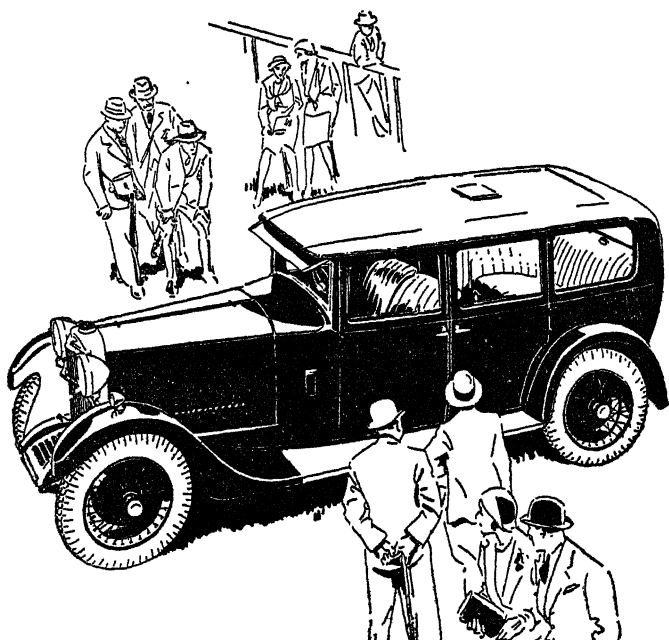
Full particulars from

**ALFA-LAVAL COMPANY, LTD.,
34 Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1
(Victoria 7174-5-6)**

Also makers of the world-famous ALFA-LAVAL Cream Separators and ALFA Steamers and Churns

PEOPLE who have the notion that England is the only country where it ever rains in harvest need to be told that the rainfall of the La Plata province in the Argentine, during the harvest months of 1930-1, was thirty-one inches. Yet combines proved the best means of harvesting in one of the wettest harvests ever known. Last year, combines cut some 1,200 acres in England. This year the number of combines working will be at least doubled. Further demonstrations are to be made by the Ministry of Agriculture in the eastern counties. In fact, the idea that overseas methods of wheat growing are impossible in England is being challenged. One difficulty is to find the money for combines. Implement entries at the Royal Show are down considerably, some firms having taken less space than ever before. Sir William Crookes forecasted a world shortage of wheat, becoming serious in 1931, and said that only the chemist would save us from starvation. Wheat has been this year at its lowest price for 700 years, yet the great exporting countries use practically no chemical manures, with the single exception of Australia, which uses superphosphate and not the nitrogen which Crookes postulated as necessary. The excellent series of *Wheat Studies*, published at regular intervals by the Food Research Institute, Stanford University, California (prospectus from P. S. King & Co., 14 Great Smith Street S.W.1), can be commended to all serious students of the wheat problem.

Now that Imperial Chemical Industries, which has done agriculture so many good turns, is inclined to ginger up the anti-grey squirrel campaign, the case for which was stated in the last issue of *THE COUNTRYMAN*, the plague of the 'tree-climbing rat' is likely to be diminished. I have been assured that already game-keepers are killing grey squirrels, which are held to 'infest 14,000 square miles', by 'hundreds and hundreds', and that last year immense numbers were killed in Windsor Great Park. The value of a skin is fourpence.



The 20 h.p. Sunbeam is a car of very exceptional merit. The outstanding performance of its finely balanced engine, the easy manipulation of its twin-top gear box, the smoothness and security of its brakes—these features are matched by the distinctive lines of Sunbeam coachwork. A distinction most emphatically proclaimed by the appearance and obvious quality of the 20 h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon. The design combines beauty and comfort; the construction is of the finest materials; the finish as perfect as extreme care can make it. This saloon seats five persons in complete comfort. There are three Sunbeam models, the 16 h.p., 20 h.p. and 25 h.p., with the latest designs in coachwork, at prices from £550 to £1250. Dunlop tyres

The model illustrated is the 20 h.p. six-cylinder five-seater coachbuilt Saloon, £775

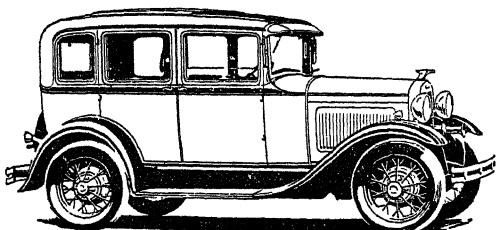
SUNBEAM CARS

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON
London Showrooms, 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1

Catering for Blackbirds

HERE, twenty minutes from Piccadilly by Tube, are many houses. A little more than five years ago there were green fields with hedgerows and rambling lanes and a farm where the station is now. And there were birds, many birds. They will not leave. Two blackbirds have built a nest in our garden! Few of the gardens have a proper place for blackbirds. Our's has, and in it they have had water and much food. Our family is divided against itself in consequence. Curiously divided; stealthily so. I have twice been caught gazing out of the window, watching the two gallant birds at work. Three times I have seen my mother-in-law staring, with a murderous look on her face, at the corner which is their home. My wife has taken to putting bread right down among the apple trees, which means a hop, skip and a jump for the birds – no more. From which you will see how this wretched division has arranged itself. It is my wife, two blackbirds and myself against my mother-in-law. And it is her garden, because she does all the work in it. Moreover she bought the fruit trees, the currant bushes, the raspberry canes, things that make a blackbirds' paradise. She says that it is because of the fruit that these birds have chosen this corner for their nest. To which I unwisely reply, 'Of course! If you'd nothing but rhubarb in your garden do you think two wise birds like those would have nested in it?' She says they should have chosen some one else's garden. I reply that no one else has a proper bush in a proper corner. She suggests that in a few weeks time there will be six blackbirds and look at the damage they will do. I reply that they can have all my share of the fruit and berries.

Last evening, just after six – nearly dark, after a day with Spring in it – we were sitting with the windows slightly open. There was a whistle and its answering echo. Then a flood of notes which staccatoed like a challenge. The notes



*The New Ford 24 h.p. De Luxe Fordor Saloon,
£225 at works, Manchester (14.9 h.p., £5 extra)*

In the Great Outdoors

The qualities which made the New FORD an immediate, pronounced success among urban dwellers are just as strong in appeal to wiser folk, who prefer to breathe clean, untainted air.

Comfort, dependability, economy, efficiency, permanent presentability, and real inexpensiveness of maintenance in first-class fettle are combined, at their utmost, in the New FORD

PRICES
24 H.P.
f r o m
£180 to £225
(14.9 h.p.
£5 extra)

LINCOLN



Fordson

AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

88, Regent Street, London, W.1 :: Trafford Park, Manchester

became more plaintive—in a while they almost pleaded; then were loaded with entreaty. A few reminder calls, or so they seemed, and then there was a silence charged with possibilities. Mother laid down her book, took off her specs and looked at me stern-faced. ‘Do you think’, said she, ‘you could find the time and take the trouble to arrange some wood so that cats cannot get at that nest?’ I am going to do my best!—*C.S.L.*



THE SOUTH. — A word from Surrey. This is my first experience of these pines and deep lanes, and I have to get used to the softened air. Our beloved north is stuff of a sterner kind. The hush of the woods is delicious and of a quality to kindle the imagination. It is all very, very beautiful. Yet my perverse heart yearns for the tyranny of the rainy, wind-swept fells, bracing and satisfying. Three out of our group of five take *THE COUNTRYMAN*.—*Hillside*

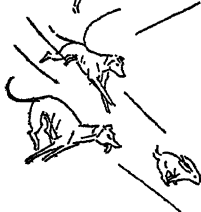
FOX AND TERRIER.—In walking with a fox terrier in the New Forest, where fox cubs had been seen at play, the vixen, who had been out foraging apparently, suddenly appeared out of the heather. Rushing at Jock, she drove him away, pursuing him quite ferociously, head down and brush streaming out straight behind her. When she stopped, Jock turned about and chased her to within a foot or two of the entrance to the earth, when she faced about again and chased him off. This behaviour of the two was repeated several times. Jock was the first to tire. The vixen retreated to a ridge, just above the earth, where she lay motionless watching in the heather, invisible except for her little pointed ears sharply silhouetted against the deep blue of the evening sky.—*D. H. Dean*

One day in April we saw a fox terrier bitch give chase to a fox. After a while the fox sat down and looked at his pursuer, who stopped. Then the fox advanced towards her, evidently disposed to be friendly.—*Editor*

The car for all purposes..



*pleasure, business or
utility*



ALTHOUGH it serves as a utility vehicle when occasion demands, the pleasing appearance and complete equipment of the MORRIS COWLEY Five-door Saloon make it the ideal car for pleasure or business purposes.

Conversion from pleasure to utility vehicle is the work of a few moments. Just lift out the quickly detachable upholstery and the entire body space behind the front seats is available for the transport of impedimenta of any description. A wide, rear-panel door makes loading easy and when closed is entirely unobtrusive.

If your car must serve all purposes... choose the MORRIS COWLEY Five-door Saloon.

PRICE

Complete with Triplex
Glass and Chromium
Finish

£199

(ex works)

**MORRIS
FIVE DOOR SALOON**

MORRIS MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

BUY BRITISH AND



BE PROUD OF IT

Dorland

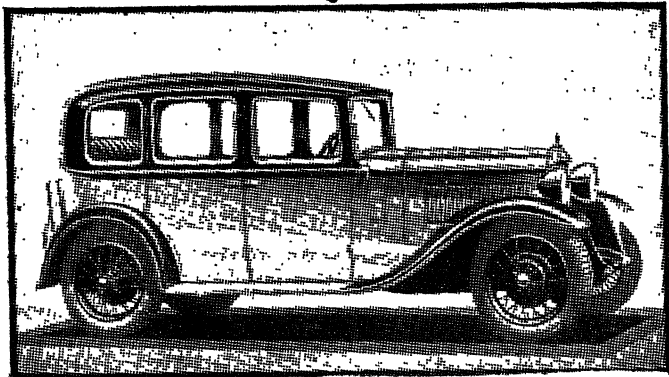
The Collector - 10. Bottles and Scales

OLD glass bottles, square, round, large and small have the attraction of craftsmanship and the quality of raw metal. Amber glass bottles in particular, as well as the old bottle-green should be sought for. From the earlier bottles of Queen Anne's time the cut glass decanters of Waterford and Bristol were evolved. Who knows? Perhaps the present day collector of such trifles may be storing up forms and shapes for posterity. Examples of kitchen scales range from the small 'apothecary sets' to those which inherit all the features of the mediaeval steel yards. The pursuit of such things is extremely fascinating, and the collector may chance upon a pair of scales complete with the original weights. The beauty of a pair of steel scales lies in the delicacy of the arms, the ornamental top of the centre support and the perfect workmanship of the copper scoops. Let the collector test the balance and he will find the antique specimen quite accurate. In addition there are the small spring balance hooks and the great scales used by grocers and corn chandlers.

*Help in Time of Need*

I WAS cycling down a steep hill carrying a basket of eggs on my handlebar. My knee knocked against the basket, and every one of the eggs was thrown out and liquified. The bicycle flung me headlong on the road and raced to the bottom of the hill. A thin, scared woman, who had witnessed the accident, addressed me, 'You've fallen off your bicycle, have you?' 'Yes,' I said as I rubbed first a knee and then one sore hand against the other, 'would you like a dozen eggs?' 'Did you say "cake"?' she asked. 'No, eggs!' I yelled. She made no reply but went into her cottage and shut the door!

This satisfying tale from L. J. B., who will please send his address, earns the prize in our 'Queerest Thing I ever Heard in the Country' competition.—EDITOR



THE AUSTIN COACHBUILT "TWELVE-SIX"

What *IS* the NEW MOTORING ?

It is the kind of motoring which Austin has made possible to thousands by introducing a full-sized six-cylinder saloon, completely equipped, at the astonishing price of £198.

For the new Austin Twelve-Six brings to you not only splendid coachwork, but smooth, six-cylinder performance at no greater cost than you have previously paid for a four-cylinder car, while running costs are remarkably low.

The more carefully you consider the Twelve-Six, the deeper will become your conviction that no other cars either British or foreign, has yet offered motoring of this kind at this cost. See your Austin dealer.

The Austin Twelve-Six, upholstered in fine-looking cloth. Adjustable bucket seats. Triplex glass, chromium finish and five Dunlop tyres standard. Wheelbase 8' 10". Track 4' 2" Tax £14.

£198

(At Works)

AUSTIN



READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE : FOURPENCE EVERY MONTH

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven : 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Showrooms and Service Station : Holland Park Hall, W.11.

The Countryman's Wireless and Gramophone*5. — On Choosing Portables*

AT this time of year, when portable gramophones are an acceptable present either to oneself or to other people, it will be useful to note down some of the features which one ought to look for in choosing. As far as the purity of tone is concerned, you alone can be the judge of what you like. Look at the case carefully; ask specially whether it is waterproof and guaranteed to stand a reasonable amount of weather. Many of the cheaper portable gramophones look sorry for themselves after a shower. Look out for the finish of the corners and the lock. See that the hinges are substantial. One does not wish to cast any reflections on the integrity of gramophone dealers but it is possible that the gramophone you want to buy has been demonstrated a good many times. Insist on a brand new model from stock with the maker's guarantee. A reasonable test of the motor in a gramophone is to play a really 'heavy' 12-inch record right through and listen, especially on the loud passages, for any signs of the motor pulling up, which would be indicated by a drooping in pitch, especially toward the end of the record. Make sure, too, that the turntable is absolutely level while it revolves, and that there is no sign of that irritating periodic rub which is sometimes apparent when the turntable is not true. A wobble on the turntable is quite capable of producing a wobble in the pitch of the reproduction which you might not notice in the excitement of buying an instrument, but which will be maddening when you listen to it in the quiet of your own home. Take great care that you know all about how to grease the motor, and the right kind of greases to use. If you place your ear on the edge of the case when the motor is revolving you will very soon be able to hear if the motor is in good condition or not. You should hear nothing more than a slight purr. If there is a periodic



4-valve S.G.
Portable Set
37/- DOWN
remainder in
monthly instal-
ments, or
CASH PRICE
17 Guineas

3 - Valve All-
Mains Set
39/- DOWN
CASH PRICE
19 Guineas

ON the dial of the Murphy are marked the actual station wave-lengths found in any daily paper.

You turn the dial to whichever station you want, and—there it is—the programme coming in delightfully clear and loud.

I have designed the Murphy so that *anyone* can use it. A little child can tune it quite easily.

There is only one tuning control. Selectivity is ample for cutting out Regional Stations.

Ask your usual Wireless dealer for particulars

Frank Murphy

B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.I. Rad. E.
Chartered Elect. Engineer

MURPHY RADIO

MURPHY RADIO, LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS
Telephone: Welwyn Garden 331 M.C.24

whirring noise, it indicates a condition which may get worse and for which there is no other alternative than a definite repair and replacement of certain parts. When you have bought your gramophone and begin to use it, treat it kindly. Make quite certain it is level while you are playing it. Don't leave it open when it is not in use, and don't try to cram too many records into the holder! I should add that when buying a portable gramophone you should buy a well-known make, and pay a reasonable price, four to six guineas.

6. — *Wireless*

It has been truly said that a gramophone gives you what you want to hear and a wireless set gives you what somebody else wants you to hear. But that need not be so if you have a portable for the summer which has a reasonable overseas range. One of the most satisfactory portable instruments — it is not a suitcase instrument but quite definitely portable — is the Murphy Type B₄, which has a growing reputation in technical circles as a first-class engineering job with an excellent performance. Two other good portables are the Marconiphone Type 55 and the McMichael Screen Grid Suitcase Portable. It is rumoured that the new H.M.V. model will be far ahead of the present one. One can buy portables from the astonishing price of five guineas upwards, but it might almost be said that the amount of trouble one experiences with one's portable radio is in inverse ratio to the price one pays for it. The case-work, whether of the suitcase or upright type, is even more important in radio instruments than in gramophones, since the slightest trace of damp will seriously affect the electrical apparatus within. Enquire first, after examining it generally, how long the high tension and low tension battery can be expected to last under normal use. Many portables are devastatingly greedy with their batteries and can prove a considerable expense in upkeep. A portable radio should not consume more than



is a title well-earned by the EMG, the Hand-made gramophone.

Deep in the country and in places more remote abroad, the EMG is the treasured possession of men and women who appreciate music; for the EMG alone provides enduring pleasure by reason of the really satisfying fidelity of its reproduction, the complete absence of that feeling of the 'mechanical' usually associated with gramophones, and its utter reliability in service.

The EMG is unique among gramophones for it is made for the few, yet it costs no more than an ordinary gramophone. Made with musical reproduction the first and only consideration, it yet contrives to be beautiful. The cabinet work is of the finest character and relies principally upon the cunning choice of woods for its decoration.

No large amount of advertising is done, nor is it necessary. We sell direct to the customer only, and every customer invariably sends his friends to EMG.

We should like to send you details of the EMG gramophones — they range in price from £12 12s. od. to £48. All are designed to play with fibre needles which save record wear and give reproduction unsurpassed by any other medium.

*A
complete and
expert postal
service for every
gramophone
need*

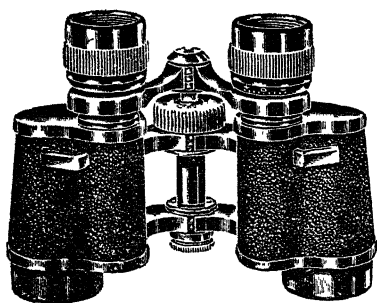


E.M.G. HANDMADE GRAMOPHONES Ltd.

Grape Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 2

Telephone Temple Bar 6458

about 10 to 12 milliamperes from the dry battery and $\frac{3}{4}$ ampere from the accumulator. That will give a reasonable working life without the necessity of recharging the accumulator or buying a new dry battery. Look carefully to see that all the components, especially the batteries, are snugly stowed away. Some manufacturers of the larger sets have a habit of installing batteries which do not fit the compartments made for them and making up the difference in space by anything from cotton-wool to corrugated cardboard. A portable radio depends for its action on the fact that it can be moved so that it will point in the direction of the station it is desired to receive. If the model you decide to buy is not fitted with a turntable, get one. Do not expect a portable radio to be at its best in a dealer's shop. Ask him to demonstrate it in your own home or any other place that you select, and he will probably be only too glad to do so. Before he leaves you, make quite sure you thoroughly understand the controls, and make a point of asking him the things you ought not to do as well as those which you should do, for however perfect the design of a portable radio instrument is, there are still a good many 'don'ts' to be remembered. Although instruments are advertised as being robust and thoroughly portable, treat them with the care and consideration with which you would use a clock or any other piece of delicate apparatus. Generally it is quite possible to buy a canvas cover for the instrument, a most valuable accessory, which prevents damage to the case, and more important still, can be slipped over the instrument if a shower comes on or if it is to be stored in a place which is not so dry as it might be. While you cannot expect any portable radio set to give you the volume which a console or table model radio will give, do not tolerate any sign of rattle in the loud-speaker of any instrument you are trying out at a reasonable volume. A good portable should give reasonable volume without the distressing rattle or distortion which is so often met in cut-priced 'junk' receivers.

**READ THIS TESTIMONIAL:**

'I have received your Faria Freres X8 Binoculars . . . and find them ideal for general use, they are in every way splendid. I can distinctly read the time of our town clock at a distance of approx. 3½ miles and I have no hesitation in saying that for the price they are offered they are an extremely good quality glass and truly a bargain.'

L. T. R., Kettering

Price including leather case **57s.6d.** Five days' approval against cash

DOLLOND
AND
AITCHISON
LTD
ESTD.
1750



TRADE
MARK

Latest models in Reflex and Press Cameras bought for cash. Modern Microscopes, Astronomical Telescopes and Zeiss Instruments wanted for cash or exchange. Wide range of catalogues including 64 page Bargain List post free anywhere. Please state requirements.

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28 Old Bond St. W.1
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W.C.
2 Northumberland
Avenue, W.C.2
E.C.
121 Cheapside, E.C.2
2 Angel Court,
Throgmorton St., E.C.2
140 Fenchurch St., E.C.3
35 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4
S.W.
35 Brompton Rd., S.W.3

KINGSTON

30/32 Thames St.

CROYDON

12 George St.

LIVERPOOL

73 Lord St.

LEEDS

37 Bond St.

CANTERBURY

38 High St.

CHEL TENHAM

114 Promenade

SALISBURY

17 & 19 Catherine St.

WANTED

Our Growing Knowledge of Birds - 2

THERE is not a quarter in which there is not published one or more books adding to our knowledge of birds. Since the last issue of *THE COUNTRYMAN* three books of particular value have come out. *Bird Life in Devon* by Walmesley White (Cape, pp. 256, 7s. 6d.), which has a dozen close-ups and a preface by T. A. Coward, is full of first-hand observation. The author wonders, as many of us have wondered, about the luck that gannets have when they fish in rough weather. 'A tremendous south-easter was blowing' and 'the sea was a mass of white crests', but near the shore two dozen gannets were fishing. 'It seemed utterly ridiculous to imagine that a bird could see anything in such a furious sea, and yet is it to be supposed that they dived on the mere chance of finding food?' The question whether the female woodlark sings has been discussed. Mr. White is convinced that she does, 'though in tones less rich than those of the cock bird'. (The novice may distinguish the woodlark by noticing that it ascends in spirals.) Observation of the larder of a red-backed shrike at 6.30 p.m.: 'Corpse of a wren (minus the head), leg and wing of a great tit, wing of a blue tit, two chestnut-tailed bumble-bees and a cockchafer.' Next day at 5.30 p.m., the previous day's joints having disappeared: 'heads of three field voles, half the body and tail of one ditto, two more chestnut-tailed bumble-bees and two small shrew mice.' Writing about swallows, the author tells how one October, when there had been a sudden frost, 'hundreds' of swallows took refuge in a cottage which had been left vacant for the day only. On the question of birds singing away from their nests: 'I have found individuals of many species possessing several singing stations, one or two of which were as much as 200 yards distant.' Mr. White has seen an adder coiled round a nest and taking nestlings. He has also met a herring gull that 'used to warm itself at the fire between the cat and dog' and had 'been coming

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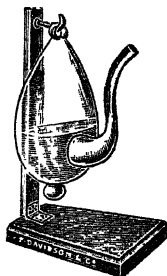
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to the cottage for twenty years.' Among the illustrations is one of the fierce tiercel peregrine, in remarkable contrast to another of the same bird tenderly feeding its young.— In *Bird Life in England*, by John Kearton (Philip Allan, pp. 249, 12s. 6d.) we have four dozen illustrations, of excellent quality, of birds at home. None is more noteworthy than the series of fifteen showing a blackbird every day from its cracking egg to the afternoon when it was ready to fly away, that is, the growth from hatching to flight in a fortnight. One day the author kept a nest of starlings in view. The first meal was brought at 5.3 a.m. and the last at 9 p.m., feeding being done on the average thirty times an hour. The nestlings must have consumed in the day their own weight in food. The length to which Mr. Kearton's enthusiasm for close observation goes may be illustrated from his relations with a robin: 'At the end of a few days I had so established myself in his confidence that he would alight on the bridge of my nose to take a meal-worm from my tilted forehead.' Mr. Kearton has seen a thrush teaching its offspring to smash a snail-shell. First the mother operated, then she passed the victim to the youngster who proceeded to practise her method. On the problem of the utility of wrens' 'cock' nests, Mr. Kearton says, 'though I have often examined them at night, winter and summer, I have never discovered a wren sleeping in one.' As curious an observation as any was the following: 'At a small pond we were watching house-martins wheeling over the water, every now and then pitching on the edge to secure beakfuls of mud for the plaster of their nests under the eaves of a near-by house. At the same time a number of dragon-flies were also darting and hovering over the pond. Just after one of the birds had secured a cargo of mud, along came one of the insects and started what appeared to be a pursuit. Every time the house-martin turned, the insect, which was only about six inches behind, did likewise. This chase was kept up back and forth across the pond for about ten seconds, until the bird finally

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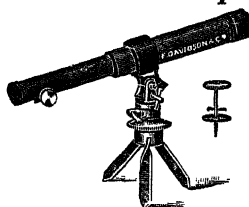
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flew off, and the fly came back to the water. Whether the insect was angered by the presence of an intruder on its domain, or pursued the bird in a spirit of playfulness, it is impossible to say.' Two sections of this painstaking book, 'Birds in the Garden' and 'Birds in the Neighbourhood of London', are of particular interest to dwellers in Outer Suburbia.—In *The Intelligence of Animals* by Frances Pitt (Allen and Unwin, pp. 320, 15s.) there are three chapters on the effects of domestication on the mallard and four noteworthy chapters on pea-fowl. All are composed of watchers' notes, and illustrated by careful photographs. These include unusual pictures of peacocks fighting, showing one of the birds clear of the ground. The tale of how the author brought up bereaved pea-chicks by stuffing the dead mother is worth reading. They were perfectly satisfied.



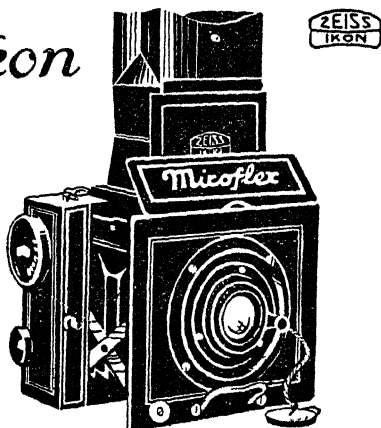
Schoolmistressing

A village schoolmistress had had to cane eight young hopefuls. Next day they turned up with gifts: (1) Glass jar with small quantity of treacle (for some small experiment hinted at in the previous day's lesson). (2) A bow and arrow, the bow bound with red flannel 'for where you puts your hand'. (3) Arrow of Neolithic pattern, 'like you said'. (4) Daffodil. (5) Hyacinth. (6) Moss with snail shells adhering. (7) A new indiarubber. (8) A page of voluntary homework—two sums right, one wrong. 'Absolutely no malice in a single heart. Time was somehow found to make them a gaudy target, and they are now busy killing one another in trying to hit the bull's eye.' Later.—'I've just wrenched Goulding and Attridge apart. Clashed in deadly combat because Goulding had 100 up when it was Attridge's turn to shoot. Replay, with referee, gave 10 versus 10. Loud derision from the crowd.'

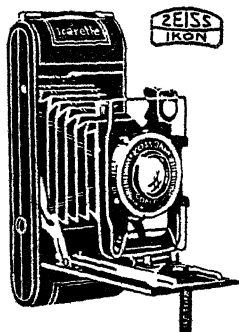
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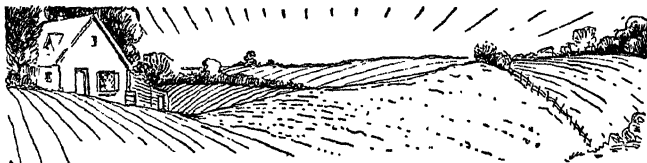
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Rural Authors - 16. *John Clare*

IN John Clare (1793-1864) the English peasantry came nearest to producing a Burns (1759-96) - his grandfather indeed came from Scotland. Like Burns, Clare was a ploughman. (He was also for a time a gardener.) Like Burns, he had a face of distinction. Like Burns, he had his Mary - and other loved ones - and at times, poor fellow, was beset by drink. Like Burns, he gained the recognition of genius, and won, and suffered from, the notice of the 'great'. His cottage still stands at Helpston in Northamptonshire - his light went out in a Northampton asylum - and, until a few years ago, photographs of him could be bought in Northampton; in its library some of his MSS. are preserved. He published his poems in 1820 - with such difficulty! - and in 1821, 1827 and 1835. There is a *Life* by Martin (1865) and another by Cherry (1873). Eleven years ago, after reading two thousand of Clare's poems, Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter brought out a collection - ninety of the poems were then published for the first time - prefaced by a biographical sketch of substance and quality. Now Edmund Blunden has edited, with an introduction, notes and additions, *Sketches in the Life of John Clare, Written by Himself*, also issued for the first time. The publisher of both these worthily produced books is Cobden-Sanderson and the price is 10s. 6d. and 6s. respectively.

There has been much writing in exaggerated terms about Clare's life, and the understanding account which Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter gave of the poet was very welcome. It is told of Clare that as a child he once went off to find the horizon; in his last days, in the asylum, 'his face would brighten up as if illuminated by an inward sense, overwhelming in its glory and beauty'. One has only to look at his face in the engraving from the painting by Hilton to see that he was a remarkable man. One thinks of Johnson on Burke, 'If a man were to go by chance at the same time



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with him under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say, "This is an extraordinary man." ' What praise was that of J. H. Reynolds: he was 'a very quiet and worthy yet enthusiastic man'. Clare's appearance late in life we have in an illustration in an excellent shilling brochure by the chief of the Northampton Library. Before long there will be published a complete edition of Clare.

But this work cannot diminish the value of the two books from the Cobden-Sanderson press. And we cannot expect a more sympathetic and more discerning estimate of the poet than Edmund Blunden's, 'Originally simple description of the country and countrymen, or ungainly imitation of the poetic tradition, as he knew it through Allan Ramsay, Burns and the popular writers of the eighteenth century', Clares' poetry develops, as he writes, into 'a capacity for exact and complete nature-poetry and for self-expression'. 'Thoroughly awake to all the finest influences in life and literature, he devoted himself to poetry in every way. Imagination, colour, melody and affection were his by nature.' On the other hand, Clare 'lacked dramatic impulse and passion, and sometimes his incredible facility, which enabled him to complete poem after poem without pause or verbal difficulty, was not his best friend'. And 'B.' concludes, 'In spite of his individual manner, there is no poet who in his nature-poetry so completely subdues self and mood and deals with the topic for its own sake.' In his own sort of pathos, 'so indefinable and intimate, William Blake and only he can be said to resemble him'. In Clare's prose *Sketches* we have an undisguised narrative of the village life of the poet's time. Mr. Blunden says in a happy phrase, 'it will be a long time before a voice speaks from a cottage window with this power over ideas and language'. It is of significance that the last word that Clare writes in his *Sketches* is, 'Tell truth and shame the devil'. Would that Clare had set down more than this fragment.



AN ANNOUNCEMENT

A large number of Bulletins, embodying information of the utmost value to agriculturists, is prepared by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. These publications, hitherto obtainable solely from the Ministry, are now stocked by the Sale Offices of H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE. Some indication of the wide variety of subjects dealt with in these publications is afforded by the selection given below

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But we have all his poems. And this is the way in which he wrote: From *'Farm Breakfast'*

Maids strut to breakfast in a merry strife
And the cat runs to hear the whetted knife,
The wooden dishes round in haste are set,
And round the table all the boys are met.
On every wooden dish, a humble claim,
Two rude cut letters mark the owner's name.

From *'The Farmer's Boy'*

He waits all day beside his little flock
And asks the passing stranger what's o'clock,
But those who often pass his daily tasks
Look at their watch and tell before he asks.
He mumbles stories to himself and lies
Where the thick hedge the warmest house supplies,
And when he hears the hunters far and wide,
He climbs the highest tree to see them ride –
He climbs till all the fields are blea and bare
And makes the old crow's nest an easy chair.

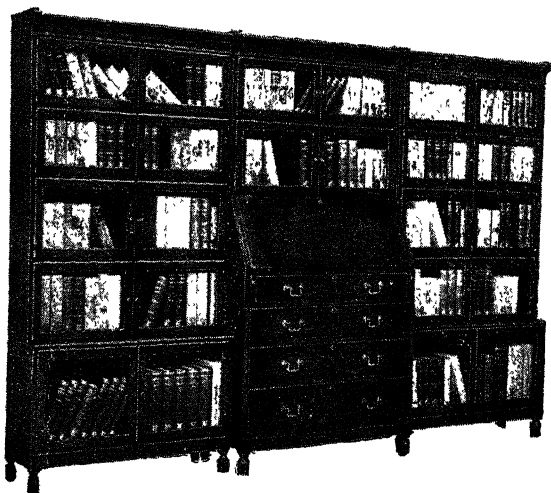
From *'The Fear of Flowers'*

The haughty thistle o'er all danger towers,
In every place the very wasp of flowers.



THE FRIENDLY CHAFFINCH.—Perhaps 'E.P.'s' chaffinch was not so much friendly as desirous of drawing attention to some peril threatening its young.—*Maud M. Hart, Weymouth*

THE GRANTS FOR TREE-PLANTING.—In reply to Captain A. R. McDougall's article, it is an exceptional thing for a landowner to receive £2 an acre for 'clearing woodlands':—that grant is only given for clearing a large area of worthless and fairly heavy scrub. It is still more exceptional for a landowner to receive £4 for planting: that is only given when he plants oak—a most unremunerative and unusual tree to plant.—*J. H. Blair, Blairquhan, Maybole, Ayrshire*



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THERE is stronger meat in Sylvia Townsend Warner's rural narrative poem, *Opus 7* (Chatto and Windus, pp. 55, 2s.) than in the verses which this distinguished woman of letters wrote in our orchard! The following extracts exhibit her percipience, her wit, her skill and the authenticity of her village:

Thus banded starlings, in an elder bush
a-babble, feel a pentecostal push,
rise like a handful of thrown dust, and sweep
mute along air as though they flew in sleep.

. . . conversation ran
blithe as a freshet over ulcered legs,
murders, spring onions and the price of eggs.

the doctor, semi-centaur of a car,
weather-and-way-worn, subtle, obdurate.

a south-west wind strewed dusk upon the ground,
and dived the shadow of the open grave.
Borne on its wings the tramp of the sea wave
toll'd through the sentences, and in the gale
the vicar's surplice rattled like a sail.

the buxom cabbage, onions well trod,
and marrows rounding to the glory of God
at harvest festival.

and village Hampdens, gathered in the tap,
forsook their themes of bawdry and mishap
to curse a Government that could so fleece
on spirits under proof, and call it Peace.

Readers who were touched by the poetry of Edward Thomas, and valued his widow's poignant and candid narrative of their early days before and after marriage, set down in *As It Was*, will welcome *World Without End* (Heinemann, pp. 194, 6s.). Here the married life of the Thomases is

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pictured in a rare biographical and autobiographical fragment which incidentally contains some accurate and telling notes of cottage life.—Two books on Mary Webb come from Cecil Palmer. *Mary Webb* by Hilda Addison (pp. 189, 5s.) yields intimate and charming details of her life, character and work. When, during the War, she was forced to part with several of her cats, 'she put the animal in a box with chloroform and two sardines'. Her stall of 'roses, gillyflowers and vegetables' at Shrewsbury market was conducted in a gallant fashion. *The Shropshire of Mary Webb*, by W. Reid Chappell (pp. 198, 7s. 6d.), would have delighted Mary Webb herself, for she 'did her best to live in other places without success'. It was in longing for her beloved countryside that, while she was in London, she wrote *Precious Bane*. A pilgrimage through these pages, with their photographs, will undoubtedly take people to Shropshire:

Clungunford and Clunbury
Clunton and Clun
Are the quietest places under the sun.

Round About The Crooked Steeple (Cranton, pp. 183, 3s. 6d.) is the experience of Simon Evans, an ex-soldier who has found 'a quiet peacefulness of the inner self' as rural postman, walking himself back to health in the 'wondrous pleasant countryside of Salop'. There is here humour and joy in prose and verse that rides on the wind. The author has told some of it by wireless.

Georgian England: A Survey of Social Life, Trade, Industries and Art from 1700 to 1830 (Batsford, pp. 210, 21s.) is not a book, but a work, a work with no fewer than 261 illustrations! A specialist or two may fall upon Professor Richardson, but let them go hang. He has accomplished what he set out to do and what all who know his indomitable spirit, sensitive taste and erudition expected of him. THE COUNTRYMAN, in reaction against the 'good old times', is not easy to please with a volume like this, but we have been

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delighted as much by the levelheadedness of the author as by his tireless industry and persistent width of view. If he helps his favourite century to put a gay leg foremost, he does not hide the suspicion that it was often an imperfectly washed leg, with a foot raised from a rather filthy causeway. And his rural scenes – and there are plenty of them – are not of the Christmas card order. Throwing at cocks ‘with the object of breaking their legs’, must have been a winsome sport. Country inns called the ‘Dog and Duck’ owe their names to the cheerful pastime of putting a duck in a pond and setting dogs at it. Turning to the great houses of the period, we read that ‘it is open to doubt whether they were ever fully occupied’; inverting Bacon, they were built primarily to look on, not to live in. The students of the Professor of Agriculture in London University must delight in him. – Our generation is much indebted to Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell, not only for their *Every Day Life* series – a second edition of *New Stone, Bronze and Early Iron Ages* (Batsford, pp. 139, 5s.) has just been published – but for their *History of Every Day Things in England: 1500-1799* (Batsford, pp. 266, 8s. 6d.) which is also a second edition. These books, like the previous volume, *The History of Every Day Things in England: 1066-1499*, are packed with information of real interest and there could hardly be more illustrations. The Quennells have a happy way of recording such recollections as that of the old carpenters ‘who, for a wager, would take off one boot, put a penny under the big toe, bring their adze down, nick the edge of the penny and not damage the toe’. Books like this, which grown-ups may read with profit, make an ineffaceable impression on young people. For this reason the authors may be asked to realise all their responsibility. Along with their picturesque pictures, let them not obscure the miseries of the ‘good old times’. It is a pity that all illustrators of savage life and medieval life have not seen actual savages or beheld the Elizabethan age in Canton. – In a book of 510 pages, which

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is nevertheless light in the hand, Walter Johnson gives us, practically *in extenso*, with admirable comment, the quarter of a century's *Journals of Gilbert White* (Routledge 21s., illustrated). The MS. has been in the British Museum for fifty years. A month before he died, White wrote, 'My weeding-woman swept up on the grass plot a bushel basket of blossoms from the apple tree, and yet the tree seems still covered with bloom.' We are told of a village 'leper', and of an idiot who fell down the well twice in a day. White asked his servant how he had broken a glass. 'I'll show you, sir,' said the old fellow, and dropped another on the floor. 'There, go along with you, Thomas, you are a great fool,' said White, and then mumbled 'and I was as great a one for asking such a foolish question.' — White died in 1793. That redoubtable shot, Colonel Hawker, began his diary in 1802. *Colonel Hawker's Shooting Diaries* (Allan, pp. 308, illus., 21s.), edited with all the skill and care one would expect Eric Parker to bring to the task, show Hawker to have been a 'much more human and less infallible person than the portrait which he has been made to draw of himself in the two volumes of his diaries published in 1893', and for some time out of print. There are few queerer things in the annals of sport than the way in which the sporting records of a man who has attained to the rank of an historic character have been hitherto — not to put too fine a point on it — falsified. Nevertheless 'when you realise that Hawker used muzzle loaders, and still could kill sixty partridges running, or a dozen snipe without a miss, you can have no doubt about the quality of the shooter'. It was a granddaughter of Hawker, Lanoë Falconer, who wrote *Mademoiselle Ixe*, a short fiction which so much excited Mr. Gladstone. — *Happy Hunting Days*, by Clare Corbett ('Country Life', pp. 296, 8s. 6d.) contains twenty-six short sketches which are delightful for their vivacity as well as for their true picture of the pre-War hunting field. — *Stag Hunting on Exmoor: Some Facts and a Reply* (gratis, 105 Jermyn Street, S.W.1) is an R.S.P.C.A.

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In the last issue of *The Countryman* Messrs. Heinemann announced *The Shiny Night* by Beatrice Tunstall as “a novel that the future will acclaim as a pastoral classic.” Discerning critics are in entire agreement. For the one review given above there are a dozen equally enthusiastic. All who appreciate a novel of distinction and who love the rural scene and custom will enjoy this work of a devoted countrywoman.

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pamphlet in reply to Sir Francis Acland, which brings data together which will be new to many of our readers.

For long years to come Cheshire and Shropshire people will value the rich storehouse of old country speech and the old country ways in Beatrice Tunstall's *The Shiny Night* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). Apart altogether from the story, the novel is a meritorious performance. There is not one story but several stories. The author is liberal beyond measure in her tale as in her lore. The writing will put many people in mind of George Eliot's; there is the same conscience and power, exercised within the same limitations, limitations within which, no doubt, a great deal can be done. But for a full understanding of what rural life used to be the romantics are uncertain guides. With their skill they press upon us figures who often move in about as real conditions as characters in an opera. We cannot be too thankful for records like our 'Gravedigger's Diary'.—*Dear Lovers*, by John C. Moore (Dent, 7s. 6d.), is by the author of *Dixon's Cubs*, a first novel to which we referred last year. The tale, by an author of gifts, is of a tenant farmer's son, his struggles with an 180-acre farm in the Cotswolds, and his pre-marital relations with his sweetheart. It is a document of the day, socially and economically.—Northerners have an appreciation of the work of the Westmorland novelist, Constance Holme, whose *Lonely Plough* (Oxford University Press, 2s.), which 'endeavours to show the value of the three-cornered relationship between landlord, agent and tenant, when each is an honest man', is now in the 'World's Classics'.—*The City Keep*, by Charles Malam (Blackwell, Oxford, 7s. 6d.), is a simply but forcefully told tale of a rural youth in New England and his adventures when he became a reporter on a small town newspaper.—Our readers will savour *Silver Ley* (Cobden-Sanderson, pp. 295, 7s. 6d.) with as much relish as its author, Adrian Bell (author of *Corduroy*), ploughed his first acre, bought that clever first heifer, and appreciated, with an insight not common to every farmer, the meek

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Of all the joys of rural life, beyond clean air, fine prospects and quiet, none compares with the wide horizons of the night. To country dwellers, the appeal of the astronomer is overmastering. So we value to the full the awesome *Stars in their Courses* (Cambridge University Press, pp. 198, 46 illus., 5s.), in which Sir James Jeans once more writes with the profound knowledge, the clarity and spirit which characterise the whole series of his books. We have spoken of wide horizons. But how many stars can really be seen with the unaided sight? Some 3,000 only. There must be, however, in space, at least sixty stars to every man, woman and child on earth. There may be thrice, or even five times as many. We must rejoice in the cheapness of this book.— Inspired unquestionably by the outlines of Wells and Jeans, Professor J. Hodgson Bradley, an American writer, has produced a painstaking, readable, impressive and stimulating history of life on earth, *Parade of the Living* (Routledge, pp. 284, 10s. 6d.). We know no work which brings home so well the silence of a world, which, though full of life, had neither insects nor birds, the drama of a world of giant reptiles, and the vastness of the time before man. A book which it will be a satisfaction to lend.— *Plant Life through the Ages: a Geological and Botanical Retrospect* (Cambridge University

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As there is not very much country matter in *Modern Germanies as Seen by an Englishwoman* (Dent, pp. 253, 7s. 6d.) we can merely take space so say that Cicely Hamilton has a wide knowledge of German life and that her book, which is well illustrated, is always interesting and stimulating.—E. V. Lucas's *French Leaves* (Methuen, pp. 111, 5s.), we read where it could be read with the fullest appreciation—in France. Here are perfect records of rural excursions, rural inn cookery, rural temperament and rural painting. The illustrations are enjoyable.—Henry Baerlein has a Sternesque way, so it is not surprising that *Over the Hills of Ruthenia* (Shaylor, pp. 245, 5s) is in a second edition. Here are real countrymen.—An American writer of rural books, Richardson Wright, whose original *Gardener's Bed-Book* we liked, has produced a lively *Bed-Book of Travel*, travel all over the world (Lippincott, pp. 306, 10s.).—*The Japanese Population Problem; the Coming Crisis*, by W. R. Croker (Allen and Unwin, pp. 240, 10s. 6d.), is not so much beyond



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our sphere as might appear, for the problem is in no small measure agricultural. Indeed, the book contains an expression of regret by the author that he did not come upon an 'interesting book by the editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN* until the MS. was nearly completed'. As the question of the future of Japan looks quite different when it is considered before a map of the world, with Japan – and Australia below it – in the middle, and Europe and America at the edges, it is an advantage that this book should have been written by an Australian Balliol man. He would allow Japan and Italy to take over 'the now unutilized and unutilizable tropical land north of the Tropic of Capricorn', that is, roughly half of Queensland, three-quarters of what used to be called the Northern Territory, and a third of Western Australia. He is also for a Japanese mandate over Manchuria. It is not one of the least of the merits of a thoughtful and painstaking book that the author shows that emigration alone cannot solve Japan's difficulties.

The Ordnance Survey's *Map of Roman Britain*, in a second and improved edition – it now goes north of the Grampians – and *Map of Seventeenth Century England* (Ordnance Survey, Southampton, 4s. and 5s. respectively) are pleasant possessions. They are both sixteen miles to the inch, and in colour. The second map has with it a map of London, circa 1660. Except for the masts in the harbours, seventeenth century England would have seemed, viewed from above, to be wholly agricultural. The cavalry charges of the Civil War were possible because central England was still in open fields. – Books on the outdoor life usually pride themselves on their small size, but J. Harris Stone, old hand that he is, would put all wisdom within our reach. Accordingly he gives us, in thirty-nine chapters, in *Caravanning and Camping Out* (Jenkins, pp. 325, 15s.), everything that can well be recorded in every branch of the subject and provides more than sixty illustrations of every type of caravan, from Gordon Stables' vehicle, onwards. He is not only

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The Proceedings of the First International Conference of Agricultural Economists (pp. 371), which, on the praiseworthy initiative of a public-spirited countryman and countrywoman, was held at Dartington Hall two years ago, and the *Proceedings of the Second International Conference* (pp. 1,076), which took place last year in Cornell University, are now available and ought to be in the libraries of all serious students of world agricultural economics. (J. R. Currie, Dartington Hall, Totnes, 10s. each). – *Grass and Hay Farming*, by John Orr (University Press, Manchester, pp. 38) is an economic

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Laurence J. Cook has been writing for a quarter of a century on carnations, and *Perpetual Carnations* (Benn, pp. 104, illus., 2s. 6d.) is his third book.—*Roadside Trees: Their Care and Treatment in the Interests of Safety and Beauty*, is a pamphlet of the A.A. and the Roads Beautifying Association (34 Chandos House, Palmer Street, S.W.1.).—We receive from Ward, Lock *Everyday Gardening* (pp. 448, 7s. 6d.) and a second edition of *All About Gardening* (pp. 384, 5s.), both by J. Coutts of Kew Gardens. They are full of photographic illustrations and diagrams, and are comprehensive and practical.—*The Gardener's Year Book* (fifth year), edited by D. H. Moutray Read (Allan, pp. 323, 7s. 6d.), reminds us, in an article on musk, that it did not reach this country until 1826; more interesting, that near Wadhurst plants retained their scent as late as 1929; but they were scentless last year.—*The Book of the Lawn*, by Reginald Beale (Cassell, pp. 151, 3s. 6d.), is what it claims to be, 'a complete guide to the making and maintenance of lawns and greens for all purposes'. Generous in illustrations and plans, it gives diagrams for clock golf, tennis, croquet, football and hockey.—*A Handbook on Modern Croquet* (Longmans, pp. 76, 2s.) is an excellent little book, every chapter of which is written by a different authority. Lord Doneraile assures us that 'hundreds of people spend most of the summer travelling about the country and playing in the tournaments', and that in Canada, Africa and Austra-

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lasia the habitual players outnumber ours 'by thousands'.—There are wet days in the country, and the title of *Mate in Two Moves*, a treatise on the two-move chess problem, by Brian Harley, chess editor of the 'Observer' (Bell, pp. 211, 5s.), is worth noting.—*The Talkies* (Crosby, Lockwood, pp. 202, 7s. 6d.) is a competent, well-illustrated book which does explain its subject.—*The Mystery of the Divining Rod Solved, the Experiences of an Amateur Dowser* is a revision, with diagrams, of Ernest Christie's interesting 52-page brochure. (1s. 2d. from the Author, Pollingfold, Ockley, Dorking).

General Reading

A LIST of books most in demand at Bumpus's during the past quarter, which will keep the country reader from missing works of importance:

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.—Charteris, *Sir Edmund Gosse*; Rothenstein, *Men and Memories*; *The Memoirs of Marshal Foch*; Clarke, *My Northcliffe Diary*; Poiret, *My First Fifty Years*; Sadleir, *Bulwer, a Panorama*; *Memoirs of Prince von Bulow*; Lytton Strachey, *Portraits in Miniature*; Henry Harrison, *Parnell Vindicated*; Appleyard, *Michael Faraday*; Compton Mackenzie, *First Athenian Memories*; Buxton Forman, *Letters of John Keats*.

FICTION.—Eric Linklater, *Juan in America*; Marcel Proust, *Time Regained*; Mottram, *Castle Island*; Aldington, *The Colonel's Daughter*; Bates, *Charlotte's Row*; Buck, *The Good Earth*; Benson, *Tobit Transplanted*; Strong, *The Garden*; Thompson, *Winter Comedy*.

GENERAL ESSAYS.—Tomlinson, *Out of Soundings*; Wyndham Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*; Thomas, *World Without End*; Nichols, *Oxford, London, Hollywood*; Cambon, *The Diplomatist*; Jeans, *The Stars in their Courses*; Wells and Huxley, *The Science of Life*; Keith, *New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man*.

TRAVEL AND SPORT.—Thomas, *Alarms and Excursions in Arabia*; Seabrook, *Jungle Ways*; Goldring, *Impacts*; Kent, *N by E*; Pears, *South Coast Cruising*; 'Marco' *An Introduction to Polo*; Sewell, *Cricket Up to Date*; Tidy, *Surtees on Fishing*.

POETRY AND PLAYS.—Lynd, *The Yellow Plackard*; Thompson, *O World Invisible*; Owen, *Poems*; Angus, *The Turn of the Day*; Edith Sitwell, *The Pleasures of Poetry*; Coward, *Post Mortem*; Bax, *Gallant Ladies*; Aldous Huxley, *The World of Light*; Brewster, *The Prison*; Shaw, *Collected Plays*.

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LOST.—Within the past twelve months, all over the country, much money invested in stocks and shares; owners desirous re-creating estates.

FOUND.—A gilt-edged security, liable to appreciate, not depreciate; carries rights to income tax rebates; buyable in a rising market; creates an immediate estate. Apply LIFE DEPT., LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO. LTD.

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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

GOD made the sea; *we made the land.* The thought and the national experience behind this saying are the source of the success of Holland, the chief source of her own self-respect, and the basis of the respect in which she is held in other countries. *'We made the land.'* The commerce of Holland has been so developed that one of her ports is the second in the world, her industry – the Philips works have 30,000 hands – is remarkable though raw materials have to be imported; but the basic thing in Holland is her farming and her market gardening, and the increase not the decrease of her rural population, the increase not the decrease of her cultivated area. The Zuider Zee drainage which is to add an Oxfordshire of good land to Holland will go on whatever the financial difficulties of the time may be.

IN bringing new land out of the wild or the water, in working land so ingeniously and carefully that it may yield the largest possible return we countrymen know that there is deep human satisfaction. That satisfaction does not wait upon the recognition of the economic fact that the land is the only true source of wealth. It depends on no reminder that 'of all occupations by which gain is secured, none is better than agriculture, none more profitable, none more delightful, none more becoming to a free man'. An acquaintance with the world of our own day and a moderate knowledge of

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Barclays Bank S.A.I. Rome and Genoa

Barclays Bank (Canada), Montreal and Toronto

history must establish in reflecting minds the belief that the soundness of a country depends on that country's attitude towards rural life. It is because we felt deeply that a work of patriotism could be done by reminding men and women of their relation and responsibility to the land that we started *THE COUNTRYMAN*. It is in a confident belief in the part that rural life plays in our civilization that, with so many good helpers, we continue at our job. A darkness has fallen on many writers about the country – who often, we fear, spend too much of their time in London. These men of woe see nothing before them but the ruin of agriculture, the urbanization of our people and the retrogression of the British Commonwealth. There always have been prophets of this quality, and, in the evolution of the human race, there always will be. But though, from our casement as we write to-day, we look out on lowering skies, mist and pouring rain, we know that the sun shines, that fields and gardens and orchards will yield their increase, and that Summer is at hand to gladden and invigorate. In the last quarter of a century the proportion of the British people warmly interested in the countryside has grown. Petrol, for one thing, has done its gracious work; witness, also, the regiments of happy young ramblers, who, in their freedom of body and mind bear with them so many of our hopes. There is a widespread desire to remedy what is wrong with the countryside. At no time was more power being generated to do so. The large company of the ignorant, the faint hearts, the idle and the selfish – the existence of which is our stimulus – does not obscure the larger company

Remember the Spare



If it takes two minutes to test and pump up each tyre of your car, how long does it take to do them all? Thoughtless people will say, eight minutes. Wise people will say, ten. They remember the spare—the wheel that is not wanted at once but may be wanted very badly without a moment's warning. In reckoning your money too, *remember the spare*. Take care of it—and begin by asking at any branch of the Westminister Bank for a Home Safe:

it will cost you nothing

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

of the informed, the faithful, the devoted and the purposeful. Year by year, we fervently believe, or we should cease to run *THE COUNTRYMAN*, the nation will be blessed with glimpses of more and more of the countryside of our dreams.

SINCE our last issue, wise readers like Lord Ernle, Sir Horace Plunkett, Sir Daniel Hall, Mr. Orwin and Mr. Christopher Turnor have been speaking their minds. Other readers have been saying their say in Parliament. The time approaches for memorable decisions. While, this summer, we are refreshed by the countryside, may we not, as countrymen ask ourselves if, in our judgments, *for or against*, not only the measures which the Government has introduced into Parliament but the proposals which have been made outside it, we have been free of a concern for the interests of Party? Have we not sometimes failed to remember that the future of our rural life depends on action based on experience and wisdom which are not found among the followers of one political banner alone? It is not easy for any of us to accommodate ourselves to inevitable and often salutary change, to new ways which cannot be after our planning. In the prospect of change, have we shown courage and true patriotism?

THE future of rural life all over the world is a vital interest, and the greatest of rural interests is Peace. Let us constantly bear in mind that even Peace is to be had only at the price of labour. To that labour, unremitting labour, those of us who have survived the horror and the madness of War

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OSBORNE

HOTEL

FACING FULL SOUTH AND THE SEA
FULLY LICENSED **GARAGE FOR 50 CARS**

Coloured Photographic Brochure
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Telegrams—OSBONOTEL

must hold ourselves bound in religion and in agricultural, national and international politics. Had we but pursued the ways of Peace the world might have paid for and eaten its wheat 'surplus'. It would have been nothing to us effectively to manage our coalfields and to electrify all our railways, and, as a consequence, bring about such widespread provision of light and power as would make the country fit for a twentieth century people to live in and work in. In the country we have need to quicken our thought. With all the privileges of country life which we enjoy we should be ahead of towns in our thinking. But how few of us are fully awake and doing the day's work of a man – awake at a time when visible and invisible dominion in the air shames, in every country, a halting timorous course on the land?



As It Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, Happy Finder!-
Cromwell

How to Get Better Polls for the Councils

COMMENTING on the fact that sixty out of seventy of the members of the Surrey County Council were returned unopposed, and that only three members of the Dorset County Council had to face a contest, a writer learned in local government, attributes the 'apathy' of the public to (1) 'divided allegiance and interest between Parish Council, District Council and County Council' and (2) 'the way in which people of limited means are debarred from being County Councillors.' In view

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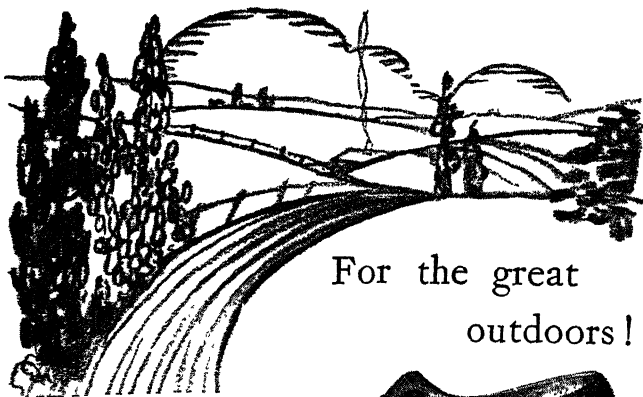
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PATTERNS
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Palace, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Trafalgar Square, Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle, Mansion House, Billingsgate, London Bridge, Oxford Street, Marble Arch (where there was a stop in the Park). Then on to Wembley for breakfast and a day of it. Another local organisation, the Wychwood Brotherhood, also had a motor trip, remarkable in that fourteen of the cars were lent.

The Parker and the Trespasser

THERE is a natural confusion in the minds of many people, since the coming into force of the Road Traffic Act, 1930, about the precise rights of motorists to the use of roadside waste. Section 14 provides that a person shall not drive a motor vehicle on any land not forming part of a road. The section also provides, however, that it shall not be an offence *under the section* to drive a motor vehicle on any land within fifteen yards of a public carriage way for the purpose of parking, or to drive it anywhere off the road for the purpose of saving life or extinguishing fire or any other like emergency. The result of this proviso is that if a motorist parks his car within the 15 yards limit, he cannot be prosecuted under the section. But this does not mean that the section authorises him to take his car off the road within the 15 yards belt; on the contrary, it is expressly stated that the section does not affect the law of trespass. The position, therefore, with regard to the 15 yards limit, is as follows: (a) If a person drives a motor vehicle anywhere off a public carriage way without the consent of the owner of the land, he is a trespasser, as he always has been,



For the great
outdoors!



'Duragrip' Soles fixed to leather-soled shoes make the ideal combination for dry, comfortable and healthy feet . . . give secure grip, any surface, any weather . . . flexible and easy to the feet . . . wear for months and months.

Perfect for Golf . . . Ideal for country

Phillips 'Duragrip' Soles. Black or Brown. Men's 3s. 6d., Ladies' 2s. 6d. per pair, with Phillips solution. 'Duragrip' Heels Men's sizes 1s. 6d. per pair. Black or Brown. (Fixing extra).
From all bootmakers.

PHILLIPS

'DURAGRIP'

RUBBER SOLES & HEELS

sufficient? As we pointed out in a recent issue, the public, if it does not want to read a particular advertisement in a paper can turn the page, but there is no way of avoiding a roadside advertisement, which, as often as not, aims at being successful by its audacity rather than by its artistic or typographical merit. An Oxfordshire County Council by-law enacts that no person shall, in areas of rural scenery, exhibit any advertisement by the side or within view of any highway, railway, public place or water, if the advertisement is so placed that it can be 'seen as part of a view of the surrounding scenery'. An advertisement 'relating to the trade or business carried on' is excepted.

What the Law says about Wild Plants

BY-LAWS against the uprooting of wild plants have existed in certain counties for many years, in Hertfordshire, for example, since 1915. Sir Maurice Abbot-Anderson, who has done such good preservation work, writes to us that the County Councils Association's model by-law has now been adopted (either in its original form or slightly altered to fit local conditions) by forty-two counties and sub-counties. It is as follows:

'No person shall (unless authorised by the owner or occupier, if any, or by law so to do) uproot any ferns or other plants growing in any road, lane, roadside waste, roadside bank or hedge, common or other place to which the public have access.

'Every person who shall offend against the foregoing By-law shall be liable for every such offence to a fine not exceeding, for the first offence, Forty Shillings, and for a subsequent offence not exceeding Five Pounds.'

Worms in Dogs

Dogs of all ages and Breeds are subject to worms.

They are a fertile source of disease in the Dog and should have immediate treatment.



NALDIRE'S WORM POWDERS

Safely remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs.

WORMS IN A FOX-TERRIER.

The Cottage, Sandhills, Walsall,

March 3rd, 1887.

Please send me one of Naldire's Worm Powders. I consider them splendid. I had a Fox Terrier almost dead last Sunday, and got one of your Powders from a friend, and in fifteen minutes after the dog had it, she passed a tapeworm almost 60 feet in length.

Frank J. Brown

Of Chemists and Stores. 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 3d. & 5s. 6d., with full directions for use.

NALDIRE'S PRIZE MEDAL DOG SOAP

Guaranteed free from Carbolic Acid and all other poisons.

A weekly wash with Naldire's Dog Soap will destroy all Irritating Insects, remove Doggy Smell, improve the Coat, and leave the animal Refreshed and Happy

Tablets, 8d. and 1s. 4d. of Chemists and Stores.

If unable to obtain either of above send P.O. to

WRIGHT & HOLDSWORTH
23 PANTON STREET LONDON, S.W.1

belief. Others are hunted deliberately, and it appears by choice, during the height of the breeding season. If a partridge is given two months before the laying of its first egg, a badger vixen should be given at least eight weeks before its cubs are born. Yet beagles, harriers, fox hounds and other hounds are taken out to hunt until the spring dovetails into summer. They hunt before and after the young are born. There can be no excuse in humanity for the killing of 'a May fox', often a boasted achievement, for it is not in the capacity of any huntsman to ensure that only the old dog fox is hunted. To see the Hunt at work when spring comes is repellant to every sense. It is a sin against the nature of things; and if the natural law is not obeyed, the only safeguard is the passing of a special law that shall ensure to animals the respect due to maternity.'

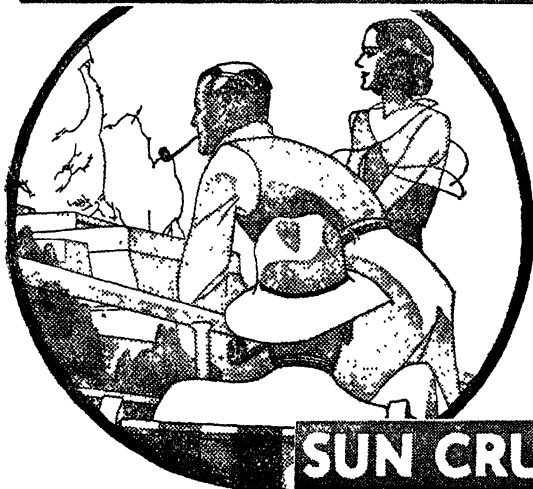
The Folk Dancers' Victory

THE complaint is sometimes heard that it is impossible to promote folk dancing because the villagers prefer jazz. Undoubtedly the villagers often do. But it is within our knowledge and the knowledge of many that when folk-dancing is wisely introduced, and taught with zeal and patience, it gradually overtakes and finally overcomes its rival.

'A Moral for Magazine Readers'

THE leading article under this heading in the April COUNTRYMAN, on snobbery about advertising, has been reproduced by the American 'Forum' as 'the most lucid exposition of the publishing business for the layman which has ever come to our attention'. It was also the subject of an appreciative leading article in the 'New York Tribune', which suggested

ARANDORA STAR



SUN CRUISES

Come Cruising on the "Arandora Star" to strange lands of enchantment, to eternal sunshine; to Romance, Health and Happiness!

You will revel in the novelty and superb comfort of life on board the finest Cruising liner in the world! A triumph of British shipbuilding, she is planned exclusively for Luxury Cruising and boasts countless details for your Comfort, Wonder and Delight.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS

July 11th — 20 days

Visiting Reykjavik, Akureyri, Jan Mayen Island, Spitzbergen (various bays), North Cape, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromsø, Trondhjem, Bergen, Eidfjord, Ulvik

NORWEGIAN FJORDS

August 1st — 13 days

To Molde, Aandalsnaes, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Gudvangen, Bergen, Tysse, Norheimsund, Ulvik, Eidfjord

NORTHERN CAPITALS

August 15th — 19 days

To Oslo, Arendal, Christiansand, Copenhagen, Zoppot (for Dantzig), Stockholm, Tallin, Riga, Stettin (for Potsdam and Berlin), Holtenau, Brunsbittel, Hamburg, Rotterdam

For full particulars apply

THE BLUE STAR LINE, 3, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1

(Gerrard 5671). **Liverpool: 10, Water Street, and Principal Tourist Agents**

that THE COUNTRYMAN ought to have a success in the United States equal to that in Great Britain. From many subscribers' letters we extract the following:

'As a subscriber from the first number, I am in the fullest sympathy with your leader on snobbery about advertising. The format of THE COUNTRYMAN is exceedingly pleasant and the advertisements seem to me always extremely interesting and well selected. It is as gratifying to readers as to yourself that the merits of the review should have procured you such handsome backing from advertisers. Every sensible man and woman knows that it is impossible to get a periodical of the type of THE COUNTRYMAN for the half-crowns we pay and that only by THE COUNTRYMAN being good enough to attract first-class advertising can you set the standard you do.'— *Sir George Dashwood*

'I enjoy every word, advertisements and all, from cover to cover.'— *Rev. James Smallwood*

'You have quite converted me to the advantage of having advertisements arranged as you have them.'— *Mrs. Aikin*

'I positively enjoy your advertisements.'— *Hugh C. Knowles*

'The advertisements in THE COUNTRYMAN interest me very much; I have found several of practical use. A friend said to me, "I like THE COUNTRYMAN, it has such uncommon advertisements"'— *Mrs. A. A. Barrow*

We have also commendatory messages from advertising experts including Sir Charles Higham and Mr. R. J. Sykes, who is good enough to write, 'An excellent plain-spoken article; how easy it is to tell the truth!'



Cunard Cruising Contrasts

From Iceland to the Canaries

From the crystal-clear, invigorating air of Iceland to the languorous warmth of Madeira and the Canaries . . . stark glaciers to exotic foliage and Sultans' Palaces . . . the supreme idleness of deck sun-bathing . . . or strenuous deck tennis and a plunge in the swimming pool . . . cruises of contrast in large cruising liners of real character.

From Southampton

"FRANCONIA"

SPAIN, CANARY ISLES
& MADEIRA

July 11 16 days from 28 guineas

NORWEGIAN FJORDS

July 29, 14 days from 24 gns. (Or from
Newcastle, July 30, 13 days from 23 gns.)

"CARINTHIA"

HAMBURG, NORWAY
& ICELAND

Aug. 7 19 days from 33 guineas

*Apply Cunard Line, Liverpool, London,
or local Agencies*

*EPISTLES FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD**7. THE PARSON'S PROBLEM*

INSTEAD of writing what I had in mind to write this quarter, I am going to copy some extracts from the letter of a gossip of mine:

'They are barely half a mile apart and their joint population is 445. Hundreds of years ago pious benefactors endowed each of them with a church and the means to maintain a parish priest. That may have been all very well in the days when the priest was celibate, and when, perhaps, the right to present to the livings was attached to some religious house which instituted one of its brethren. It may have been all very well in the days when the clergy could hold livings in plurality, and build up one good income from several small ones. But it is no good at all for the present time, when the old endowment falls short of a living wage, and the Church cannot afford to waste its man power by providing a full-time priest for what is a part-time job, and sometimes hardly a job at all. Therefore there was enacted the Union of Benefices measure, to do decently and for the common good just what the Pluralities Act had been passed to prevent, namely, the holding of two or more livings by one priest.

'And so it happened that the Bishop of our diocese issued a commission of enquiry regarding the union of the benefices of the two parishes, and, on a day appointed, it held a public sitting in the schoolroom. The Commission was composed of a representative of each parish, appointed jointly by its parochial church council and the patron of the living, a nominee of the Bishop of the diocese, and a chairman appointed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The sitting was attended by seven representatives of the two villages, and the two incumbents. To this small company the chairman expounded the law and the facts. One parish had a



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Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool Socks



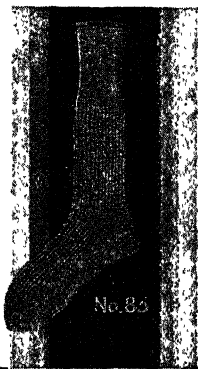
Always
the same quality

When you buy Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool Socks you can be sure always of the same high-grade quality time and time again. These Socks are the production of highly skilled English Stockingers and the St. Wolstan Wool is of one regular quality, the richest long staple pure botany obtainable.

Write for descriptive booklet containing actual patterns of the various styles of St. Wolstan Wool Socks and Underwear.

DEPT 25, TWO STEEPLES LTD.,
WIGSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE

No. 83 Standard 3/1 rib for general wear. A good medium weight for walking. 36 handsome ingrain shades to blend with all fashionable sunnys.



population of 115 people, a small rectory and an endowment of less than £250; the other contained 330 people, a rectory with twenty-three rooms and a ballroom, and an endowment of £350. Was it reasonable to expect the Church to provide an able-bodied man for each of these parishes when there were parishes in great centres of population where no more than one priest could be provided to minister to 10,000 and even to 15,000 people?

‘But the Squire saw things in a different light. “This means”, he said, “the break up of the village. We have always been self-contained. The parishioners are unanimously opposed to the idea of union.” Pressed by the chairman to explain how he could expect to find an incumbent to serve the parish on £230, he suggested that this living and the hundreds like it could all be filled adequately if the old clergy, pensioned from larger parishes, were not forbidden to take the duty while retaining their pensions. Briefly, he didn’t want to be joined to anybody or anything.

‘The next speaker was his rector who told us how well the union of benefices had worked in Ireland, and upon a much larger scale, when it had been forced upon the country by the disestablishment of the Church. In his opinion, an active man would do the pastoral work of his parish in one day a fortnight. He did not hesitate to speak of “the soul-deadening life of half the country clergy of England”.

‘A farmer then said that we had our church and our own parson, and wanted to keep them. If people didn’t go to the Church, they ought to. “There used to be a chapel here, but it came into the market and I bought it, so that it should never be opened again, and now they ’as to go to the Church.” After this the chairman called upon the parish representative who keeps the small village shop. “Our ancestors”, he said, “gave their money to our Church and we are trustees.” His parson, in his turn, explained that it was impossible to live in his great barrack upon the income provided by the pious benefactors, and took the view of his



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 to
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Through Bookings from Europe in connection with the above
 Pacific Services *For further particulars apply*

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA

(A Limited Company incorporated in Japan)

4 Lloyds Ave., London, E.C.3 : India Buildings, Water St., Liverpool

PLAYER'S No 3

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 8^D. 20 for 1/4

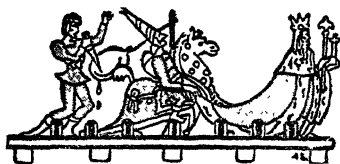
50 for 3/3

100 for 6/4

Also in Flat Pocket Tins of 50 at 3/4

clerical colleague who had already spoken upon the desirability of union. And finally the chairman announced that the commission's finding would be promulgated.'

'Inquiries such as this', my friend writes – no man has a wider knowledge of agricultural England – 'are going on all over the country. Always the position is the same – the incumbents unable to live upon the stipends of the livings, the lack of opportunity on their part for full-time spiritual and social service, and the opposition by the laity to any change.' I wonder, however, whether my friend has envisaged the whole problem. (1) That work of the highest quality is being done by clergymen in many rural parishes, in the face of great difficulties, is unquestionable. But it is idle to ignore the fact that there are other parishes where the results achieved are nothing like so good, and that there are some parishes where the value of the work accomplished is low. If this be the situation, amalgamation of parishes will not, in itself, bring about a better state of things. (2) Although my friend, in his letter, does not remind himself of the development of the rural organism as seen in the establishment of Public Assistance Committees (late Boards of Guardians), the enactment of old age and widows' pensions, the activities of women's institutes and county libraries, the introduction of wireless, and the extension of the habit of reading, there can be no doubt that the demands on the rural clergy in respect of social ameliorative work, have been, as a consequence, greatly diminished. (3) Is it not a matter for serious consideration,



AUGUST 3rd—22nd, 1931

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1513 DRAMA 1931

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satisfy those who
are not seeking the
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FENCING
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2 BRIDGE STREET,
GUILDFORD

whether, in some small parishes at any rate, good work might not be done by a new type of village clergyman, a man of the wage-earning class, who saw the condemned £250 a year, not as a yearly stipend, but as £4 8s. 8d. a week? Needless to say, he would have no use for the rectory. I anticipate the suggestion that 'villagers prefer a parson, as soldiers prefer an officer, to be not of their own class'. Do they? I was once much struck by the way in which a young countryman from Ruskin College moved a village audience at a Sunday meeting. He had the gifts for such a job as the one of which we are speaking. I put it to him whether he would like it, at, say, £4 a week, and he said he would. I think he would have got on well with the parish. Avoncroft is another source from which what might be called the weekly wage parson might possibly be forthcoming. (4) I am assuming that the man of whom I speak would be ordained. But might not the Church make more use of lay talent? In the days of the motor and the motor cycle there can be few areas indeed where a clergyman could not find lay wisdom, goodness, experience and speaking ability, if his Bishop were sympathetic towards experiment. In this relation, the movement within one of the largest of the Scottish denominations, in favour of utilising the service of women, has significance. (5) It is impossible to consider the future of the rural clergy without frankly recognising the slighter hold which the Church now possesses in many parishes, and the reasons, whatever they may be. The problem of the Church, and of every denomination in the rural districts,



THORNYCROFT
MOTOR BOATS

*For
happy days
afloat*

Let us send you a
copy of our 32-page
booklet illustrating
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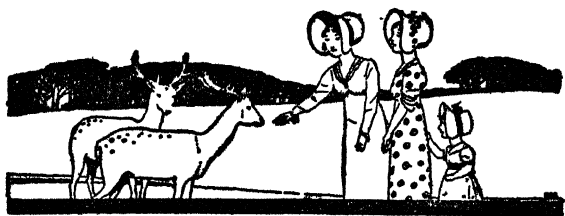
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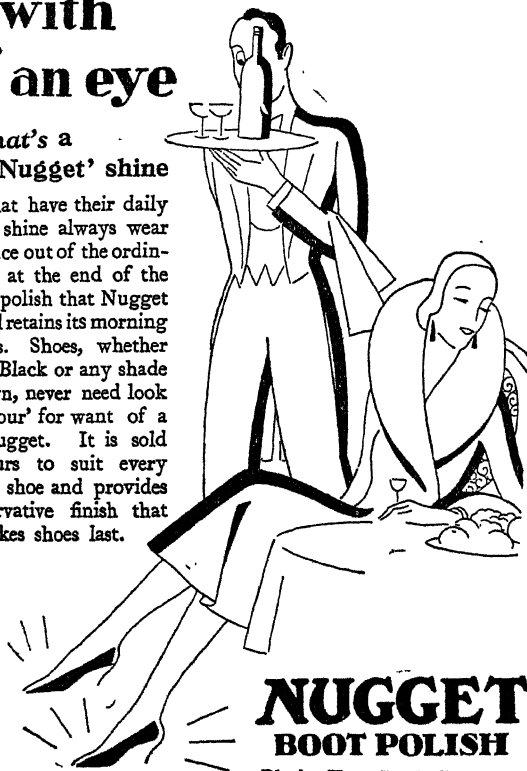
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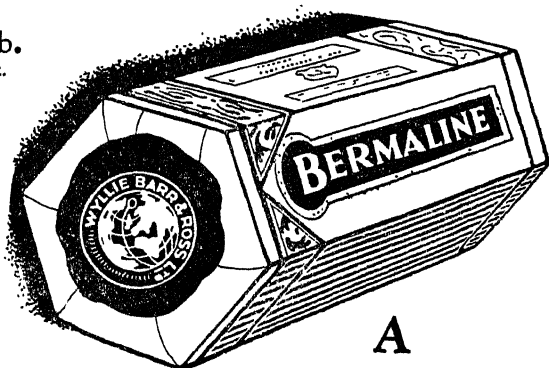


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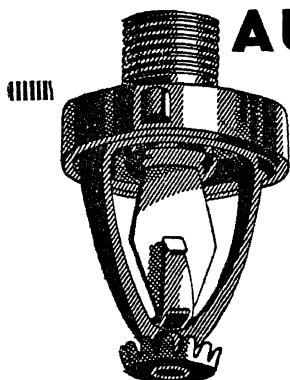
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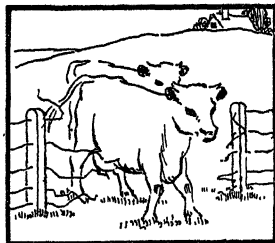
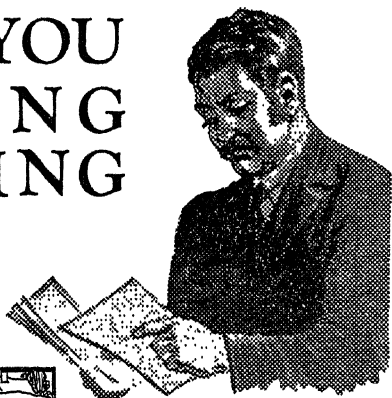
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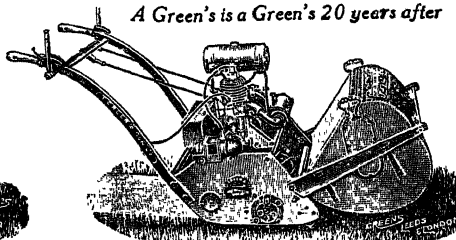
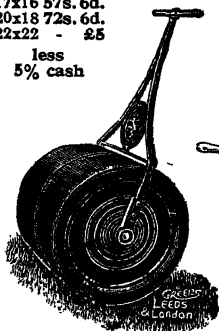
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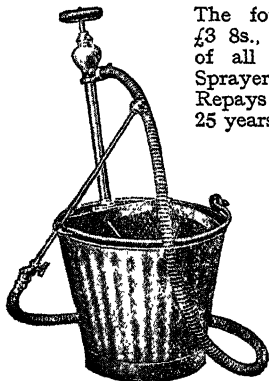
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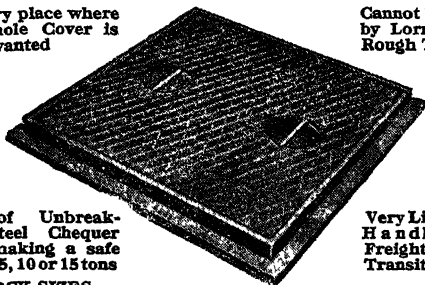
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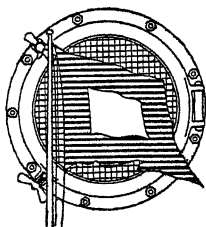
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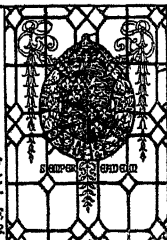
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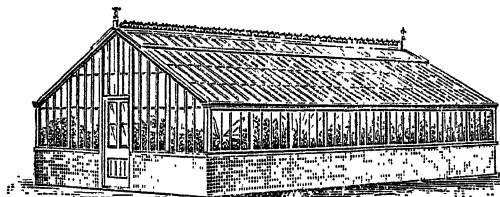
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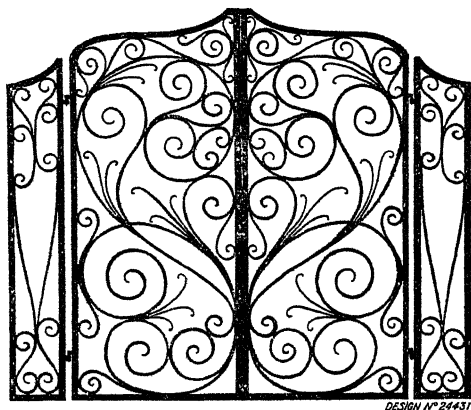
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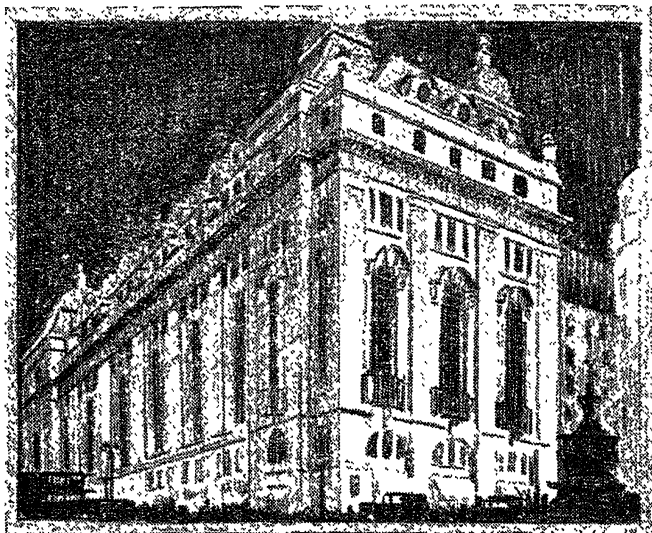
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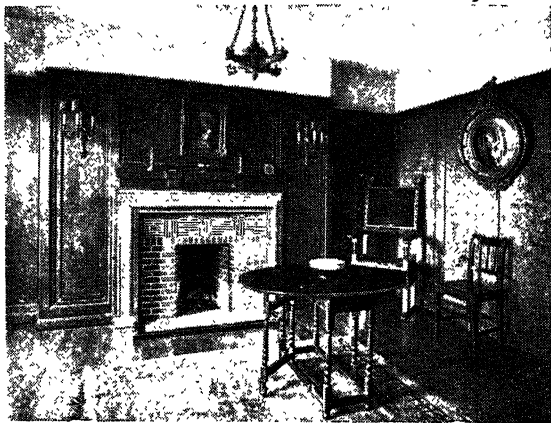
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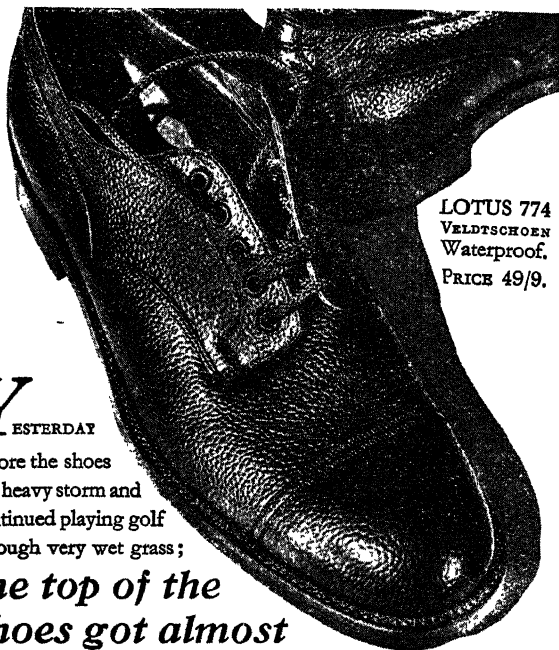
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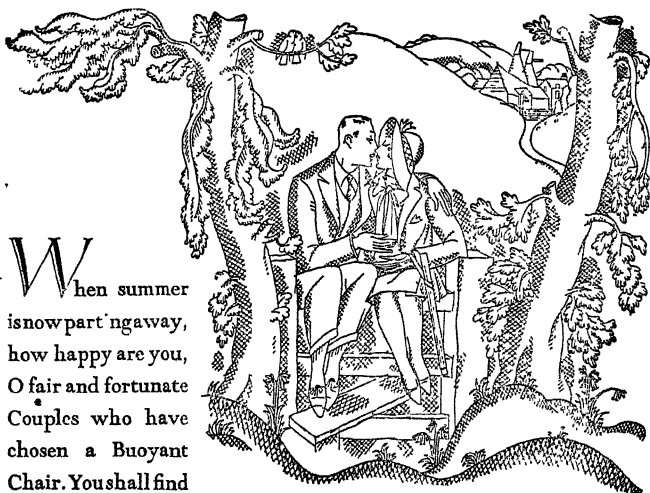
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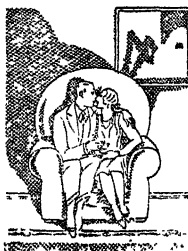
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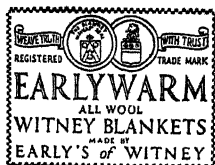
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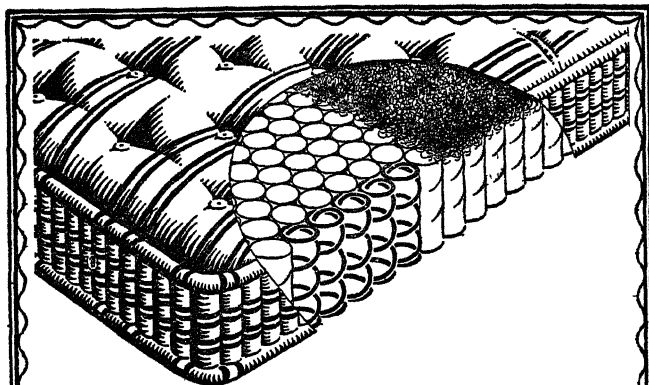
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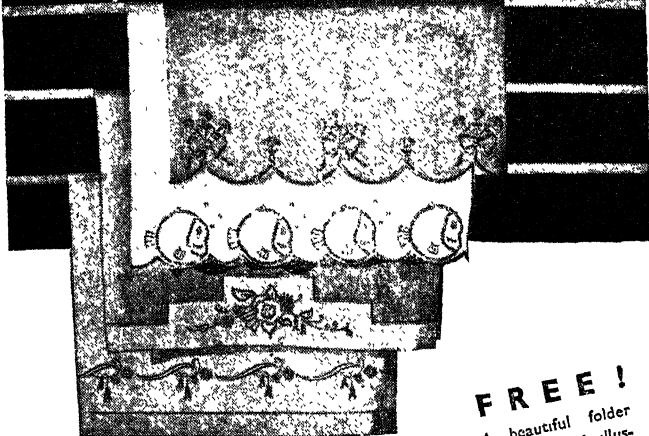
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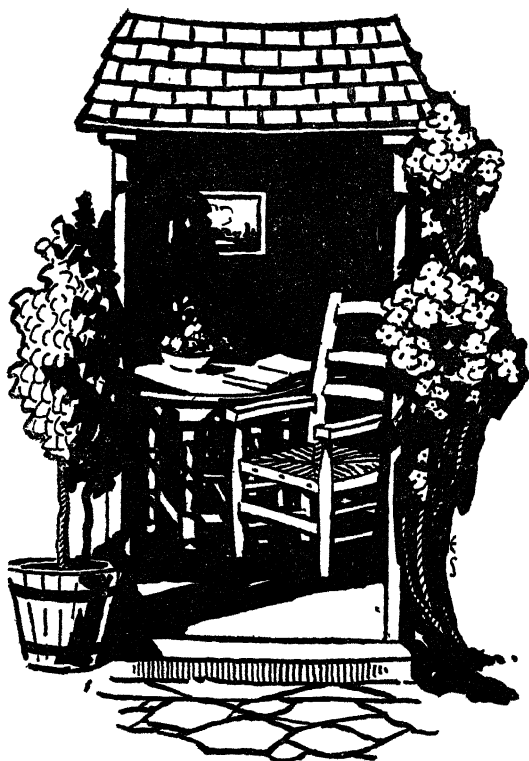
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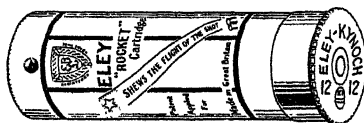
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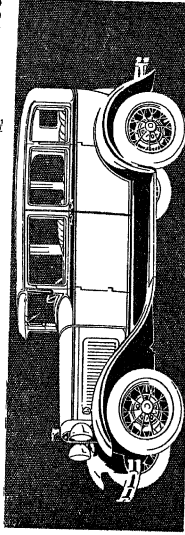
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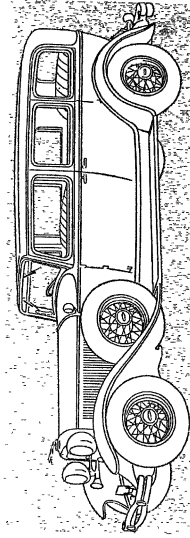
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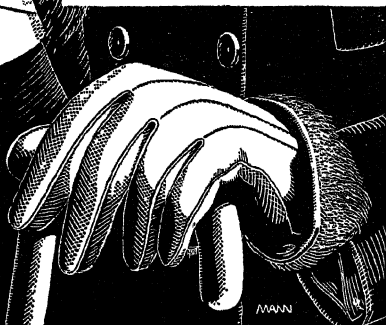
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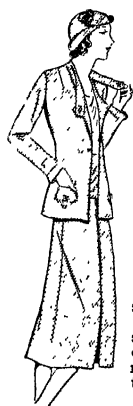
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A Quarterly Non-Party Review and
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*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
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O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune!—*Vergil*

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Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated on the
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Vol. V. No. 3

2s. 6d. quarterly

October 1931

My Island & our Life There - 2 by R. M. Lockley

HOW the author came into possession of an island off the Welsh coast, full of wild birds and flowers, how he found treasure trove in the wreck of an abandoned schooner, which came ashore soon after his arrival, and how, after building a house out of the wreck, he brought his bride — this having been told, Mr. Lockley records the experiences of himself, his wife and little daughter, from the point at which his book leaves off.

Summer Morning.—We have many larks singing on the island. They begin long before sunrise, but not before the oyster-catchers are awake. From midnight until 2 a.m. the shearwaters utter their unearthly screams, quite drowning the soft crooning notes which come from the storm-petrels nesting in the hedges and walls. Impossible to describe the

shearwaters' call beyond hinting that it suggests a catcall and a cock-crow uttered simultaneously and cut off with a sharp knife just before the finish. At 2.30 a.m. the wheatears exchange a few sharp morning notes. Then Jonathan, our Rhode Islander, gives out his fine challenge, though there is no other cock to answer him. Soon the sea-pies wake up from their uneasy sleep and rouse our world with their clamour. The gulls begin complaining and the larks go up to heaven one by one.

When from the low window we see the sun shining on a placid sea barely rippled by the head-strong tide, when all the far headlands are bathed in the strong light, we too are invigorated. It may be that there is not a breath of wind to rustle the purple sea-spurry growing on the lintel. The loveliness of the world enchants us, we grow excited. Or it may be that the fine weather tempted us to sleep in the heather. How eagerly we rush down for the morning dive in the harbour! How impatient are the goats to be milked and freed from their night stall! We sing as we lay breakfast outdoors. We hasten to wash up afterwards and to finish all the tiresome household duties. Then comes the consideration of the day's work. Is it a Grassholm day? No, there is still the faintest wash of white foam, legacy of the last storm, at the base of the higher cliffs. A landing on Grassholm is only possible when no swell whatever is visible. 'Grassholm days' are so few that we have to look out for and seize each opportunity.

The coal from the 'Alice Williams' has dwindled to a last few tons, and these we save for special

baking days and for very cold weather. With care this remnant should see us beyond another winter. The island 'peat' which is really little better than consolidated layers of turf, burns well, if quickly, with a deep-hearted glow, and is splendid in the capacious grate of the living-room. When we are out of coal, Doris proposes to cook with peat in the old-fashioned way. Of course there is plenty of driftwood, and as usual in summer, we have accumulated a great pile.

Spade on shoulder I go out to dig my turves on the island bog, and spread them out to dry. They have then to be stacked to dry and are finally taken home to go under cover. The surface of the 'turbary' supports a light growth of thrift and bog pimpernel. As I cut out the cubes, spade deep, four inches wide, a pair of oyster-catchers fly angrily above my head, calling 'keep still! keep still!' They are warning their three downy young ones, which pretend to be invisible, crouching under a pile of turves. For the two hours that I ply my spade they keep still in their shady hiding-place, while I perspire in the sun. At last I consider their probable hunger, and cautiously withdraw them from their hole, screaming vigorously. Their parents, fly up and scream louder, the gulls take up the alarm and soon the whole bog is in an uproar. All the blame falls upon a heron which happens to be passing. The gulls, the lapwings, and the sea-pies together make an attack upon him. In his unwieldy fashion the big grey bird turns and twists in an endeavour to avoid his more formidable assailants, the great black-backed gulls. He calls out his distress in a

deep hoarse voice. I have long ago allowed the young sea-pies to run off to their parents and am busy spreading the cut turves out to dry before the clamour subsides. The heron is driven off the island altogether, and heads for Grassholm, still pursued by a frantic gull.

Noon.—At noon it was cooler, a breeze coming out of the west. I was very hungry and dined greedily off rabbit-pie, new peas and potatoes, followed by stewed rhubarb and junket, everything home-produced, like the goat's milk we had to our morning porridge. Then I weeded in the garden for an hour and afterwards went out to sea with Doris to haul two dozen lobster pots. Fairly good result, one crayfish, two small lobsters and five crabs. We also had a giant conger-eel in one pot, but could do nothing with it, so saved it to give to the light-keepers. Thousands of puffins, guillemots and razorbills were diving for sprats in the harbour, while the kittiwake gulls snatched those feeding on the surface. Whence come these myriads of sprats at such an opportune time, to feed all the young broods in July and August? We fished with lines for another hour but caught only a mackerel and two pollack.

And so to tea, strawberries and cream, brown bread and lemon curd, and cake. The strawberries we manage to grow in a sheltered corner of the garden are few but fine; the curd Doris makes from fresh gulls eggs in season.

Evening.—The goats and the sheep have often an inconvenient habit of moving along the coast all day as they browse and ending up at the far

end for the night, a mile from the house. We agreed to round them all up to-night, and on our way we would also fulfil a commission to ring razorbills. We are often asked to do things 'when you have spare time'. Truth to tell we never have had any spare time. For those things that matter most we just have to make the time. On our list was a request from a distinguished ornithologist to ring one hundred razorbills. We believe in ringing only when there is reasonable prospect of valuable data being gathered. Nowadays far too many enthusiasts indulge in indiscriminate ringing with no result beyond discomfort to the birds. Razorbills are likely to be profitable, as last year a number ringed as nestlings in July in Scotland, were recovered on the Scandinavian coast in November, a very contrarywise migration, puzzling to experts.

The west wind had increased to nearly a gale as we walked over to Mad Bay, where our greatest colonies of razorbills hide their eggs and downy young. Down among the boulders and talus of the bay we searched. Beneath the red rocks, the handsome black and white adults stood guard over their one solitary youngster. The oldsters growl alarmingly at you while the babies squeak in a high thin pipe. It is not easy to corner the old birds. Even when caught they bite severely with their sharp razor bills. We managed, nevertheless, to ring at least a dozen adults. The young ones were easy.

The tide and wind had been steadily rising and the smooth water of a calm summer day was transformed into a series of giant swells, which, rank

after rank, flung themselves on the worn red cliffs and into deep caves, throwing the spray ever higher and higher. The setting sun shone brightly and threw a bow into every tall column of spray. The lowermost razorbills were anxious about their young ones; those with eggs were safe but many a baby we found sitting in a pool, cold and numb.

We came on a valuable piece of timber wedged in the rocks, to say nothing of firewood. We found hundreds of other birds, nests, eggs, and young. We trembled when we came across the young gulls, who were grown enough to be able to walk confidently to the edge, ready, heedless of their lives, to take the plunge into the raging sea if we approached a foot too near. A tiny storm-petrel was brooding its egg in an unexpected position, in the centre of a flat stretch of wind-blown sand beneath high boulders. A young shearwater was cunningly placed in a slit in a rock. Here and there were crowded bunches of guillemots, their once bright green eggs thickly bedaubed with the muck of the colony.

The most thrilling thing we were lucky enough to see was a seal feeding. In a narrow creek out of the wind, where the back-wash from the waves nevertheless made angry white water, a huge dark seal—it must have been an old bull—had just caught a giant brown skate, and was doing battle with it. The fish was fully three-fourths the length of the seal if the long tail be included. The seal had gripped the skate in the vital spot in the centre of its white underside, and although the fish now lashed the seal furiously with its tail, and anon

struck blows with its wide 'wings', the issue was scarcely in doubt. Placing his two paws tightly around the skate and gripping it with extended claws the seal tore the mouthful he already possessed completely out of the fish, and tossing up his head, swallowed it with a few gulps. Again and again he tore and swallowed. The skate struck with its tail less and less frequently: it threw its tail around the seal's thick neck as if in an endeavour to strangle the monster. When the fish was too weak to escape, the seal began playing with it, tearing out a mouthful and then letting the skate swim feebly away while he swallowed the morsel; then he would dive after his victim, bring it to the surface for another bite, and then let it sink again, and so on. Though it was torn to ribbons underneath, the skate still showed life in its feebly thrashing tail and fins. We felt compassion for the dying skate, and forbore to witness the last disintegration. Chiefly I marvelled that the seal could feed and play in such a wild backwater of the Atlantic, with white foam constantly washing over him.

The sun had long set when we actually used our ninety-ninth ring and came to the end of the more accessible colonies in Mad Bay. It was long past milking time, but we had spent a happy evening, and as we drove home the goats, we felt tired. 'To-morrow will do!' we agreed, looking at the sheep comfortably chewing the cud in a sheltered bay, and we did not disturb them that night.

While I was milking I heard the night birds coming in. When the moon had set, the first shearwater came screaming home. Then the breed-

ing cry, I suppose really the love-song, of our well-loved storm-petrels. It is not often they are heard on the wing, and here was one flying round and round about the goat-house. I put down my pail and ran to fetch Doris. Together we watched the little birds flying, calling, and chasing each other in their excitement. Their tiny forms loomed but faintly in the dusk, but we saw them well when they brushed past our faces, forgetful or heedless of our nearness.

In our last issue we published a map of Mr. Lockley's island and the outlying islets to which he refers from time to time. In four years he has not been more than eight days on the mainland. Skokholm island is in extent 250 acres, seventy of which were once under the plough. The lighthouse has a red flash every seven seconds.

A subscriber, Mrs. E. M. Davies, writes to tell us that her uncle once rented both Skokholm and Grassholm. Another subscriber, Mrs. C. Hayden-Bacon, was born on the adjoining island of Skomer (shown on our map) and lived there for about thirty years. She sends the following interesting letter: 'My grandfather, Mr. Edward Robinson, rented Skomer about 1848-50. He was a widower with three children, my mother (the youngest) being about sixteen when they went to live on Skomer. He farmed a certain portion of the land, but really made the island into a productive rabbit warren, having expert trappers from Norfolk, to lay out, trench, and stock. Skomer rabbits fetched the highest prices in the Birmingham and London markets. My father, Vaughan P. Davies [Mrs. Davies' uncle] who was a Captain in the Indian opium clipper service, met my mother on Skomer. My grandfather persuaded him to resign his post and to take over Skomer, and he and my mother settled down to an island life towards the end of 1860. As we were seven children in all, with ponies to ride,

boats for fishing, birds and their eggs to be searched for, we all had the happiest life that childhood could wish for. There was only the one house on the island, but as my father farmed about 100 acres, he had generally five or six labourers. With a domestic staff, a governess and my mother and the seven children we numbered about eighteen or twenty on the island. Fifteen to twenty cows, about 150 sheep, with chicken, ducks, and rabbits, together with island-grown vegetables, made it quite self-supporting, with the exception of groceries which were generally obtained from Haverfordwest about once a month. In later years my father also rented Skokholm, trapping the rabbits there and breeding Welsh ponies. Nobody lived on Skokholm during his occupation except during the rabbit season'.



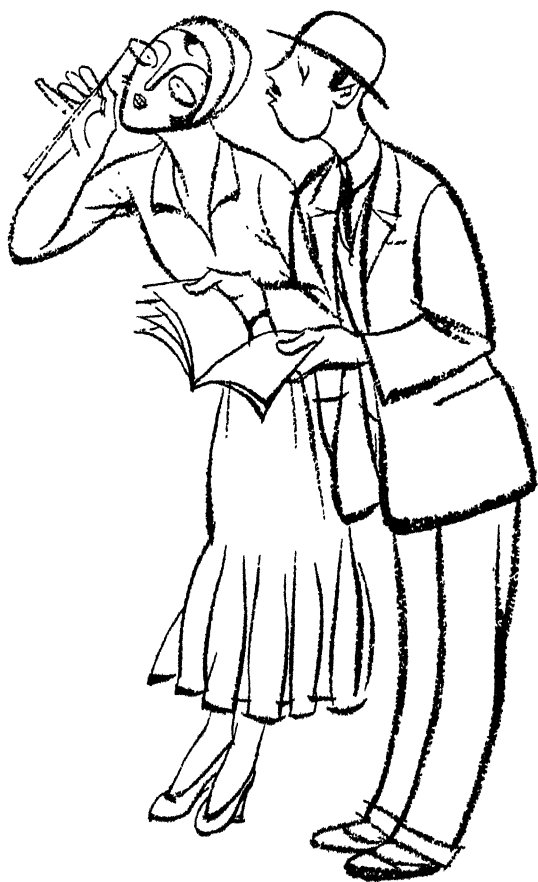
A STUDY BY HERBERT SYKES



Conserving the Countryside
Four Sketches by Thomas Derrick







The Professor and the Shepherd *by Edward Frankland*

IT was five in the morning on one of the Pennine fells. A chilly breeze sighed across miles of dew-soaked bents and rushes, alternately sweeping up and dispersing the mist that hung about the dark, forbidding summit. The sun was up, but only occasionally visible as a small silver disc through a white veil. Altogether an empty, unfriendly landscape, coldly exhilarating but full of tacit menace for the human intruder. For there was a human being present, in white flannels, with a long staff, climbing resolutely towards a notch in the skyline. It was the professor who had lately bought a farm in the valley below and had come up to see his sheep gathered for the July dip. The professor was a scientist of repute, but his taste in recreation drew him towards lonely places and the simpler forms of manual labour.

Arrived on a small marshy flat at the top of the pass the professor looked first at his watch, then at the landscape. Not a sheep was to be seen. The professor frowned. Old Raine and his two subordinates were to have started at four. Supposing they had overslept? He recalled his own alarm clock going off at half-past three, his biscuits and glass of milk set ready overnight, his toilsome walk, and now nothing going on! By Jove, he would sack that old rascal Raine if he didn't put more energy into the farm! It was not to be an expensive hobby, but a businesslike, paying concern, the real thing, in

fact, like a well conceived research in a well-equipped laboratory.

Just then he saw a bowed figure seated on a rock a few hundred yards away. 'Good dog, Nellie!' said the professor in an amiable tone, as a nondescript dog came warily towards him, and then, more significantly, 'Good morning, Raine.' 'Good morning, Professor,' said Raine looking up from a piece of bread and butter. 'Just having me bit o' bagging. Bit of a roke coming on, seemingly, but it'll maybe lift again. Clear as clear when I got up soon after three, but there was a terr'ble black bottom to the sky in the west. Still we might be lucky and get the sheep dipped afore the weather breaks.' 'Where are the sheep?' asked the professor rather abruptly. 'They should be coming now,' said Raine with dignity. 'Aye, there's John on the top of Hart Fell yonder.' A long serpentine column of sheep wound silently down the fell towards them followed by a man and a dog. 'There's Tom shouting over on Dolphinside,' added Raine as cries began to reach them from the cloud-capped summit in the opposite direction: 'Haow . . . haoow! Haow . . . haoow.' The professor thought of the Vikings hailing one another on their ships in the Irish Sea. Raine got up slowly. He was a tall bent old man with a grey beard and refined features. 'Git out wiide!' he said to his dog, pointing with his stick to a ewe and lamb which had raised their heads suspiciously above a peat hag on the edge of the mist. The professor stood and watched his men converging on the pass with flocks which seemed to have sprung from nowhere. They coalesced and began to stream

down towards the valley like a dusky moving carpet. A piteous baaing went up from ewes and lambs which had lost each other in the confusion, dogs barked at the sheep, men swore at the dogs and raised their sticks angrily. 'My word, I'll waarm tha!' was a threat often uttered, but to the professor's great relief never executed. He walked contentedly behind the ever increasing flocks, waving his staff mildly at recalcitrant sheep, exchanging a friendly word now and then with old Raine or with the dark beady-eyed Tom Fothergill or the blond John Fawcett.

At breakfast three hours later the professor gave an enthusiastic account of the proceedings to his wife. 'Old Raine stood there like a Boer general, directing masterly turning movements, and I went about in my white flannels like Titus in golden armour at the siege of Jerusalem.' Though a markedly humane man, the professor was fond of military analogies. Then he referred to the rocks and mist and the winding crevasses in the peat bogs, and rolled out an appropriate line from the 'Inferno'. His wife looked pleased. She was often doubtful about the wisdom of this farming enterprise in preference to holidays abroad, but it really seemed to be a success.

Afterwards the professor stood in the yard and watched the sheep being caught and plunged in a smelly yellow mixture by the strong arms of Tom and John, while old Raine leaned over a hurdle and talked incessantly about individual members of the flock: 'There's a good yowe, Professor. She goes right out on top. As often as not she's among



THE SHEPHERD
by Anton van Anrooy, R.I.

Beckwith's o' Grayscough. Gains us a bit o' ground does yon sheep and she had a grand gimmer lamb with her. Eh, there's some life in that un, Tom!' A sheep had sprung out of the drainer beyond the tub. 'Jump owt like a cat, she can. Easy wi' that un! She has a horn loose. Eh, but yon's a bonny sheep! Near as big as a donkey; a reet Sword'le head she has.'

'A bit ower slēap i' t' fēace,' muttered John Fawcett, but Raine did not heed him. 'Lame, that un, is she?' he continued. 'Foot rot? Nowt o' t' soort; yon's t' sheep as was clicked by Nathan Lund dog on in spring. A reg'lar bad un, that chap. Says he'll eat us off t' fell, t' girt gowk! But I'll larn him.'

The professor looked benevolently at the dripping sheep wandering uneasily about the yard, he disengaged a horn caught fast in a hurdle and put down a heap of bedding on to which the sheep could jump when leaving the drainer. His wife looked over the wall from the newly-made garden.

'Splendid to think that those are our shepherds,' she said in German, indicating the three men who were hustling a fresh lot of sheep into the dipping pen. Try as she would, she could work up no enthusiasm about the sheep themselves. They had a rather nasty smell and they stared at one with obvious suspicion and dislike. She went away to earth up the broad beans, and then wrote a letter to a sister extolling the delights of farming in the fells. An hour later the professor came agitatedly indoors. 'I suppose you know what's happened?' he said with an 'I told you so' look. 'No, what?' said

his wife turning pale. 'We've just counted the sheep and there are fifty-three short. Of course Raine has simply sold them or muddled them away.' Hastily he consulted some figures in a farm diary. 'Yes, there ought to be three hundred and eighty-two. Fifty-three short.' For the moment it seemed as though the defection were as serious to the general scheme of things as though a student had falsified the figures of an analysis. All the glory of the landscape faded before his eyes—the rugged stone buildings across the yard, the beechwood springing from the gill, the noble sweep of dome-shaped fells. What was the use of this oak-panelled drawing-room which they had built on to the old farmhouse if they were being cheated over the sheep? The professor's wife looked out of the window with a more practical eye. 'There are John and Tom laughing together,' she said. 'Of course they know how the old scoundrel has swindled us.' 'I shall go straight out and give him notice!' said the professor, red in the face. 'Fancy the fellow thinking he could take me in with his smooth tongue!' 'Not now,' said his wife in German, hearing the farm girl coming through with lunch; 'the people are listening.' But the professor hurried out of the house hatless and followed Raine up the road to the open fell. The old man was conducting the dipped flock back to its 'heaf'. With long, measured strides he trudged behind the sheep, now waving his stick, now whistling to his dog. Somehow the professor's hasty steps did not seem to gain on the shepherd. He saw Raine disappearing over the heathy rise. The professor glared at the retreating figure,

while his artistic eye could not help taking in the harmonious picture of the noble-looking old man moving over the wild landscape with the flock to which he acted as nurse, doctor, policeman, matrimonial agent, salesman, butcher, sexton. The professor returned to the house. Sacking Raine did not seem like discharging a laboratory boy for annexing a platinum spatula. He found his wife drafting an advertisement for a shepherd to appear in the local paper. She was despondent. '*C'est dans les defaites qu'on connait les hommes,*' said her husband resolutely.

An hour later he was roused from a light doze by a trampling in the yard and the usual futile barking of dogs. There was Raine with some sheep.

'There's forty-one here I got from Shaw's at Thursgill,' said the old man turning a penetrating gaze upon his employer. 'They were dipping to-day and brought down a big lot of ours off the top. Tom would likely miss some when it came on thick. And then I got eight behind Blakemea wall. John went up that way, but he's new to the ground.' 'Then that's only four short,' said the professor, more mollified than he cared to show. 'Can you be certain of finding them?' 'Ye can be certain o' nothing but death, Professor,' said the old man, a withering flash in his blue eyes, 'but I don't doubt they'll turn up in time. Eighteen short they were at Shaw's and he and his man been up twice laiting top o' Dolphinside afore they started dipping. Aye, we've not done so badly, considering.' The professor turned away reflecting that in the word 'considering' lay the whole difference between agriculture and the exact sciences.

An 18th Century Parson Farmer
The Diary of Benjamin Rogers - 7

Feb. the 2nd, 1736. Jno: Hannah Secundus and I made even, saving that I owe him for some Fork stakes the Number of which he could not tell: and he owed me for Chaff and Pease but how much I know not. The same day also Francis Stonbanks and I made even and gave each other a Receipt in full.

March the 5th. Mr Bordley Schole Master came to this Town, and began to Teach the Monday following being the 8th., Jenny Jack and Sam going that day to his Schole. I gave him 5s. for their Entrance.

The 16th. Mr Charlton Senior of Olney went to Bedford Fair, and going home his Horse threw him at the second Gate-way in Bromham Closes where he lay all Night in the Dirt, and a Gent: from London riding that Way came to him, and finding him almost dead, call'd to a Laborer that was working just by and gave him half a Crown to help him up. Which as he was doing, Mr Charlton said he was very thirsty: the Man gave him some Water and he died immediately it is said he had drank too much at Bedford.

The 20th. Mr Bordley agreed with Richard Stoch to Teach him to Write and read for 10s 6d. and a Shilling earnest.

The 24th. Met Mr Towersey, Mr Collins, Mr Smith, and Mr Hunt at the Bell to consult about framing a petition to the County Members

to oppose the Quakers Bill and that of Mortmain.

The 31st. Signed the petition to the Town and County Members of Parliament of Bedford against the Quakers Bill, and that of Mortmain.

Delivered to Mr Bordley 5 New Spelling Books.

May the 20th. My Lord gave me the following Books, Dr. Stanhope on the Epistles and Gospels, Simplicius and Arrian's Epictetus. Bennet's Abridgment of the London Cases, and Dr. Beveridges Chron. He gave us also a Dish of Fish, and a Bottle of Rum. *Xápis.*

July the 5th. Yesterday being Sunday and the 4th day of this Month the Small Pox broke out afresh in this parish. This new-breaking out of them was occasion'd (as they say) by Mrs Rey's Funeral Sermon, Notice of which being given long before, it brot a vaste Number of People to the Meeting from all parts to hear it, and amongst the rest a good many People from Olney, which is now and has been of a long time afflicted with the Small Pox, and these it is thought brought the infection. The Small Pox were brot first into this Town by Gid: Rey, who catch them abroad; of whom his Mother catched them and dyed. But such Care was taken by Mr Rey to prevent their spreading that had it not been for the above mentioned accident occasion'd by the variety of that sort of people, tis with good Reason thot, that they would have spread no farther. *Miserere Deus.* Mr Bordley had a Farnaby's Rhetoric, pret. 9d.

The 26th. Mr. Bordley made me a present of a pair of Knee Buckles.

Aug. the 10th. My son Benj: had his Time

given him (being near three Years) by his Master Needham, and on the same day he let himself to Mr Thomas Gale, at 15 li. pr. Ann. He was bound to Mr Peter Haslewood from the 15th of June 1732 to serve for 7 Years. *Xápis.*

Sept. the 13th. I went to Bedford to choose Common Council-Men, where Mr Priaulx was used in such a Manner by all those who had been his Friends, for his underhand Managment that I had scarcely seen the like. I cam home on Thursday.

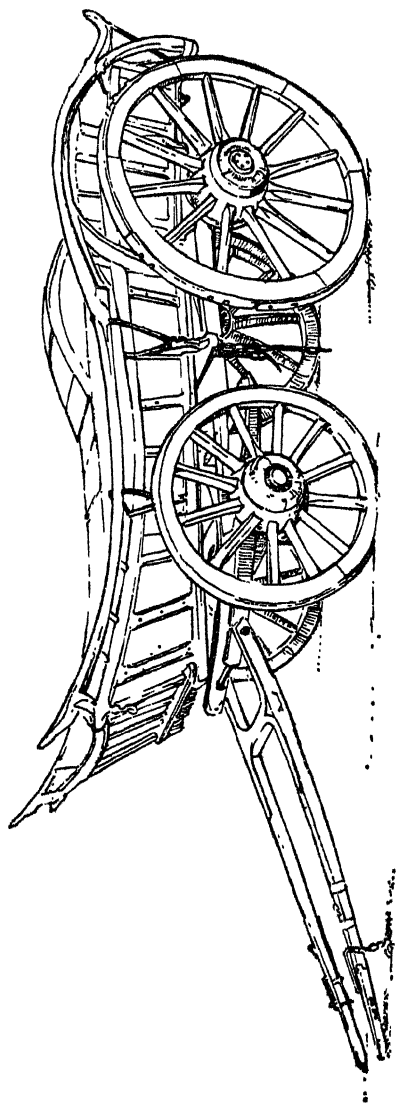
Oct. the 28th. I wrote to Mrs Meade about my Son Jack, if she would be pleased to ask the Dr to use his Interest with the Governors of his Acquaintance, to get him into the Charter-House.

Bene.

Nov. the 3rd. Mr. Back-House of Yelden, Curate to my Cousin Beadles was here, and told me that he had bought Wilden Living (the next Turn I mean) for 300l.

The 25th, being Thursday. As I was putting up a Picture in the Hall Chamber, the Chair on which I stood slipt and struck me so hard on the Calf of my Leg with the fore-pummel, that it swell'd very much, and made me quite lame 2 or 3 days; and it was a good while e're it was well. However on the 29th being Monday I went to see Mr Alston on horseback; and the next day I baptized a Child at Harold; but either I got cold in the leg or over strained the Muscle (for I walked thither) so that I was much worse the next day and not well of it yet, this day being the 3rd of Dec.

(To be continued)



FARM WAGONS - 2. GLOUCESTERSHIRE

by Thomas Hennell

Prossy's Complaint

by Elspet Keith

THE beautiful, flat-fronted house was dated 1750. It had pleasing vistas of well-kept lawns with yew and golden privet hedges that had never missed a pruning. The humblest flower that lit the cheerful borders had full value against this green beauty. The Honourable James Hatton had wedded both love and money, and an unperturbed connubial affection had matured for more than twenty years in Eden-like calm. The house was sentimentally opulent within. Mrs. Hatton had imbibed from her father a taste for Tennyson and Burne-Jones, but her mother had nurtured her on Shaw. Secure in husbandly love, a pre-and-post-marital place in the county and the blessed ability to live within her goodly income, Mrs. Hatton was becoming gently corpulent.

The sudden death of Mrs. Hatton's step-sister, Lady Picton, had brought the only daughter, Onyx, on a seemingly impulsive visit to her maternal aunt. Mr. and Mrs. Hatton knew nothing of girls, but they remembered Onyx as a winsome child. Theirs was now a breathless awakening to modern elegance, extravagance, frankness, meteoric mental and physical movement, mocking laughter, an unbendable will, poise, intelligence, incredible facility, and garments that let sun and wind play on a flexible young body. Onyx brought with her a maid, a horse, a fierce dog, a gramophone, a wireless set, racquets and golf clubs. The daughterless James

overflowed with happiness. A model of rubicund gallantry, he waited humbly on his young step-niece-by-marriage. For Onyx he forsook his entomological studies, forgot to doze after luncheon, and in bulging flannels made himself a foil to her skill on the tennis lawn.

For a fortnight Mrs. Hatton had scarcely slept, wondering how to bear any more of it. As she looked from her window late one afternoon she groaned. James was short-stepping across the lawn while Onyx threw ribald gibes at him, goading her uncle to some ridiculous physical feat. A peal of laughter and a chorus, of male 'Ha! ha's!' meant that some other man had joined them. Men always did appear when Onyx was about. Ah! young Major Hilton had arrived then. That would bring a week-end reprieve. Perhaps Major Hilton had known that Onyx was there when he so unexpectedly proposed himself! Relieved, Mrs. Hatton put on a becoming grey silk gown and decided on garnets. Her pearl choker, the gift of a once-adoring James, was just a little tight.

Onyx was dazzling. Her gleaming garments floated around her loveliness, but her smiles and wiles were all for her uncle. Hilton was treated with levity, and Mrs. Hatton's views on modern fiction seemed only to deepen the young man's gloom. Stony with repressed anger, as she mounted the staircase on her way to bed, Mrs. Hatton saw that absurd Onyx clinging to her uncle's arm while James claimed the right to an avuncular kiss. Onyx was making eyes — yes, actually — at her uncle; after all, only uncle-by-marriage, and not so very

old-looking really. Wild thoughts shook Mrs. Hatton's static matronhood. She could hardly send away a motherless girl, now that the bereaved father had gone abroad – broken-hearted, Onyx said.

Mrs. Hatton was honest. It was not Onyx but James who angered her. How humiliating to have his faults, so long curtailed by her loyal, married hand, uncovered before clear, rather hard young eyes. She must do, or say something. Onyx had an odd smile; it would be difficult to say some things. In vain an inward voice pleaded for caution. Mrs. Hatton almost heard herself appealing to Onyx – asking her while shedding light in the dark corners of well-fed idleness, not to be so self-revealing to complacent middle-age, so shattering to married content.

Onyx sang as she bounded upstairs. 'Is something wrong, Aunt Margaret?' she asked quickly, her smile fading as Mrs. Hatton followed her into her room. Mrs. Hatton, her heart pounding unduly, closed the door and asked Onyx in solemn tones: 'Onyx, do you know your Shaw?' 'My Shaw!' said the girl wonderingly. 'What or who is Shaw?' 'Oh dear!' said her aunt, 'I never thought of that! It was to save explaining. I meant to say, Have you got Prossy's complaint?' 'Prossy's complaint!' said Onyx laughingly. 'Is it internal or external?' 'There is nothing to laugh about,' Mrs. Hatton continued nervously. 'You really ought to read "Candida": very advanced thought, you know. You girls to-day seem to have no modesty – no mercy – I – I –' 'Aunty, you are trembling. You are ill. Have *you* got Prossy's complaint, as you call it?'

The elder woman began to weep quietly. 'You - have brought nothing but misery to me, child,' she said. 'Oh dear, your mother and I were so different when we were young. You are a flirt. Your Uncle James adores you!' 'Aunt Margaret, do tell me what is troubling you. What has happened?' 'Happened? Nothing has happened unless - you don't really *care* for James, do you?' 'I - I care for Uncle?' 'Forgive me, my dear. I know it sounds silly to you, but James is quite changed - so rude and unnatural. Oh dear, I did not mean to say that. I meant to put it quite differently. Somehow you make *me* feel ashamed, yet I know you are at fault - partly. Even the way you dress is - embarrassing.' Suddenly a light flashed on Onyx, and she said meekly: 'What is wrong with flirting, Aunt?' Her expression of repressed mirth quickly dried Mrs. Hatton's tears. She answered testily: 'If you must flirt why do you not flirt with a man nearer your own age, instead of with married men? Why not with Major Hilton? He would be an easy victim.' Onyx laughed and Mrs. Hatton became really angry. 'Your laughter is sadly misplaced,' she said, 'Pray, why not Major Hilton?' Onyx replied, 'Well Aunt, if you must know there is a very simple reason. Major Hilton is my husband!'



'MIDWINTER is with us now, like a warm spring with you,' writes a New Zealand reader; 'many roses in the garden and thousands of narcissi; lemons just changing colour and only the fruit trees leafless. Two hundred miles from the earthquake, we did not feel a tremor.'

The Art of Rat Catching

by Andrew Soutar

OLD Spike is our rat-catcher. He has a character of his own. He reads the newspapers, takes an interest in politics, formulates opinions about public figures and, with sardonic humour, blends these opinions with his trade. Thus, he will address a particularly vicious old dog rat by the name of some politician for whom he has no particular liking, and, as he cracks him on the head, he will observe that : ' 'Twould gi'e me no pain to gi'e t'other feller a sock aside th' heid like that.' He is moved to admiration of the small and energetic rat that will take unusual risks in a chicken-run when searching for food. He calls him the little Chancellor. ' 'E don't care who got the food ; 'e will get it !' Only once did I find Old Spike communicative about the tricks of his trade. The only trap that seemed serviceable to me was the oblong wire cage with the baited hook and the spring door. The other form of trap, wire-domed and fitted with a tin plate that drops like a hangman's trapdoor when the rat sets foot on it, always appeared to me to be slightly beneath the intelligence of the average rat. But, Old Spike said : ' That's the best trap, but you got to bait 'im, not with cheese or 'erring, but with a rat itself. Catch one in the other trap and pop 'im into this one. Now, feed 'im, gi'e 'im milk, a bit o' meat and see what 'appens ', Twenty-five rats in the one trap were the result, for, as Old Spike explained, a rat on the outside,

seeing a friend of his within, sleek and well supplied with food, wouldn't rest until he had got in alongside him. One of the baits that Old Spike used on occasion was a drop of aniseed oil.

Never ask a professional rat-catcher what he does with his catch. I have met Old Spike with a sack half full of live rats, but he wouldn't tell me how or where he'd destroy them. He would dive a hand into the sackful of squirming rodents and bring one out for my inspection. He never expected to be bitten, he said, until he was fool enough to put his hand into the sack when there was only one rat left.

I think Old Spike is honest, for he has a fine sense of justice. The farmers employ him to make periodical visits to their barns and stacks, paying him a fixed sum to keep their farms clear. But they have told me of one farmer who thought twice before he parted with a penny. He met Old Spike in the market place, one day, and said to him : 'I'm going to pay you for the last quarter, Spike, but I shan't want you again. I'm satisfied there are no rats left.' Old Spike thanked him courteously, pocketed the money and went his way. Within a week the farmer was complaining that he had never known so many rats about his place. Someone said to him : 'You'd better get Old Spike to come up again.' 'I suppose I must,' said the farmer, 'but I haven't seen him around this district of late'. But, those who knew Old Spike and suspected his ways, fancied that he must have paid the farmer a visit without being seen, and not empty-handed.

The rat is surrounded by many fallacies. He

hasn't much courage. He will die of fright in a trap. He puts up a miserable fight against a good terrier and the ferret regards him with a great deal of contempt. Some say that he is extraordinarily cunning and very shrewd in his guesses at the nature of a trap. It isn't so. Compared with the mole, who will keep away from a trap that has been touched with the hand, he is a stupid, greedy, slow-witted fellow. He strikes terror into the hearts of womenfolk by the awful noise he makes when gnawing the skirting boards. It is as though he were burrowing his way in, determined to get at what might lie on the other side. In truth, he is only sharpening those long teeth of his, because, unless he keeps them down, they grow so long as to interfere with his eating. A terrier, sniffing at the wainscoting on the other side, will frighten him away for a long period. One thing I have noticed is that a cat that becomes a rat-catcher (and I have known one actually to jump into a brook after a vole), is seldom any use for keeping down mice. On the other hand, you may have a terrier that will show as much enthusiasm in the catching of mice as in the shaking of a rat.

In view of the thousands of pounds of damage done every year by the rats in the country and the danger of their spreading disease, every district should be encouraged to keep down rats. The usual method of the authorities is to pay a reward on production of tails. Old Spike says that if he had the paying to do he would much rather see the heads. I don't know exactly what he means by that, but there is something sinister in his eyes.

Rain

by Joyce M. Westrup

NOW this is what is wrong. We refuse to accept the fact that the natural weather for England is so-called 'bad weather', and that rain is beautiful as sun. We mourn lost summers and springs. We rail against a fate that provides us regularly with depressions from Iceland. We betray our country with every word, implying that we would rather the torrid airs of the Sahara or the monotonous skies of South Africa. In our discontent we have made ourselves a laughing stock among the nations.

The newspapers help to foster the absurd delusion that our due of cloudless skies is being withheld by a malignant spirit. 'Wettest summer since last summer', say the headlines, 'Heaviest rainfall since June', and sometimes 'Floods'. Floods often occur because we have blindly planned our roads and railways for a country of negligible rainfall. 'Aren't you putting that railway rather near the river?' says Common Sense. 'Oh no!' cries Popular Delusion, 'that river hasn't been full for years. This is England, you know!'

The clothes convention is undoubtedly our worst stumbling-block. Surely by now we should have learned to make things that won't spoil in the rain. How far off is the day when a man may stride into his office in oilskins, and say, as he hangs them on a peg in a tiled room made for that purpose, 'Jolly fine rain this morning, coming from the South with

a tang of the sea about it. I walked from Hampstead in forty minutes.'?

At present, men creep out of their houses wearing short mackintoshes which leave their trouser legs uncovered, with umbrellas, which are inventions of the Devil. They creep into a bus or train and seat themselves among other wet umbrellas and trouser legs. Then they sit in their offices and curse while the lovely silver rain streams down the windows – English rain.

Women are as bad; perhaps not quite as bad, for often now you may see a woman, and no frump either, wearing rubber boots, a mackintosh, and a hat that doesn't matter; but a gusty rain plays havoc with the skirts of the mackintosh, blows rain down into the boots, and there she is, not wet through perhaps, but wet.

Who will invent some covering securely fitting and water-tight – some kind of mackintosh overalls? They could be made in many exquisite colours for women and the usual ugly shades for men. They would easily slip over the ordinary clothes. The only people who then need carry umbrellas would be those whose complexions were not serviceable. What a difference it would make! The only reason for disliking rain is that it is so wet. That difficulty disposed of, we should be free to enjoy it. City magnate, office boy, editor, clerk and typist would splash joyfully to work, and boast of the size of the puddles they had waded. So long as we cling to the illusion that blue skies and sun are England's birthright, so long as we ignore the blessings that we have for others that we wot not of, so long indeed

shall we be prey to influenza, epidemics and depression.

If the Lord sees fit to send us sun let us take it with gratitude, but let us remember our natural state is rain. Let us love the rain, let us admire it, let us order our lives fitly for its entertainment; so we shall become far-famed as the Island of Beautiful Rain.



For Countrymen and Countrywomen - 19

1. 'I sing the Plow, Ten Centuries at work.' Author?—
2. In what year and by whom was the following advice given: 'If all persons, both Ladies and Gentlemen, would spend some of their tyme in journeys to visit their native land, and be curious to Inform themselves and make observations it would fform such an Idea of England, add much to its Glory and Esteem in our minds and cure the evil Itch of overvaluing fforeign parts; at least ffurnish them with an Equivalent to entertain strangers when among us, Or inform them when abroad of their Native Country, which has been often a Reproach to the English, guidance to themselves.'—
3. What creatures have mothers and grandfathers but no father?—
4. Which of our painters wrote that 'the beauty of the country makes pictures seem sad trumpery'?—
5. Name philosopher who was of opinion that 'many a good thought is to be had by walking'.—
6. What peer was an authority on brambles? [*Answers, page 717*]



OVERHEARD during a thunder-storm this summer: Nervous old lady: 'Oh my blessed! Wot weather. I be glad it ent night time. Ever it comes o' night I feels for me stockings.' Listener: 'Do you feel safer in your stockings?' Nervous old lady: 'Tent that exactly. But I allus feels, if I got to do any running, I must do it in me clothes.'

My Adventures with a Caravan Bookshop

AFTER the caravanning and fruit-selling experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Autolycus in the north of Scotland* we offer our readers the adventures of Miss Ruth M. Niven as she caravanned in the south of England selling books.

THE caravan, of 3 ply wood, measured 10ft. by 6ft. by 6ft. 6ins. It had a long window on its near side. In the middle of this was a bookshelf, with two shelves. This was our show window. At each side was a lattice window which opened out on to a stall, which we attached to the side of the caravan in good weather. Over this it was possible to let down an awning. Underneath the show window inside were two small bookshelves and three storing cupboards for stationery, personal belongings and foodstuffs. On this side of the van also was the stove, drying cupboard and small crockery cupboard. The oil stove with its two burners was in a metal container. The other side of the caravan was filled with bookshelves built away from the wall, so that any condensation on the walls would not affect the books. On this side of the van was also the wardrobe. At the far end from the door were the bunks. The top one let down and the whole turned into a sofa during the day. The bedding was packed in large bags. Under the bunks was a roomy locker, in which we could store linen and books. The bookshelves had fiddles at the edges, to prevent the books being shaken out. The books themselves were arranged in sections under headings. The tour was to open in Hampshire and Dorset, and people had been written to and posters sent to each village or small town announcing

* Autolycus Limited, Vagrant Merchants, COUNTRYMAN, Oct., 1930, Jan., April and July, 1931

the date on which, in our ignorance of possible happenings in a cold March, we hoped to arrive. Getting the hawker's licence meant visits to three police stations and to two customs and excise offices. I paid £2 for it. The caravan contained about 800 books. We arrived at our first destination a little late, hot, bothered and very touzled. The first afternoon, in spite of the wind, there was a crowd round the table and stall with its prints and rhyme sheets. We sold essays, plays, novels, books on art and music, and a great many prints and rhyme-sheets. The chief event of the evening was that the 250 candle-power lamp, after a brief attempt to burn, let out a volume of smoke and we rushed it outside the van to get it away from the books. We supped very late by candlelight. The greater part of the evening was spent grovelling about, looking for things in semi-darkness. One of the college staff came to see us and insisted that what caravaners needed more than anything was a bath. We went to bed early aching in every bone, but with the satisfaction of knowing that we must have made well over £3 profit on our first day. It froze hard that night, and we were glad that we had let the water out of the car radiator.

March 4.—With the birds singing exultantly about us, we lunched, wrapped in blankets to keep the wind out. Two women with rucksacks looked in at the shop window and bought a copy of 'Brer Rabbit'. Arrived at S. over bad roads at dark. The driving was heavy, tiring and difficult. M.C. decided that she would never be able to drive. Her aunt, who was to receive us at S., was in a high state of agitation when we arrived. We supped at her house in a shocking condition of oil and lightly-veiled dirt. Afterwards I returned to the caravan to tidy it. Every mortal thing seemed to have been thrown out on the floor. When I had restored order I did the accounts of the past two days by candle light. M.C.'s aunt said to me in a low tone 'I do not think that you had better let M. drive the car. She certainly would never manage it.'

March 5.— A sunny day, catkins in the hedges, the first primroses out in the woods, and a dancing sense of spring. People all very pleasant and mildly interested. Sent on our way with a thermos of soup. Life seemed to consist largely of physical labour of a hard and continuous kind, of meeting people as though one were not covered with oil and heavy with anxiety about avoiding gateposts. Pitched on a village green. Had supper with friends and then went back to a prolonged struggle with the lamp and dampness. Every night the books had to be moved from the window as the moisture poured down ceiling, walls and window panes. Still freezing every night.

March 6.— Asked an old man if the hill was steep. 'Nothing to speak of', he said; but before we had done with it there was a good deal to speak of. Turned out to be a motor-cycling test hill. Ginger (the caravan) stuck. Wind blowing up for a blizzard. Two miles or so from the nearest village and no one seemed to pass. Prepared to detach the car to go for help. The caravan took matters into its own hands and departed backwards down the hill, like some primitive beast in retreat, turned towards the bank and fell with a stupendous crash on its side. That horrible exultation that floods over one when the worst that one could conceive has actually happened! The stove had been thrown out and had disgorged its contents all over the essays and poetry. Handed out the books to M.C. who laid them down in piles of sheep and goats. Wardrobe and clothes had taken most of the stove's outpourings. 400 uninjured books. A young man, flying past on his motor bike, stopped, took me on his pillion and drove me to H. where I telephoned for a breakdown van. The sight of some large meat pies reminded me that we had not had any food. I carried a supply up the hill. Ate huddled up in the car in rugs; pies tasted of oil. Four hours later the breakdown van hauled us into the village. Tea had a good influence on us. Telephoned to friends who said, 'Bring a pound of sausages with you and

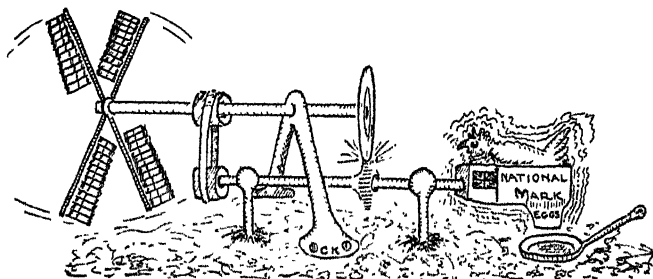
come at once by the next bus!' It was only when I was going in at their door that I remembered that the insurance would pay for all the damages.

March 7.—The old man at the garage who was in charge of the repairs was stone deaf and was neither to be communicated with nor hurried. Eventually just before dark we got off again. A monosyllabic farmer insisted that we should have tea in his house by a warm fire with his wife and the two little boys. That night we found that the top bunk was broken. The floor, in the prevailing weather, was a distinctly airy sleeping place for the week-end.

Sunday, March 8.—We awoke to a white earth. It was cold and sunny and enchantingly lovely. Quite quiet with that stillness that only comes with snow. Water tank frozen fast, but the farmer brought us water and milk from the farmhouse. A half-wit with a friendly slow smile and most courteous manners helped us to scrape a pathway. M.C.'s friends arrived to see whether she was alive and spent the day with us to make sure of it. Although a little quiet reflection would have been better I spent the morning in the woodshed sorting and listing the oily books and parcelling the damaged clothes to send home. Up to this time about £16 worth of books had been disposed of and a good many orders had been sent by post. Our problem seemed to be (1) to get to the places we had said we were going to, (2) to remain unfrozen and keep clear of undue moisture. Later on it proved the best plan to choose one central village, stay there all the week and get to know the people, and from that centre visit the villages round about. It was not until later, also, that I learnt what people read and how few people do actually buy books. A distinction formed in my mind between the books that people might well keep and those that they could best borrow from the local library. It seemed to me that the basis of the stock would be books that should open up new worlds to their owners, books of philosophy, poetry and essays and drama, technical books that would

help people to get to know things, keys to the world of birds or of wild flowers or stars, books that would help people to do things, books of cookery, carpentry, play productions, handicrafts. There would be books, too, to amuse but these must never swamp the books the sale of which formed the real object of a travelling bookshop. Another thing that became clear was that there must be a perpetual quest for good cheap books, books under sixpence of a good standard, novels, children's books, technical books and handicraft leaflets. But especially children's books that could be sold through the interest of the village schools and direct to the mothers and older children. The idea of the Caravan Bookshop from its conception had been that it should take books to people who did not know that they needed them and to people who knew that they needed them but did not know how to get them. I found that the latter class was practically non-existent. People who are conscious of their need and want things enough generally manage to get them. It was with the country people whose need for books was hardly realised that the work of my Caravan Bookshop was to lie.

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



18. *Machine to Prevent Egg Shells forming, so that Eggs are Laid Ready for Frying*

March 9.—A small deaf man came to mend an injured bolt and upset a vase of flowers over half a dozen books. I went into the cowshed—what a refuge that place had been the last day or two!—and cursed to relieve pent-up feelings. The cold persisted and the sweating problem from roof and walls and window had become so acute that it seemed foolish to risk wholesale destruction of the books. So we decided to spend the night at an inn. As my companion looked half perished I persuaded her to return next day to her alarmed relatives and civilisation. A publisher's travelling bookvan appeared, a great big solid well-equipped thing holding a vast quantity of books and two young men. Said the landlord, 'I did not know that you were commercials like these gents, but of course that makes your supper a shilling less.'

March 10.—In the place I got to this day the vicar, sitting in a study lined with books, said that to his knowledge no one in the parish ever read books. Sold some good books, however, to a man and a girl. A maid servant said it was a fair treat to see the caravan driven by a woman, 'What I always says is, Miss, we women have all the headpiece, but the men have the strength, and the poor things thinks it's everything.' In bed that night read 'The Conquest of Happiness'.

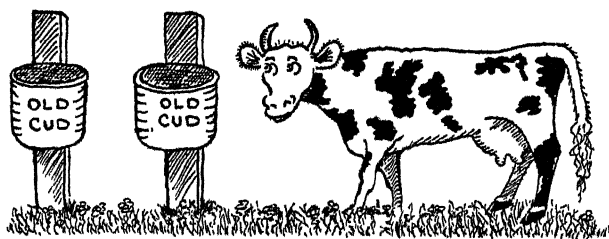
March 11.—After a good deal of haggling an old man bought 'Trent's Last Case' and gave me a long dissertation on the high price of books. He was followed by an even older man who talked in the same vein about purchasing a secondhand book on reptiles.

March 12.—Lunched on a carpet of pine needles in a fragrant quiet place and heard robins and thrushes. But to-day caravan bookselling reached its lowest ebb. The training camp I was to visit was closed for a fortnight, and I was chivvied by a policeman. Having paid all my takings into the bank I had only a few shillings left; also a bad leak in the radiator and no petrol. An old woman at a shoe shop gave

me supper with 'her boys'—a gardener and groom at two of the big houses, and three cats and a dog. The gardener asked me if I would care to walk out with him.

March 13.—Great shafts of sunlight were thrown on the road between the branches of the trees. I sang so as not to become dismal again, and thought to myself, 'It doesn't matter a straw whether you only sell a postcard all the week, so long as you don't let your spirit descend.' When I reached a straggling town an N.S.P.C.A. van was already installed, and the man was launched upon an address. Some country folk bought secondhand books on gardening, Egypt and evolution. An elderly man advised me that one of the most important things was to make a point of knowing one's engine inside out. Looked up and saw the face of the artist who had designed my posters. Had come to help me for the week-end. When one suddenly sees people after being away from them some time they look so real and vivid. We camped on heathy ground, and felt light-hearted. It was a clear starry night and there was open country about us. We could feel the loveliness of the place, smell the sweetness of gorse and dry heather and peaty earth, and blessed the powers that be that had sent us forth on such an adventure.

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



19. *Tidy Farmers have Receptacles in which Cows can Deposit their Worn-out Gud*

March 14.—Up at 5. We turned out the whole interior of the caravan into the sunlight and purged away every last trace of the accident. By devious routes we got into Dorset. Stuck at angle across a lane, and an umbrella man, his apprentice and a rather loose limbed curate helped us. At night poetry and onions and star-light were merged together. Went to bed early and happy.

March 15.—Found primroses, celandines and catkins and gave a tea-party.

March 16.—Up at 6. Very cold and clear. Worked hard at our cleaning and were ready to start at half past eight. Drove over a wild grey hilly country and saw J. off at Wimborne. As I confine myself to villages and do not go to the market towns, where parking problems arise, I had no difficulties of this kind until I arrived here and found myself in the old corn-market at the back of the main square, where no one was likely to come. I persuaded one or two of the shops in the main street to display posters to show where I was stationed. In the evening it was nearly dark when I drove to C. Tumbled into bed stiff. At this time I had wild and violent dreams.

March 17.—A sunny spring-like day, but in the evening the caravan broke away. Bolts put in under torch-light.

March 18.—Sunlight and rooks cawing. I did a great deal of cleaning.

March 19-20.—I made a good many notes in my journal about the various villages and their requirements and drove the 120 miles straight home.



'T E N T the grass makes we so wet of a morning — 'tis they bents!' explained old George.

'I H A V E a memento of the Cotswolds here in a straddle stone on my lawn,' writes a subscriber in British Columbia.

'“T H E dentist will no doubt give you gas,” I said to my maid,’ writes a reader. ““No M’m, I think not,” was the reply, “not gas; there’s electric light in Oxford”.”’

The Country House Aeroplane

10. — *My Aerodrome*, by W. Lindsay Everard, M.P.

HALF the usefulness and pleasure of private flying is lost, to my mind, if a journey of fifteen miles or more has to be made to a local aerodrome before a flight can be begun. In most parts of England it is possible to find a field or several fields which together will make a very efficient landing ground within a short distance of the home of the light aeroplane owner. The field must have a reasonably level surface; anything in the nature of ridge and furrow must be levelled. A simple way of testing whether the surface is good enough, is to drive a car across it in each direction. If the surface is really smooth the car can be driven at forty miles an hour without undue strain on the springs; unless it can be driven satisfactorily at twenty-five miles an hour the surface will need levelling. All over the country, fields have been chosen and used by Sir Alan Cobham, and are at present being similarly used by Captain Barnard's Aerial Circus; any of these would make admirable permanent landing grounds. Quite a small area of ground, say twenty acres can be utilised if there are no obstructions surrounding it and the greatest length is in the direction of the prevailing wind. But it is as well to obtain the advice of an expert before embarking on expenditure, if that be necessary.

There is no need to go to great expense to construct an elaborate hangar. Nearly all the modern light aeroplanes have folding wings, and any place that will house a motor car will usually take a machine of the Moth type. When the ground has been selected an old farm shed can be converted, but if a wooden shed has to be built the expense is not great. Having obtained the field and the hangar, the only other absolute necessity is a wind sleeve, of which the expense is negligible.

My own aerodrome is more fully equipped than ordinary private landing grounds, as I desired to get the Air Ministry licence for it. When completed it will be eighty-two acres. There is hangar accommodation for eleven small folded machines of the Moth type. Petrol and oil tanks are installed, and a ground engineer is permanently retained to look after the machines which are kept there. A white circle with the name of the aerodrome is set in concrete in the middle of the landing area. As it is intended that this aerodrome shall be available for night flying, a beacon has been fixed, and the necessary obstruction lights and a flood light are shortly to be installed. The aerodrome is a half mile from my house, so no time is lost before a journey can be begun.

Why no English Air Stamps? by A Country Collector

ENGLAND was the first country in the world to use postage stamps. The stamps which were placed on English letters in 1840 have never been surpassed in colour and printing. All the world followed England's example, and having done so, almost every country in the world, in printing, colour and beauty and variety of design, has gone steadily forward. England has not. In the 'eighties the English Post Office issued sets of stamps which for poverty of design and colour have only been equalled by the wretched labels used by some of the Continental countries during the War. And since that date Englishmen have never been given a stamp which, compared with the best or even the second best issues of America, a dozen European governments and a score of British colonies, is worth looking at. A schoolboy's stamp collection to-day shows issue after issue of adhesive stamps and postcards of ingenious and elaborate design, stamps representative of the country of their origin, as illustrating its fauna and flora, typical or selected landscapes, views of cities, scenes from history and portraits of celebrities, in every shape and size, and printed



THE COUNTRYSIDE ON OTHER PEOPLE'S STAMPS

often in two colours. England meanwhile has stood still, with few issues, and all of them humdrum, characterless and uninteresting.

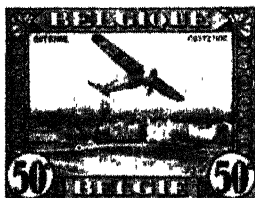
And now comes the day of the air mail. Almost every country of importance has issued or is issuing sets of stamps for use in its air service, some of them very striking and even beautiful in design, as may be seen in the examples of which we publish illustrations. England as usual does nothing. All that our Post Office can offer us is a small blue piece of paper like a luggage label, to be placed separate from the ordinary postage stamps on letters sent by air. Why should there be this lack of initiative in our postal authorities and our Government? Even the revenue from stamp collectors, who buy unused sets, can be valuable in a small way. And as for accustoming Englishmen to the idea of flying, which Air Ministers tell us should be the

object of those in authority, what better means is there than the postage stamp? Above all, why should England, the country of the greatest fliers in the world, be the last to proclaim any interest in the feats and the achievements of her Air Service?



The Day of a Gentleman Farmer

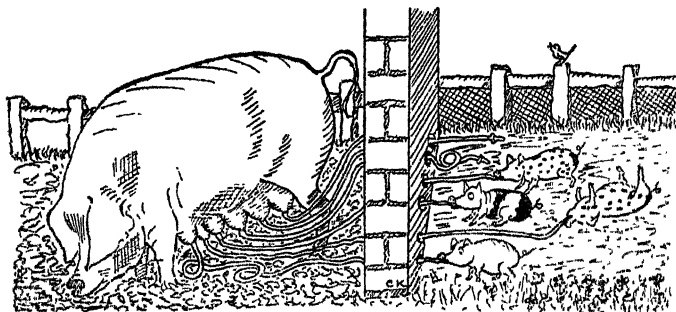
HALF woke as usual about 5. Heard the cows mooing and the rattle of pails in the dairy, and, as usual, proceeded to doze again. 6.15, thick mist, tree tops all wet. 6.45, tea, letters and a message – says ‘Ted says Polly has a calf, Sir; it’s a bull.’ I’d rather have had a heifer. Ted is great with the two servants. The chat and repartee that go on between kitchen window and dairy door used to scandalize my aunt when she stayed here but I look upon it as a useful by-product of the farm; it makes for smooth running of the domestic machine. 7.30, I get up and, from the bathroom window, which opens on the farmyard, call to Brown my ‘working bailiff’ who does everything from driving the tractor to keeping the house supplied with wood. To ‘Good morning, how is everything?’ he replies ‘Can’t hoe roots this morning, Sir, rained heavy last night.’ I reply, ‘Well, let the carter clean out Strawberry’s box. (One of my maternity wards, which is only mucked out when opportunity offers, fresh straw being thrown on top of the dirty between times.) Put the dung on the heap in the Pheasant field. Tell him to pile it high; it’s getting spread all over the place. What are you going to do?’ ‘Well, Sir, it’s time those potatoes was hoed up; the wet won’t matter for them’ (‘those potatoes’ being about a rood I grow for the house, the only ones I have, except a few ‘new potatoes’ in the garden). ‘All right; tell Ted to go with you when he has washed up. Remember to kill the cockerels.’ I dress, enter up my diary for yesterday, write a letter and fill in the time till breakfast. After breakfast the papers. 9.30, I go out, have a chat with Ted the



SOME AIR STAMPS.

cowman, have a look at the new calf and a general look round. Then off to town with seven cockerels. Every year I sell a few dozen, from 3 to 4 lbs., being those superfluous to house needs. I usually get 1s. 4d. per lb. This year I am getting 1s. 6d., and the poulterer is buying American frozen Spring chickens at 1s. 4d., which shows something wrong somewhere. 1s. 4d. is a jolly good price, especially now with cheap corn, and it is rather ridiculous that we should let the Americans in on those terms. Of course it is not business for me to run the car ten miles each way to sell seven cockerels for 35s., but I do some shopping for my wife including the buying of some fresh salmon which comes out of the river on which the town is situated. Most people buying a 2 or 3 lb. piece of salmon go for the middle cut, which is a great mistake, as in boiling the two open sides let out all the flavour. A tail piece presents only one open side. I enjoy my run in the car. The roads are charming in the early sunshine now the mist has cleared away. My shopping amuses me too. I look over the poultry in the shop where I sell mine, gently depreciating the boiling fowls. 'Yes,' says the shopkeeper, 'they are not so good as usual, but I got them cheap'. I talk

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



20. Kind Farmers Give their young Pigs a Clean Start

about some I want to sell, 'about 7 to 8 lbs.' 'A bit big for my trade', he says but "So-and-so", (mentioning a man about ten miles the other way from me) will probably take them.' At another shop I buy some good English cheese, 'a new lot from Mr. Dash'. Home about 11, and take a walk round the farm. All satisfactory considering the pouring wet weather we're having. There is a tremendous lot of grass in the hay fields but all beaten down with the rain. It will probably lift up again if we get some dry weather. If? I don't worry very much; I have been at this sort of thing all my life, and, after all, things somehow come right in the end. Anyhow I have enough hay left over from last year to see me through the winter even if I can make no hay at all. Having no hay this year would leave me no emergency ration to sell if I wanted a bit of extra cash, and no safeguard against a bad season next year; but if one were of the temperament to worry about next year's possible troubles one would probably never have become a farmer. I pass on and find the oats slow; the cold wet season I suppose. The grass ley I have sown with them is coming along fine. The rain is doing that good anyway. I get into the field where the cows are; lashings of grass, and the cows certainly do look well. I sit a few minutes on my shooting stick looking them over, move about among them, sitting on the stick between times. I notice Dewdrop wants her horn cutting or it will grow into her head. The more I look at the cows the more I feel pleased with them. Rain or no rain the lot of them are growing into money. It is a better herd than it was last year or ever has been. I continue my round through the mangels. I did manage to run the horse hoe through them on a dryish day. A few have been cut out but now the ground is too wet to do anything to them. The weeds are growing badly and I see no prospect of better weather. I go on again, not unduly worrying. I come to a field where my young stock are. Again lots of grass and the stock looking as well as they could look. On again passing 12 acres of wheat,

I see it looks splendid. It is in a naturally drained field which stands up to wet weather. If the harvest weather is right the wheat ought to thresh out well. Another 'If'. 'Farmers live on hope and die of despair.' I always feel that farmers are really optimists: you should know that farmers' pessimism is a sort of propitiatory offering to Nemesis. I go on home past some other fields of which I do not take much notice to-day. I have mouched about and it is nearly 1 p.m. I wash and tidy up and sit down with a paper waiting dinner. The bell goes at 1.20. I always tell my wife to impress on the cook that at dinner time I set more store by having everything cooked right than by punctuality. The salmon I brought back is excellent. A farm chicken follows

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

We specify plainly on our Advertisement rate card the kind of Advertising we do not accept, and close on £300 worth of Advertising has been refused. We shall at once exclude an advertiser against whom reasonable complaint is made. Our Subscribers may therefore consult our Advertisement pages with confidence. Many readers have acknowledged the special value of such a large collection of carefully selected advertising to men and women who live in the country. The letters we have received speak appreciatively, also, of the pains taken to give our Advertisements comeliness. It is a pleasure to us to own (as has been straightforwardly explained in two articles, 'Your Friend the Advertiser', Jan. 1930, and 'Snobbery about Advertising', April 1931) that it is the remarkable body of Advertising which THE COUNTRYMAN has attracted that has enabled us to make the review what it is. At a time when the commercial world is glad of additional trade, it is an equal pleasure to realise that goods and services advertised in THE COUNTRYMAN are as they are described to be.

with a salad crisp from the garden. The King could not eat better. After stewed gooseberries and cheese we go in to the sitting room and talk over a cup of coffee in front of a window looking over the garden, which now has a fair show of flowers backed by a typically English field surrounded by large hedgerow trees. I feel that life cannot offer much better than a farmer's life, bad times and bad seasons all thrown in. It comes to my mind that I ought not to forget my 'other sources of income' which shelter me from the storm which is distressing and destroying many others. To sit in an easy chair till 3 p.m. strikes on the hall clock is my usual practice. I read through the daily and weekly papers and any pamphlets, etc., that come along. I rarely read a book at this hour of the day. To-day I have to attend a local show committee at 2.30 so I go off. If milk prices are bad next Michaelmas I fear one man on the committee will be done for, but as his father-in-law is a fairly prosperous shopkeeper I suppose he will be kept afloat somehow. He won't starve anyhow. Most of the others have had a good War and are not uneasy about living on capital for a few years. Others are men doing a retail trade direct from their farms, and, if not doing well, are holding their own. The chairman is a substantial landowner farming his home farm. An intelligent 'fly on the wall' would not think farming was in a bad way. As I watch the men present I feel that as a sample of the countryside they are a creditable lot. I get home just before 5. My wife is out so I have tea alone and read 'Waverley'. Though I am not a Scotsman I know all Scott by heart nearly. After tea I stroll round the farmyard, kitchen garden, etc., see all is well, muse over various things to do, come in and 'just sit' till 6.15 when I listen to the Wireless. More rain, I change out of breeches and tweed and continue 'Waverley', as I am in that mood, till supper at 7. This is a light meal. Afterwards we sit in front of a small fire of our own wood. Although it is summer a fire is welcome. My wife has some needlework

to do to-night so we talk. She has been busy all day, so there is plenty to talk about till 9.30. And so to bed. But first I cross the yard and look in the dairy to see all is well or perhaps look out of the windows as I shut them. The drowsy charm of the farm at night always fascinates me. As I tear myself away from the last window I feel that my lines have indeed been cast in pleasant places, and envy nobody in the world. But I must go to bed. I have the Bench in the morning and after that a Committee - or is it two?



Our Readers' Motoring Tales - 14

THE other day in Bedfordshire a correspondent was 'alarmed to find the notice "To Whipsnade Zoo" succeeded by another notice, in red, "Beware of the Ramp"—until I remembered that a Ramp may not be a wild animal after all'. Our Young Bill, who follows racing too closely, when asked if he knew the Ramp said, 'Oh yes, it's by "Profiteer" out of "High Prices"' and supplied us with its picture. On the basis of information furnished by Young Bill and our correspondent, Treasury officials, in the period immediately preceding September 8, were carefully considering the history and habits of the animal.



The Ramp



I WAS looking at my map when a charabanc passed. Its speed was such that the draught ripped my map in two. —
J.T.S.

*Grampus, Otter and Seal**by A Highland Gamekeeper*

A COMMOTION in the midst of a flock of eider some way out at sea drew my attention. The flock disintegrated, the birds composing it fluttering wildly over the water, when among them appeared the black back of a grampus, the snort of which reached my ears. The eider made for the shore, but many were in the flapper stage, and the grampus, 'rising' as trout do to flies, took heavy toll of the flock before it reached the sheltering rocks. The birds waddled hastily out of the water at my feet, showing not the least fear, while their great enemy turned into deep water with what might be assumed to be a snort of disgust. A minute later, in pure joy of life, he 'breached' out of the water.

Salmon are extraordinarily afraid of otters. I was seated on a bridge over a small salmon river one moonlight night when otters began to hunt the stretch of water above the bridge. I heard the occasional snorts and splashes of the animals and their bird-like signal-calls. It was soon evident that the salmon were also aware of the presence of the otters, for fish were seen ploughing their way rapidly to the sea in long furrows.

A great seal used year after year to frequent an arm of the sea into which flows a salmon river, and daily, during the summer months, had his siesta on the same rock. Seals do their hunting when the tide flows, sleeping their full-fed time away on the sun-warmed rocks, during the ebb. The rock which was the resting place of this old bull seal is under water at full tide, and it was interesting to watch the knowing animal when he arrived at his bed a full half-hour too early, only to find it submerged. He cruised around to pass the time until the ridge of the rock lipped the water, then he approached it, and placing his tremendously powerful flippers securely, hoisted himself up, and, with a downward

flick of his stern propellers, shot himself out of the water. He did not mind the breakers which surged over him, and seemed to fall heavily asleep on the instant. One day I saw this big seal, or one like him in size, eating a grilse in shallow water. At a distant but alarming shot he hastily left his prey. A retriever which was an excellent water-dog was sent to retrieve the grilse, but when he was about to seize it the seal returned, and catching the dog under the water by a hind leg, dragged him under. The dog came up howling, when the seal pulled him under again, and kept him down for some time. Again the dog appeared, this time in extremis, but the seal made the mistake of putting his head up, when he received a charge of small shot. The dog had gashes in his hind quarters, which was not surprising, as the tusks of a big bull seal, even of the common variety, resemble those of a tiger.



Rabbit Hole in September

ON hands and knees in that hot stubbly field
I peered into the warm dark earthy place,
curious to know what might lie hidden there –
whether some frightened whiskered rabbit face
would stare a frozen moment into mine
before he plucked up heart to bolt away.
But, 'No one at home in here', I said aloud,
and every word on that warm twilit air
fell cool and clear as the words of a young boy.
I did not know my voice could play so rare
a game. 'No one at home', I said once more:
the boy's voice, like a chime of lazy bells
fled echoing down dim rabbit corridors
remote and sweet. I sat back on my heels
in the hot sun. Idly, contentedly,
I felt the quiet of earth flow into me.

J.M.W.

The Garden

1. Planning for October

IF I am to choose one month in the year for the pleasure of working in a garden, it will surely be October. For in October you can start at work on plans which you may have made months before, or which, just because you have only now made them, you are all the more anxious to carry out. Personally I find that I make most of my garden plans in August. In August the year comes full circle. The roses are going over. The herbaceous border has lost some of its bloom. The eucryphas are clustered from head to foot with their cream-white, gold-anthered flowers – there is nothing more to watch for day after day on those lovely shrubs. The rock-garden, except for campanulas (and for me this year, luckiest of mortals, the gift of a plant of *Tripitilion spinosum*, unknown to the seedsmen's catalogues, most exquisite of forget-me-not blue discoveries from the Andes) has little to show me. So that I find myself walking here and there in the garden, and planning. And this year I planned in a rainstorm. It was one of those prodigious downpours of the middle of August. I watched the rain flood the forecourt until the big drain in the middle could no longer carry away the water racing into it, so that the forecourt itself became a pond, and remained so until the cloud passed away to the north. And suddenly I thought. Why waste all that water? Why not a new bog garden in that empty space among the larches, where the rain water from the forecourt drains, down the hill to the side of the lawn? It would only need the grubbing of half a dozen trees, and then, instead of larches and ivy and bramble I could have *Osmunda* fern, and *Spirea*, and loosestrife and kingcups and irises and primulas. *Gunnera Manicata*, too – I could let that grow to any size it liked, instead of having to move it, as I had to in the small bog by the rock garden. It was a perfect plan from the beginning: I did not even wait until

the rain stopped, but went out and saw how things were on the spot. Plans on a large scale take time; one has to look forward and see whether one can spare the labour. But there is one kind of plan which can be carried out any October, and that is the planting of bulbs. It is one of the compensations for the loss of sunlight in the autumn that you can plan for the sunlight of April. And that planning, too, somehow belongs, for me, to the droughts that come from August to October, and partly because of the very names of the flowers which in imagination I spread in sheets through the orchard. Their names and the parts of them are all of the spring – daffodil, fritillary, glory of the snow, angel's tears, chalice, perianth. – *E.P.*

2. *Dead Wood*

DEAD wood to the lover of trees is an offence, and produces the revulsion that we all feel in the presence of decay. Shaded branches are sometimes killed by their more fortunate neighbours, but as a rule, dead wood is diseased wood. In fruit trees it is a breeding place for pests and especially those of fungoid nature to which the cracked and spotted apples and pears are, alas, too well-known. In plums the premature rotting of fruit on the tree, so bad in wet seasons, is a sign that sources of infection are present, and, to the wise, a hint that they are removable. During winter black rot, scab, brown rot and other fungoid pests remain in the dead wood of the tree to awake in the spring and liberate millions of spores ready to infect the tree anew. Some, like the monilias, attack the flower and pass down the flower stem into the tree and cause the sudden collapse of the shoot in morello cherries and in apples the death of the spur. Dead wood is then the fruit-grower's worst enemy, but how little this is realised a visit to any garden will show. Here, then, is a useful task for the amateur in autumnal days. Armed with a knife, or, preferably secateurs, he can go forth and cut out all dead wood from his fruit trees, to

their great benefit. Nor can the most ignorant of pruners go wrong in this task. Shoots which have no leaves in September are dead wood and out it must all come. How much shall we cut out? All the dead; cut down to life. Old tangled and crusted spurs may be reduced to those which have healthy leaves and prominent buds. The effect on the tree is remarkable in giving renewed vigour as well as freedom from disease. It would seem as if the dead shoots took a share of sap to the detriment of the trees' health.

A reader may now suggest, to what good if I prune my own trees when my neighbour does not? Will not his infected branches make my labour vain? I think not. It is often seen that young trees planted among old have clean fruit when the older show disease and it is certainly my own experience in growing young trees and old in proximity. I fully believe that each tree is its own worst enemy in this matter and the fruit is usually infected from diseased wood on the same tree.—*E. A. Bunyard*

3. *Weeds?*

FOR a year I had enjoyed filling the altar vases with the kindly flowers of the earth. The altar hangings, many years old, were a faded blue and against their shadowy folds I placed in their season beech leaves yellow and green, scarlet hips and crimson haws, fragile hazel catkins, the first green budding honeysuckle tendrils, willow catkins for Palm Sunday, blackthorn, crab apple blossom, sorrel, moon daisies, bents, honeysuckle, foxgloves, meadowsweet, ragwort, fools' parsley, and hogweed with its creamy moons of blossom.

Perhaps it was the hogweed, or the ragwort — for ragwort is a flower with a price on its head and hogweed has an ugly name to bear. (When we were small we called fools' parsley and hogweed 'little rabbits' meat' and 'big rabbits' meat'.) As I went down the sunny street with an armful of scabious ('hens and chickens') a village friend looked at

me strangely. 'Are they for the church?' she asked. 'Yes,' I said in good faith; 'aren't they pretty things?' Her face reddened. 'I never heard of any church having such things on the Lord's table before. Other churches don't. It seems funny. And so many cars stop to see the church. . . . I felt the depth of feeling. 'Lilies', she said, 'and flowers we've taken trouble over; our very best we ought to give. Those are all right in the chancel, but on the Lord's table—it doesn't seem right. . . .'

To me wild flowers seem nearer heaven than prosperous garden and hot house blooms. Yet here, I realised, they might seem unworthy, almost an irreverence. I had done wrong in decking the altar to please my own fancy. I wonder about other country churches. I have seen wild white mallows on the altar of a village church, and moon daisies too. Friends will give me willingly from their gardens, but I wish I were free to choose for myself from hedgerow and ditch. The clematis is out and the rowan berries reddening. — C.V.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Most of our readers are regular subscribers. This gives us a great editorial advantage. We know who reads THE COUNTRYMAN. It is a pleasant personal relationship which helps us to fit the review to tastes and needs. Very many of our new readers come to us through the recommendation of old readers who have called to mind relatives, friends or acquaintances, libraries or institutions likely to be interested in THE COUNTRYMAN. We are always pleased to send free Specimen Copies to addresses at home or abroad. There are COUNTRYMAN Subscribers all over Great Britain. May we have a post card?

*Country House Catering - 7. Pies**by An Innkeeper's Daughter*

'THERE'S no "raised pies" nowadays,' complained an old Cumberland dalesman some twenty odd years ago. 'There's scarce a woman body knows how to make "stannin" pie, but in my days ivverry hoomie had its haverbread and its "stannin" pie at Kursmas - ay, girt yarkin pies they were and a'.' Haverbread, North Country oatcakes can be bought to-day and sent by post all over the country by an oatcake baker living at Skipton. On arrival they must be crisped in the oven. I can send anyone the recipe for them, but they have to be baked on a 'bak'stone' or a girdle.

As for 'stannin' pies if you can't 'raise' them why not bake them in tins? - cake tins with loose bottoms or collar moulds such as are used for game pies. The raised crusts were simply made to hold the meat and fruit, as pie dishes serve the same purpose to-day. But 'pies made in dishes don't taste the same as those made in crusts,' and they are not the same. Meat pies baked in raised crusts cook in their own juices without the addition of the water or stock which must be put into those made in dishes. Yet though well-made raised pies, farmhouse pies, are delicious, a pie made in a tin lined with pie crust may be quite as good if attention be paid to the filling, and the lighter but still tenacious crust used will be good to eat. The crust was never the best part of the raised pie and was not always made to be eaten. The evolution of the English and American pie is interesting; first we have the pasty; then the 'coffin' or raised pie crust of the pudding-pie; then the saucer pie; finally the modern pies baked in dishes of earthenware and fireproof glass. A fascinating development is the adaptation of the good old recipes to modern tastes and customs. For example the following genuine recipe for Melton Mowbray pork pie is perfect if perfectly carried out. The pie can be baked even in a modern gas oven - I have done it - but it can be a

ghastly failure. Every one does not know that the hot water paste should be shaped into a cone, not a round, when the sides of a round pie are to be raised (Is there a touch of pagan folk lore here?). Miss Mallock, W. H. Mallock's sister and Anthony Froude's niece, who was one of the first educated Englishwomen to train scientifically as a cook, gives simple instructions in her 'Economics of Modern Cooking' (Macmillan, 4s.) for moulding a raised pie crust over a stoneware jar turned upside down. This also I have tried successfully. Most modern of all is a small hand machine by which small pies can be raised in the twinkling of an eye; their manufacturer supplies tins of all shapes and sizes.

Recipe handed down for generations in the family of the late Mr. Fred Wright of Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, and given to the founder of the English Folk Cookery Association.

'To a stone of flour, 4 lbs. lard boiled in water with a good handful of salt, 1 pint water to 1 lb. lard. Quarter stone of flour will make four 2½ to 3 lb. pies. Make up the flour, immediately after the lard has boiled, with the lard and a portion of the water and knead it half an hour. Seasoning to 9 lbs. of meat put through the mincing machine once. 3 ozs. salt, ½ oz. white pepper, and a dessertspoonful of essence of anchovy. Stew gristly bits well and strain and season and put into the pies directly they come from the bakehouse. 9 lbs. of meat will make 6 pies. There should be quite one-third fat with the lean meat.'

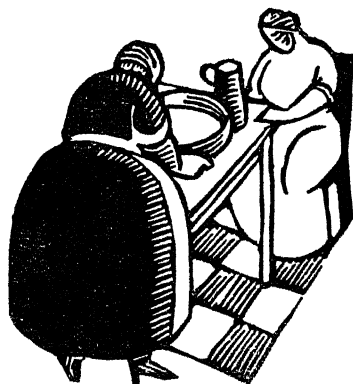
The essence of anchovy is the secret of the correct flavouring for Melton Mowbray pies. It is not recognisable as anchovy but gives the filling a delicate and delightful taste. It was a favourite flavouring for meat pies, potted meats, etc., up to the 1820's when it began to go out of fashion. But we find it here and in Leicestershire recipes for jugged hare and potted beef in use to-day. A second point is pouring in the *hot* pork stock, which must be strong enough to jelly them when cold, while the pie is *hot*.

A sufficiently tenacious crust to line tins in which the above meat mixture may be baked is made of:

1 lb. flour, 4 ozs. butter or margarine, 1 small teaspoonful of salt, 1 egg and just enough water to make it into a workable paste. It must

be well kneaded. This amount will be required for a pie containing about 3 lbs. of meat. In this case no stock must be added till quite cold and the pie must be left in the tin until quite cold. For this reason a collar mould is best. Miss Mallock gives full directions on page 281.

Miss Mallock also gives directions for making raised gooseberry pies about three to four inches in diameter and about three-quarters inch in depth which she says are 'local



CORNISH WOMEN MAKING PASTIES

Lino-cut by Bernard Griffin

to the West of England and do not appear in any other cookery book'. The pastry is made in the same way as Mr. Wright's given above, the only difference being that mutton suet is used instead of lard. As gooseberries will not be available at the time this article is read it may be noted that apples or baking pears can be used instead of gooseberries. But this sort of pie is not confined to the west country, a raised gooseberry pie is still the feature of Mansfield Fair, while a ripe red gooseberry pie was the correct thing at the old Folkestone Fair. The famous Warden pies of Shakespeare's days were made in raised crusts; and so was the Shrewsbury Simnel, just as the Scotch Bun is to-day.

W. BILL

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As for meat pies; the squab pies of Devonshire made of mutton and apples; the Cheshire pork pie made with pork and apples; the Warwickshire pork pie with raisins in it; the Lincolnshire pork pies flavoured with sage; the Shropshire pie made of rabbits; the Coventry pies made of pigeons; woodcock pie and a number of others can all be made and baked in tins lined with the lighter but still tenacious pie crust given above, and will be found extremely good and perhaps more suited to modern appetites than the 'girt yarkin' pies of a bygone age.



Other People's Countrysides—5. Ontario

OUT West, farmers (says a reader, writing in July) are getting nine cents—a cent is, I suppose, a halfpenny, so $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ —a bushel for wheat and less for a dozen eggs. We get 20 cents a dozen, but we pay 60 cents a bushel for wheat and more for mixed feed. Our bread is 8 and 10 cents a loaf delivered, but it can be bought in town for 6 or 8 cents. Butter is 24 cents more or less per pound, potatoes 25 cents a half-peck. We get no more than 45 cents a six-quart basket for our cherries. I sold a tree (buyer to pick) nearly 4 bushels for \$6, that is 30 cents for six quarts. I am selling almost full-grown rabbits for 50 cents, and can buy all the laying hens I want for 75 cents. Coal is $14\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a ton. Stove oil costs 27 cents a gallon. Sugar is 4 pounds for 25 cents, tea 40 to 70 cents per pound, coffee 40 to 45 cents, and milk 12 cents a quart.

6. A Scene in Spain

A ROOM possibly 12ft. by 14ft., lighted by an oil-lamp. A glowing 'anafe' (wattle and daub portable charcoal brazier) on the floor. A woman nursing a small baby and crooning a song as she watches her man cobbling. In one corner of the room a couple of planks laid on edge, as you would fix them for keeping coals from scattering, and behind them a grey donkey and a small calf watching.

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*Local Government and Administration**3. Adoption in a Village*

WHEN the wife of a farm-worker dies and he is left with young children, his position is difficult. The adoption of a child by a childless couple would be a real help. Unfortunately adoption is understood to mean legal charges which are beyond a cottager's means. By obtaining from the county council welfare officer the forms for presentation to a juvenile court at petty sessions and getting the help of the local magistrate in filling them up, the expenses are reduced to the cost of the attendance of the adopters at the court. One thing to remember is that adoption cannot be undertaken by persons less than twenty-one years older than the child, unless the adopters are within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. The written consent of the parent or parents of the child to be adopted must be obtained on a form for the purpose and a copy of the certificate of birth of the child must be produced. The court must be satisfied that the parents of the child to be adopted understand that the effect of the adoption order will be permanently to deprive them of parental rights. Need it be said that it must also be clear that the adopters have not received and will not receive any payment or reward for their action. After adoption the legal position of the child is the same as that of 'a child born to the adopter in lawful wedlock'. On the other hand, an adoption order does not deprive the adopted child of any right to or interest in property to which but for the order of adoption it would have been entitled under any will or intestacy. An adoption order may in the discretion of the court be made for a probationary period of a year. When an infant has been in the custody of any person or two spouses for two years and has been maintained as his, her or their own child, the court may make an adoption order without the consent of the parent 'for the welfare of the infant'.

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The Letters of a Candid Architect — I

YOU want a house. This is just the time of the year to want it. For a few months now, you see the country as it is. Your two first thoughts are or should be: What part of the country do I like best and who shall guide me technically? You know the different characters of the various counties. Bear these in mind, but remember that you should choose your neighbourhood by the proximity and number of your friends. Having decided this, seek for your site. Although there is little doubt that you will really want to live in the country, it is worth while considering living in town, if your friends are there, and if you are fond of music, theatres, museums, pictures, etc. There is no reason why you should not live within a radius of say twenty miles of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Leeds, Liverpool, etc., as a small car will cover that distance without discomfort. If you feel urban, go right into the hub of it and get a modern flat. One thing I urge you to do — to avoid the suburbs. Get out or in. If you choose the town your course is clear, but if the country is your choice, there are things for you to consider. There are three possibilities: to buy an old house requiring little alteration or none; to buy an old building of some suitable kind which you can extend and alter; and to buy a site and build *de novo*. You might make a few preliminary investigations and enquiries by yourself, but do not get to grips with any proposition till you have obtained the help of an architect. The house you buy must be an architectural one of a date not later than a century ago, or a modern house of architectural character. The rest is rubbish. The fees of an architect are statutory, on a general basis of 6 per cent on the total cost, so you should ignore the matter of fees in selecting your man. Do not think that the only men who can be trusted with it are those who habitually build cinemas, schools, and other large works. The man you want is the architecturally minded, happy, interested,



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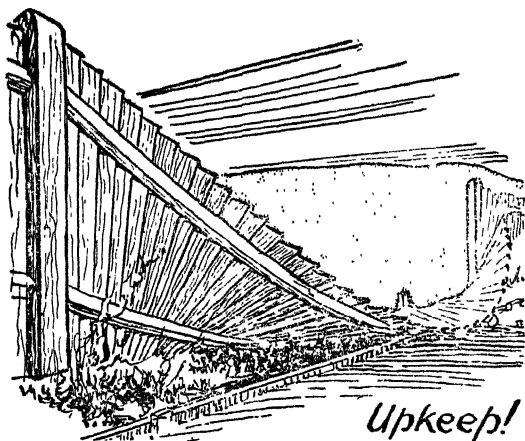
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always-sketching-and-making-pictures sort, who does not necessarily belong to a big club and has no capacity for financial, commercial and speculative enterprises. You want a beautiful, convenient house, well constructed and carried out by a competent person on a simple, sound system of control. Look around for a house, the elevations of which you like. Examine its arrangements and enquire of the owners who was its architect. If he is a member of the Royal Institute (R.I.B.A.), obtain from it some particulars of the man. Follow up this by enquiries as exhaustive as possible. It does not follow that a member of the Institute is necessarily a good man, so you may have to make your enquiries privately. Refuse to have anything to do with a man with spurious 'qualifications'. The more letters he has the more does he require them. Remember that most Associates of the Royal Institute have qualified by passing three exams.; a number were passed through on one exam. after the War, but of the 1500 Fellows, about 800 have been elected without ever passing an exam. at all. Therefore, although membership of the Institute should guide you, it is possible you will find equal competency outside its ranks. There is no other professional body of consequence, but consider the man as an individual. There is one other point about your architect: this method of selection will not admit the young man who has never built anything at all and who wants to begin a practice. There are many such. They are competent, enterprising, imaginative and architecturally earnest in a way in which many mature architects are sadly wanting. What these young men lack in experience they make up in other ways. If you find such a one, do not dogmatise, or coerce him. Remember that you may want something which for your own sake he knows you should not have, and yet he would fear to cross you lest the work, his first, possibly, might slip from him. Look at his career in his studies, make as sure as you can that he has genius, then take him by the hand and help him to do his best for you.



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The Changing Outlook in Agriculture *by A Student*

HAVING received from Mr. R. B. Ferguson a photograph of a remarkable group of farm servants who had been for exceptionally long periods in the service of Mr. John Ritchie, of Stranraer, Wigtonshire, I wrote to the employer. Mr. Ritchie replies: 'There was a grain mill in connection with the farm. The mill was burned down about thirty-one years ago. John Craig, senior, started work in the mill the Monday after he was married and served thirty-eight years till his death in the mill and on the farm. His son started when he left school and is still in service - forty-eight years. He married the domestic in the farmhouse and has thirteen of a family, all living but one. A good few of this family are married. Robert Craig started with the firm when he left school and is still in service - thirty-five years. He also married a domestic in the farmhouse. Edward Fagan started as a lad working a horse, then left for a year and returned to work in the mill. He was foreman miller for a long time before the mill was burned; then storeman till a year or two before his death. He had over fifty years' service. James Bruce worked on the farm before he left school. Then in the mill for about thirty years till it was burned. Andrew Murray, about thirty years' service with a break after mill was burned, is in service now. David McCole has twenty-three years' service as horse lorryman and motor-lorryman. Elizabeth Edmunds is working in the dairy and has been managing cows for thirty-six or thirty-seven years. She looks after the poultry. The firm got hold of a good class of men as employees, men who took a great interest in their work and looked on the business as "ours". They were interested in their work and did not require watching. They must have been pleased with their employers else they would not have stayed. The main reason of their long service was their very superior and comfortable houses. We as a firm are



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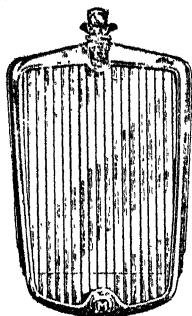
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fortunate in farming under the noble house of Stair and the cottages on this holding are good and comfortable, and situated near the employees' work. In the present Earl of Stair's grandfather's time he gave prizes for the best kept farm cottages. John Craig, senior, James Bruce and John Craig, junior, took the first prizes for the best kept cottages for a good few years. My father had a very good way with him in managing servants; he treated them civilly and trusted them, and in return got good results. I was brought up among these oldest stagers and saw their work, and worked hard myself with them, and when I took up the reins, had no trouble with any of them and all wrought pleasantly and amicably together. The Earl of Stair's tenants do not shift often. My grandfather came here from the farm of Dunbae – same parish – in 1823.'

'OXFORD and Cambridge alone turn out every year some 2000 graduates, many of whom have considerable trouble to get a job,' writes a farmer whose writing is well-known to readers of *THE COUNTRYMAN*. 'We all know quite a lot of men of that type who live a rather meagre life – some sort of a job and a hundred or two of private income, resigned rather than happy. Compare them with a good bunch of farmers at an agricultural show. There is no doubt who are living the more satisfactory life. If much of the big sum the public school-University man costs for his education had been saved and added to the bit of capital he now has, it would have enabled him to farm on comfortable terms and to have a charming, satisfactory life. We have to face the fact that this type of man nearly always fails as a farmer. Yet he is often more or less country-bred with many rural associations. Why does he fail? The reason might be called "the Sahib business." As an Australian once said to me, "A young Englishman may get on here in Australia as a farmer, who would fail at home because out here he is a working farmer and has made a clean break with social tradition." Quite a lot of men, who now automatically follow the higher public school-



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University road on to an indifferently happy or positively unsatisfactory life, might with great advantage to themselves, the nation and the countryside be diverted to farming; but it is absolutely necessary that the diversion should take place at an early age, perhaps before the prep. school, certainly before the public school. These youngsters would have to be brought up almost from childhood with a totally different outlook on life. Since the War we are living in a new age, but the parents of the young man who rather pathetically advertises for a job as "a public school and university man" have not yet realised the fact. I would suggest that this is a matter that the Council for the Preservation of Rural England might well look into. Re-stocking the countryside with the right sort of people ought to be its concern.'

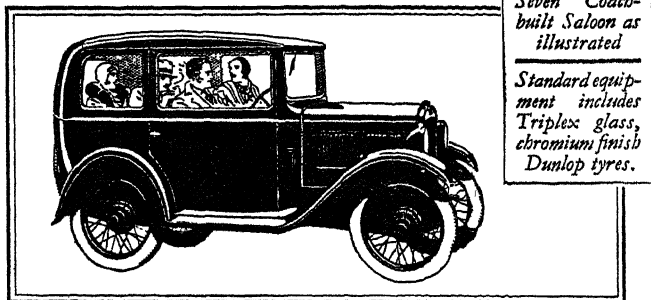
It is incredible that a London daily should have printed such nonsense as that the Government of a country as small as Denmark (population three and a half millions, of which two-thirds is in the towns) should be proposing to 'subsidise farmers with a £30,000,000 grant'. Substitute kronen for pounds, with eighteen kronen odd to the pound, and we come nearer the facts. Nor is the statement that 'England is buying less butter, bacon and eggs from Denmark' true. A COUNTRY-MAN reader in Denmark writes: "England has bought from Denmark considerably greater quantities of butter, bacon and eggs this year than last year - of bacon much more than in any other year. The trouble is not quantities but prices, as is well-known. The Government scheme is not a subsidy. The idea is to help those farmers whose financial condition is considered the worst, by relieving them wholly or partly of rates and taxes. The measure will probably pass the Lower Chamber, but is likely to be thrown out in the Upper.'

AGRICULTURAL writers have cursed the industrial revolution; but Dr. Keen, of Rothamsted, in an incidental paragraph in a work of learning and care, 'The Physical Properties of the Soil' (Longmans, 8½ × 5½, pp. 388, nearly 100 diagrams, 21s.) shows how the industrial revolu-

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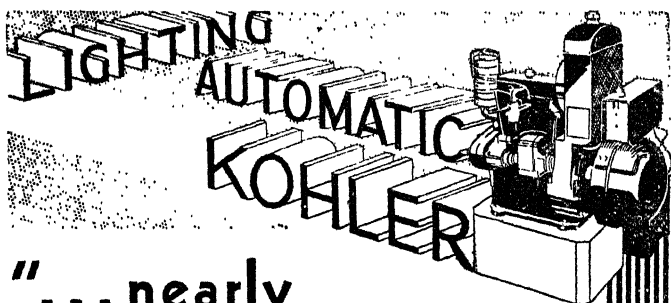
tion gave this country the lead in applying mechanical invention to agricultural implements and 'reorganised agriculture on an industrial basis to supply the needs of the new manufacturing centres'. Think of the part played later on by the steam plough alone! Are we not on the eve of a new reorganisation?

WHY DOES Dr. H. Belshaw, professor of economics at Auckland University, in his book 'The Provision of Credit with Special Reference to Agriculture' (Heffer, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 334, 10s. 6d.), write 'agriculturalist'? The book itself chronicles German, American and New Zealand methods, and contains a useful account by our own Mr. R. R. Enfield of our Agricultural Credit Acts of 1923 and 1928. The first, after three years, had set just half a dozen societies to work. Of the second, Mr. Enfield thinks that it 'at least gives the farmer a means of obtaining short term accommodation from the source, which, in the long run, is not only the most important but the cheapest'.

THE 'Report on the Sugar Beet Industry at Home and Abroad' (H.M. Stationery Office, $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6$, pp. 237, 69 illus., 6d.) is so cheap that it is to be hoped that it will be widely bought. The average yield of beets is still from one and a half to two and a half tons less than the Continental average, but there is improvement in various ways. The factories now number eighteen, but none are co-operative. In Germany (with the exception of the East Rhine area) the industry has been co-operative from the beginning. The value to English agriculture of this deep-rooting cash crop is undeniable.



'A LITTLE HAIRY CATERPILLAR'.—With reference to the experience of W. S., Edinburgh, my observations seem to indicate that caterpillars that run more or less aimlessly on the road have been pierced by an ichneumon fly. Especially have I found this in the case of the larva of the common garden moth.—*E. J.*



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*My Experience as an Inn-keeper - 3**by S. B. Russell*

A FEW words must be said about my inn-keeping during the War. Both my sons and all our men joined up. This left Mrs. Russell and myself unaided. When food was rationed, but before the issue of food coupons, urgent regulations were issued to inns and hotels, limiting meat, bread and sugar to each person for every meal. I did not weigh out these articles as directed, but wrote a notice for the dining-room stating that since 1540 the Lygon had sheltered guests, and that I felt sure that its guests in these days might be trusted to keep to the amount allowed, and with regard to meat if they would ask for it either fat or lean, as they preferred, nothing would be wasted. Bread and sugar were put on the tables. It is good to think that for twelve months we were considerably on the right side of the allowances. During the War I always got down to my office at 5 a.m. It was the two hours thus secured that enabled me to plan for the day, overtake correspondence and do public work.

As to stories I remember one afternoon, during a busy tea-time, a casual visitor sauntered around the tables with a bowler hat on his head and his hands in his trouser pockets. When I asked him his requirements, he said 'Am an' eggs', to which I could only say quietly, 'Here is a table; I will send a waitress; she will take your order and your hat.'

Charming friends from America come again and again, and appreciate the associations of Broadway and its neighbourhood with the early history of their own country. The greater part of my private correspondence is with American friends. On each occasion of my visits to America, I have been overwhelmed with friendliness and hospitality.

The late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was one of our earliest visitors and never ceased to take an interest in the

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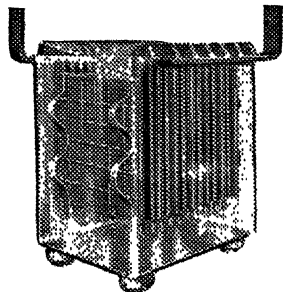
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inn, and his tribute to my efforts which he published in 1910 gave me much encouragement. I have many tokens of his friendship. The late Dr. A. C. Benson, Master of Magdalene, was a frequent visitor. I treasure a copy of the 'Upton Letters' which he gave to me inscribed with the statement that a large part of it was written under my roof. Interesting people have reached the Lygon in coach-and-four, Cape-cart, and tandem dog-cart. Early one Sunday morning I was called by the night porter to see a gentleman who could not speak English. I went down to find Monsieur Aumont Theville who explained that he had left Paris in the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race the previous afternoon and not having seen terra firma for fog when over the Thames valley, had come down on Broadway Hill. After having breakfast, he took me to the spot and I was amazed to find the balloon carefully folded and stored in the basket car, and hidden as far as possible by bushes. An autographed photograph of his start from Paris, saying nice things about my hospitality, was appropriated by some souvenir hunter whom I should like to meet. Colonel the Master of Sempill was the first guest to arrive by aeroplane.

To those who, like myself, have an urge to keep an inn, I may say that no occupation can offer such an opportunity of meeting people of all classes and varied interests, and give a man such a chance of spreading good-fellowship. But an inn-keeper must be prepared to work early and late, must have a sense of humour and remember that his guests, although sometimes unreasonable are probably right. He must be able to meet the tired and peevish guest with a smile and an endeavour to dispel the cares of travelling by serving a good dinner in cheery surroundings. I would like particularly to stress the need for cheerful decoration and furnishings. We all remember the plush curtains, horse-hair covers, Crimea engravings, and large dingy mirrors of the end of the last century. Better inns mean more people touring England.



In themselves, 'Nell Gwynn' Candles form a lovely adornment to the dining table, but light them and see how beautiful is 'Nell Gwynn' Candle-light—soft, mellow, alluring. Watch how the silver sparkles and the glassware gleams. Here is warmth, hospitality, romance.

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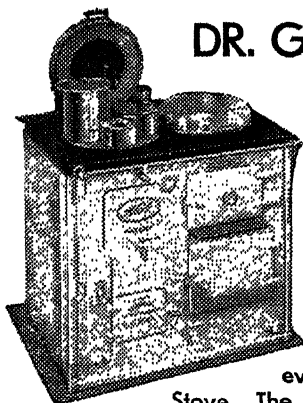
*A 'Woodcock and Hare's Lug'**by Salfario*

MANY things have been said and written about this fly. It is made from a woodcock's feather, the down from the ear of a hare, and a twist of tinsel. An intriguing combination you will admit. The woods, the fields and something garish borrowed from another world. I wonder if the touch of tinsel is the deadly part of this effective lure? It is of one such fly, dressed on a very little hook, that I have a story. If I knew the nimble fingered lady who dressed it (it must have been a lady's fingers which fashioned such a dainty thing) I would send her what remains of it. For it has been a marvellously successful fly and widely travelled. Do these patient ladies ever wonder what happens to their creations when they are making them? I think the maker of this one of which I am to tell you must have cast a spell about it. This tiny fly accounted for three trout from a stream in Wales, two trout from a lake in that same country, then – most wonderful of all – brought to the net two aristocrats of Loch Leven. And I still possess its ragged remnants.

This is how it happened. Towards the end of a successful day on a North Wales stream I put up a new cast with this Woodcock and Hare's lug as first dropper. On it I quickly caught three trout, and, then, as my total catch was past a score, I stopped. Next day the sun shone and the usual patterns were unattractive to the Lake trout I was labouring to lure. I put up this cast of river flies, all small, and fishing the bank among the bushes, the little fly brought up two trout which were duly hooked and netted.

Less than two weeks later found me drifting idly past that island in Loch Leven where Mary passed some sorry months. It was nearly a calm and trout were 'bulging'. The famous Peter Ross, the Butcher, Teals and Mallards were of no avail on that pleasant afternoon. I remembered that cast with its little Woodcock and Hare's lug! Why? I have asked

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myself what put it in my mind to try that cast. I could say it was my many years' experience, my observation of the conditions, the fact that there were odd microscopic flies about, or many other things. The truth is I just thought of it. In a few minutes a noble 'salmo levenensis' took it, was hooked and lost. Then this same fly charmed another – to its proper end. And within the half-hour a third one 'boiled' up, was hooked, and, after a great five minutes, was aboard. I believe, up to that moment, my Woodcock and Hare's lug had accounted for all the trout caught that day from that notoriously prolific Loch.

Such service from one single fly seems worth recording.



The Collector – II. Models of Country Houses and Carriages

CARDBOARD models (four to six inches long) of country houses, can be picked up for a few shillings. Some are on a wooden tray with attendant lawns and gravel paths. Others of later date are protected by glass shades. Such models are representations of real houses, complete with sashed windows, porticoes, chimney pots and all architectural etceteras. There are model cottages in wood with painted windows and brickwork, the projecting pentice over the front door supported on brackets, the chimney stacks at the gable ends marking the position of the parlour and kitchen. Other models include toll houses, the village cage or round house, the ornate garden temple and the ale house. Parish churches have been reproduced more or less to scale time and again. Sometimes the enthusiast will come on a model of a cathedral. Where are all the models made for public buildings in Georgian times? Kent's model for a royal palace is safe at Kensington Museum. The design for St. Giles-in-the-Fields is preserved within the church. Nearly every large country house erected in the eighteenth century was modelled for the owner before or during building. In

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Sir John Soane's museum at Lincoln's Inn Fields, there are models of the elevations of the Bank, as well as models in plaster of the temples of antiquity. Monsieur Fouquet of Paris found his hands full of orders for models during the great days of the classic revival.

Model-making of familiar things has gone out of fashion as a country hobby. At one time farm labourers were skilled in making models of farm buildings. Even hay-ricks were imitated. Mr. Wade, a skilled architect, has done more than any other living man to revive this minor domestic art. His craftsmanship is Oriental in its fineness. Mr. Wade's model villages at Snowhill Manor in Worcestershire bring architectural students on annual pilgrimages to study building in miniature. This craftsman models, besides houses, farm carts, wagons, mills, cider presses and all the paraphernalia of the the great days when agriculture was a staple industry. Here the antiques of the future are produced with skill and accuracy. Mr. Wade has built up his knowledge by close observation of things that are fast disappearing, and he has formed a collection of original examples as a basis for his own work.

When roads were first improved in Europe and fine carriages and coaches were built for the wealthy, coach-builders and others spent an incredible time making replicas in miniature of fashionable vehicles. The model of a mail coach of 1825, perhaps the 'Quicksilver Mail', is on view at the General Post Office. Hooper's, of St. James Street, own a perfect example of an early Victorian mail coach such as travelled on the Holyhead Road. Models of four-wheeled coal carts were once a familiar sight in the windows of coal agents. The collection of toy mail coaches at Petworth House is worth seeing.



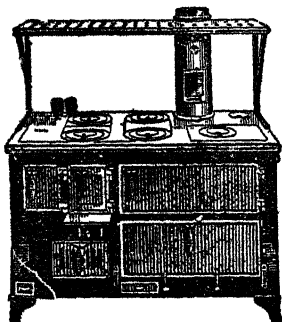
FROM a rural local preacher's sermon: 'They say they'll tax our bread. But they cannot tax our heavenly bread. There's no Lord Beaverbrook in heaven.'

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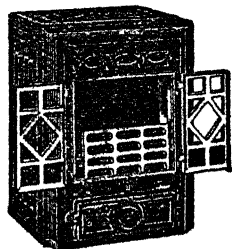
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OUT in the country the other day I thought of all the National Mark was doing for the farmer. A field of ripe wheat reminded me of all-English flour, pure and unbleached, which over 200 firms up and down the country are milling or repacking. The three grades, Yeoman for breadmaking, plain and self-raising for other household purposes, cover all requirements. An adjoining field of barley, rustling in the breeze, spoke of the malt flour and malt extract which thirty-four manufacturing chemists are preparing. Away to the left I saw a poultry farm the eggs of which go to one of the 140 National Mark egg-packing stations which last year dealt with about one-eighth of our home production of eggs and are this year sending greatly increased quantities of fresh graded English eggs to the large urban areas, with their mark of identification on the egg box or carton. I saw many fruit trees, and remembered that apples and pears were the first commodities to bear the National Mark, and the chief fruit growing areas are supplying the material for that rapidly extending fruit and vegetable canning industry in which over twenty firms are this year expecting to offer to the public some forty million cans of the choicest English fruits, peas, beans and other vegetables, with a distribution so widespread that every village grocer's shop should be able to offer these National Mark products to its customers. The sleek, well-fed cattle which helped to make the pleasant landscape must surely be destined for early conversion into National Mark beef in London, Birmingham or the West Riding, where alone the Government graders are busy dividing the better quality carcasses into 'select', 'prime' and 'good'. A new hope for English agriculture filled my mind. I saw in the future a new England in which every food-shop in town and village would proudly display examples of the products of our own land, bearing a national sign — the silhouette of England and Wales. — R.H.F.



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The Country in London - 2

by Sir Timothy Eden Bt.

KENSINGTON Gardens are more lovely and friendly than Hyde Park because of the trees. There are, no doubt, more beautiful trees elsewhere. There are older trees, and larger trees, and rarer trees, and altogether more remarkable trees. But there are none which seem to the Londoner, when he comes to them for refuge from the traffic and the pavements, so representative of all that is best in trees, so absolutely satisfying – in shape, in number, in their distance from each other, in just the proper quality of ‘tree-ness’. It is partly the sharp contrast between the trees and their surroundings which so appeals to us, between the tiny leaf and the motor-bus, between the bustling woman with her arms full of paper bags and the green serenities that meet above her head. But much of our satisfaction is due to the skill of the planter, or to the wind, or the taste of the man with the axe; to the fact that here is one of the few spots in England where one may see ornamental trees properly spaced, not overcrowded, and unencumbered by an underworld of shrubs. Here we are troubled by no fussy bits of laurel or of holly, such as catch up the travelling eye in almost every garden of England. Here are vistas and compositions, unimpeded and in endless variety, of bare sepia trunks on the short green grass until, in the distance, enchanted by the light which seems to drop before them like a curtain, the trees are floating blue on a sea which is grey.

Perhaps it is, above all, the peculiar light which has placed these trees in a category by themselves. The light in Kensington Gardens – and in Hyde Park, though in a slightly less degree – is a light of which you can see the colour, less a light than a luminous haze, which in the morning is of the palest blue, with the softness of grey in it, which changes to amethyst as the day wears on, and in the evening

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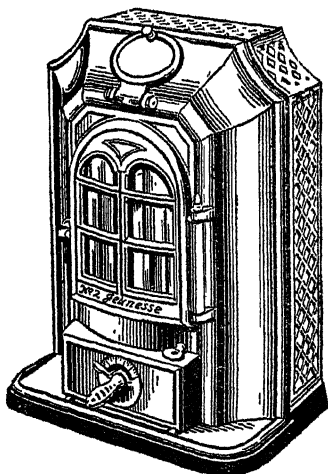
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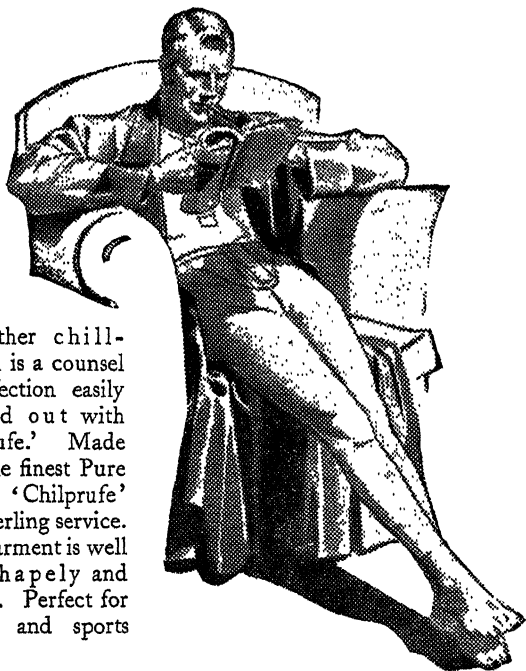
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turns to a violet of such pure and such deep intensity as to seem unreal. It is a light not only to see, but almost to feel, like an airy cloak about the shoulders. Coming from Oxford Street, in the evening, on the top of a bus, we dive suddenly into it as into a sea, while the lamps are being lit all the way down to Notting Hill and the common macadam road is become a high-road through a dream. And I suppose hundreds of people have walked through Kensington Gardens and noticed nothing remarkable in the air at all!

What does appeal to them? Peter Pan, of course, and the children, and the dogs, and the flowers. The flowers in Kensington Gardens. People stand, yards deep, gaping at the dahlias, about which the gossipy newspapers go into ecstasies. Individually there is nothing to be said against these flowers. They are magnificent specimens. But collectively? As arranged? Scarlets side by side with mauves, blues and pinks and oranges all higgledy-piggledy, and here one, and there one, scarcely ever two of the same colour or the same shade together, and so all the beauty of the individual flower not only lost, but transformed into an aid to biliousness, through lack of the most elementary taste! How much more beautiful that corner looks when the dahlias are gone and the eye rests contentedly upon a patch of bare brown earth! The way of beauty in gardening is to mass, all your blues with all your mauves, all your yellows with all your oranges, and then your scarlets, if you must have scarlets. This is not the way of the gardener in public parks. Yet I must admit that people like the gardener's way. They think it bright I suppose, because they have seen no better. The Flower Walk – the famous Flower Walk in Kensington Gardens – is as bad, or even worse. In the country we have herbaceous borders. And even here are a few mangy delphiniums which make us happy for a moment. Why may we not have more of them? Why may we not have a herbaceous border here? Come! Let us walk away from the Flower Walk! Let us hurry to the Round Pond!



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Here are neither trees nor flowers, but excited, barking dogs to greet us, and children who crane and topple on the edge of the water, and great yachts sailing artfully in the teeth of the wind. They make a pretty picture. Yet there is something a little irritating in the spectacle of heavy grown-up men, without a smile on their faces, trimming toy sails for hours on end.

The grey squirrels in the gardens are the delight of wandering old men. There is something artificial about the tameness of these animals. There is too much presumption of immunity; in spite of the dogs that rush at them and send them scampering back again, up the boles of the elms. These cheeky little grey brutes have none of that wild shyness which makes the English squirrel, flashing high up in a red-brown streak, so attractive in his native woods. And the wood-pigeons here move like aldermen after a feast, puffed and gorged with food, oblivious of the existence of a shot-gun. But what delights do they miss besides the perils of a wilder life – the long summer days in the cornfields, the flight home in the darkening, windy sky, the final sweep and clutter into the rusty friendliness of an old Scotch fir! It is better to risk the flash of a gun out of the darkness than to be chased, after dinner, by a yapping Pekingese.



HEN AND CAT. – We have recorded our experience of finding a cat and its prey, a 'bag' mouse – which a few moments before we had seen in the cat's mouth – drinking milk out of the same saucer. Now the 'Gamekeeper' tells how a broody hen without eggs appropriated kittens to which a cat had given birth in the hen's nest during her absence, and then, when the cat returned and insisted on being with her progeny, contentedly brooded cat and kittens together. Our contemporary has also an account of a tom cat which had become a keen rabbit. It took up its abode in a rabbit burrow, and though its owner brought it milk and fish resisted all attempts to get it home.

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The Successful Family Farm

by An Old Hand

THERE is one type of family farm which I consider the ideal for us. It is the farm where one or two sons who have had a good grammar school education are helping their father till they marry. A daughter or perhaps two are assisting their mother with the poultry, butter-making or whatever is going on. Two, perhaps three or four men are employed regularly. This is a kind of farm common in England and represents the natural growth of the soil and climate and goes with high farming. It is the farm holding out best in to-day's troubles. It must be borne in mind that a family such as I picture lives on practically no cash and lives well. I know several such families. Other men have spoken to me on the same lines as those on which a man addressed me the other day:

'My father farmed 200 acres in Kent, mixed farming, and he had some good hops. Of course we were not well-to-do, but my father never seemed to worry about money. He set my two brothers up in farms. He put me into a draper's shop as I was supposed to be delicate. I did not like the shop so when he died and £300 came to me I decided to take a farm. I came over here because my brother got me this farm. I married—I was twenty-five—and my father-in-law helped me a bit. Luckily for me the War came then. It set me on my feet. I am making nothing. If I got out of farming now I doubt if I should have my £300 after paying off everything, but still I must not grumble. I have always had my rent ready. I am able to keep my boy at the grammar school; I pay £90 a year for him. I have also a daughter going to school near here. I have all I want. A man who owns a big garage rents the shooting over all these farms and leaves his dogs here all the year. He and his friends often have tea here. My wife never would charge anything. One day last year he said, "You

THE REVIVAL of EMBROIDERY

Exquisite work, rivalling any of the historic pieces of the past, is being done both by private workers and by working groups. This renaissance of English embroidery is being enthusiastically welcomed by all who have the preservation of the traditional life and art of the country at heart.

Not a little of the credit for this revival belongs to the makers of the wide range of Embroidery Threads sold under the historic names of Clark and Coats. Clark's 'Anchor' Embroidery Threads and Coats' Mercer-Crochet have put at the disposal of workers threads of a very fine range of true and brilliant colours, reasonable in price, easy to work with and absolutely reliable in quality.

These threads will be found excellent for quilting, feather stitching, smocking, tent stitch, all kinds of embroidery and crochet.

Information gladly supplied to Secretaries of bodies likely to be interested in Embroidery. Shade cards of these threads may be seen at any good needlework shop or drapers.

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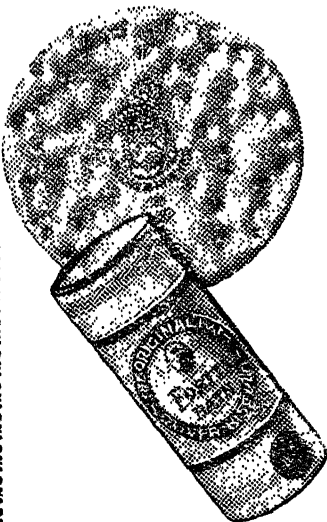
J. & P. Coats Ltd., Paisley

ought to have a car." He let me have this car for £20 and did it all up. Since then he has always looked after it and never charged me anything. My wife gives him butter or eggs or jam to take home often. I let my wife take what corn she wants from the granary for the poultry which she looks after and makes what she can out of. I send all the milk to London but my wife makes more butter than we want in the house and sells it. With the butter and poultry money she clothes herself and the children. She never asks me for anything except to buy grocery but that doesn't cost us much.'

Now this family lives entirely out of the farm produce, eggs, butter, milk, home-cured bacon, jam, cream cheeses, vegetables and the old hens, steamed and roasted with a piece of boiled bacon. There are also a few pigeons and rabbits and perhaps a pheasant or two. The only cash outlay is for sugar in the jam-making season and a few groceries all the year round. Butcher's meat is eaten two or three times a week only, and the account deducted when a beast is sold to the butcher. I have gone into this typical family's way of life at length because it is well to recognise that a farmer gets a good living at a substantial level of prosperity as a by-product from his farm. This can quite well be taken into account in considering what a farmer gets out of farming. On the other hand it is no use saying, 'Look at the way the farmers live; obviously they are not doing so badly.' This man I have taken as typical has 180 acres rented. He employs three regular men and does a good deal of work himself. The children help a bit in odd ways when they are at home.

Next I will describe another neighbour. He farms 150 acres mixed, has 30 cows, and employs a man as carter. He and his two sons of 17 and 20 milk the cows and do all the other work. There is another boy of 12 whom I have seen milking cows and working about the place when not at school, and a girl a little older. The house is on a main

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road and they do a certain amount of business in tea and minerals in summer. I do not say it unkindly but the sons are oafish sort of fellows and the father is always lumbering along in a dull sort of way. He was farming all through the War but does not seem to have had 'a good War'. The mother is wretchedly over-worked and looks like a scarecrow. The rest of the family is robust looking and obviously well fed, but the whole show is somehow squalid. I know this man is only just making both ends meet.

Now the first man, who employs three men on a similar farm (against this man's one man and two sons), is obviously leading a better life and his paid labourers are leading a better life. Whatever theory may say and selected cases apparently prove, the family farmer employing no labour or relatively none has nothing to recommend him as against the normal labour-employing farmer. He may be able to squat on the land and eke out a squalid existence but he is no solution of our agricultural problem. It may be said, 'But why should a man be squalid and inefficient with his farming just because he employs no labour?' I could suggest several reasons. One is that employed men want limited hours and regular pay. This spurs the farmer on all the time and prevents him becoming easy-going over things and keeps up a bracing atmosphere. The farmer who has no interests outside his farm is dulled by years of this poor sort of life, lets the work drift on, the sons do not complain when they are young and then get into the same drifting sort of life.



A MAN hoeing this spring in Wiltshire was heard to remark, 'This weather be nashun bad for weeds; while you're throwing 'em over in front of 'ee they comes up behind yer back.' - *C.M.L.*

'A T an A.A. three-star hotel in an agricultural district, at which the bill of my wife and myself from Friday evening to Sunday evening was £6 4s. *od.* - no intoxicants,' writes a reader, 'the eggs were stamped "Belgium".'



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The Countryman's Gramophone and Wireless - 7

IN making enquiries about the gramophone which so much impressed me in a friend's house the other day, I was surprised to discover that it was not one of the electric reproducers about which one hears so much just now but a straight acoustic gramophone, made by E.M.G. Handmade Gramophones. It was fitted with a carefully constructed and scientifically correct horn, which undoubtedly accounted for the uncanny impression of reality which the performance gave. Later on, I had an opportunity of hearing a bigger range of records. The makers assure me that they are definitely out to make the best acoustic gramophone there is; not in enormous quantities on a mass production basis, but one by one for those who have their own ideas of what a really good gramophone should be. These gramophones are especially interesting to some of us country folk who have no mains electricity supply. The E.M.G. have an electric reproducer designed on the same basis as their acoustic gramophones. I turned up the volume control expecting that the heavy record which was being played would hopelessly overload the instrument—as indeed it would have overloaded many electric reproducers. It did not, nor was the quality of reproduction lowered when the volume was increased. I am looking forward to meeting the designer of that instrument.

In the last issue of *THE COUNTRYMAN* I mentioned that H.M.V. had something up their sleeve in the way of a new portable gramophone. It is chromium plated and capable of carrying up to fourteen records. It is also fitted with a brake which will automatically stop at the end of any record. Another point, apart from volume and quality of reproduction, is that the winding handle slides immediately into position—there is none of that laborious winding

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on the other hand are made in small numbers by musical and technical experts. They are sold direct to the public and give just what the critic wants. They cater for the Countryman particularly, for they are utterly reliable. E.M.G. products create an illusion of reality which is almost uncanny. Get to know more about them. The prices compare very favourably with mass production products, and there is a whole world of difference in results. Ask Constant Lambert, or Howard Bliss, or W. J. Turner, or J. B. Priestley or any man to whom music means much; He knows and recommends us

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necessary on most portable gramophones. This portable is fitted with rubber pads underneath to protect the furniture.

A new thing in the gramophone world is the introduction of an automatic record changing device at a reasonable price. An H.M.V. device will change eight records automatically, giving about half an hour's programme without attention. It appears in two forms, (1) as a separate unit to be attached to any electric reproducer or wireless set, as it is complete with motor and pickup; (2) combined with new electric reproducers.

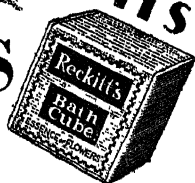
Talking about Wireless, Mr. Murphy pulled me up on my suggestion that a portable radio should not consume more than 10 to 12 milliamperes from a dry battery. He tells me that his new models will have a dry battery consumption as low as 7 milliamperes, an important contribution towards economy of running in portables. One of the great things about a portable is that it should be economical to run. This point is obviously being studied by other radio manufacturers. Marconiphone have produced an instrument which, although not so low in consumption as the Murphy, is likely to be a considerable improvement on the figure I quoted last quarter.

If, like many people in the country, you are still using an old, it may be locally-made instrument, it is worth while going to see the Olympia Show. The performance of the modern radio receiver is so much better that the change from an old-fashioned set to something modern, in which the important question of selectivity has really been studied, is worth considering carefully.

I am relieved to see that, owing to the introduction of a converter apparatus, there is a chance that some of us may be able to instal an electric reproducer on our own private lighting supply, provided the battery is of a reasonable size. Of course there will be a number of cut-price receivers at the Show. It is well to be circumspect about these. As I have said before, never buy anything until it has been tried out



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in your own house in the conditions in which you will be using it. It is difficult for a person who does not know much about radio not to be persuaded that the instrument the dealer has in stock is the best available, but if you make it quite clear to him that you are determined to try the instrument you have set your heart on, he will almost certainly be able to get it for you to test at home.

There will be at least one radio gramophone in the form of a table model, of high power and high quality, at a reasonable price, on view at the H.M.V. show. The feature which you should look for is the device which enables you to dispense with an outside aerial and makes it possible to move the instrument easily from room to room.—Z.



Bird Stories from our Readers

I SAW a sparrow, one sunny afternoon, with one leg entangled in a horse-hair, which had become securely fixed to a wall where some bricks had fallen out. The bird fluttered to free itself and at last hung exhausted upside down. I was interested to see the efforts which two other sparrows made on its behalf before I released it. One of them stood on the wall and pulled the horse-hair, while the other, locking beaks with the captive, added its weight without success.

I once reared a rook which had fallen out of a nest. It knew the sound of my car and would often follow it or ride on the spare wheel. As this was sometimes inconvenient, we often took the car out when the rook was not to be seen. Occasionally it would discover what was happening, take a short cut and catch us. If it had been successfully dodged it would meet the car just before we reached home.

One evening during cold weather I was shutting up the poultry houses and found a Leghorn cock roosting out. As I picked him up there was a scuffle among the soft feathers on his back and out fluttered a blue tit! — J.V.H.



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A PAIR of swallows flew into a cottage bedroom and decided that the curtain rail was an ideal site for a nest. The owner threw a slipper at them but only succeeded in breaking a pane of glass. The birds calmly remained for the night. Next day they flew in and out and plastered the rail with mud. The owner cleaned the rail and shut the window. The swallows were not daunted, however, for they discovered the larder window open, and came in through that. Then the householder took down the curtain rail. The swallows next began to build on a cardboard dog calendar resting on a large picture. The birds plastered the dog's head on to the wall with mud and the legs hung down underneath the nest. Five eggs were laid and all hatched out into noisy young birds. They used to fly in and out of the bedroom many times a day. On stormy nights they returned to the cottage to sleep. — *D.M.S.I.*

ON a hot afternoon in July when everything under the oak trees was drowsy, something seemed to be busy clicking. At first I thought it might be a woodpecker at work, but the taps were not so businesslike. It was a robin snapping up oak moths. They were easy prey, for he was taking less trouble to shoot from cover than a keeper potting at rabbits. Between each swoop he perched in full view on a low bough. The second a moth left the shelter of the oak leaf was the last second of its life. The robin snapped to maim in full flight. As the moth fluttered down the robin would swerve and be ready to snap it up and swallow it by the time it touched the grass. Was it the fun of this game of double-snap or the delicacy of the moth flavour that kept him at it?

IN a garden in Kent I noticed an odd-looking wagtail hopping on the lawn. The top of its head was bare of feathers. I discovered that it had built its nest in the angle of the roof inside the greenhouse. One day a cuckoo found the nest and deposited an egg there. When the young cuckoo hatched out it took up more room between the nest and



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the roof than the wagtail had allowed for its own young. There was only a tiny space left for her to pass in and out. So the feathers on her head had been completely worn off.—*J.T.E.*

WE have all heard of the multiplication of nests that follows the enclosure of a wood set apart for birds and kept free from cats, stoats, and boys. I wish I knew the secret of these sanctuaries, for I can get no such success as theirs with my garden. I have no cats, the place is reasonably clear of rats and weasels, no children ever do any harm, I feed birds all through the winter, I provide as many nesting-boxes as the trees will accommodate without unsightliness. And yet I fail to get the numbers of birds I want. Nuthatches, for instance. I have never had more than one pair nest in the garden, though there are plenty of boxes, and there are big Scots pines for them to strip lamina of bark from, to line their nest. Why do not the young birds nest the next year? And wagtails; one pair nests every year on the house, and why not more? And spotted flycatchers; in some years a pair has nested twice in the creepers, but this year, although a pair of birds arrived (very late) I have not been able to find their nest. Why should there not be two or three nests? And above all, among singing birds, what has happened to the tree pipits? Years ago there was a pair nested every year in a hayfield just beyond my garden lawn, and the cock would fly up and round and back to the top of an oak near by, with his lovely little falling cadence of song, morning after morning. But I have not seen a tree pipit in the garden, I believe, for ten years. And there is no means of attracting tree pipits anywhere; I must go out of the garden to hear them. My bird sanctuary is full of thrushes and blackbirds, which have all the cherries they want—in fact, all the cherries. And there are many nests every year, of all the kinds you could expect, though not enough. But tree pipits—will there ever be a tree pipit's nest again?—*E.P.*

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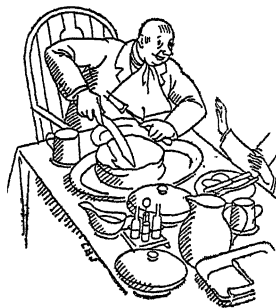
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Rural Authors - 17. *Walter Wilkinson*

ALTHOUGH, by plastering labels on the title page and dust cover, the publisher has done his best to put off reviewers of *Puppets in Yorkshire* (Bles, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$,



pp. 253, 7s. 6d.) - we shall not review another book which is so insulted - the public will get unspoil't copies and will be well satisfied with Walter Wilkinson's third account of his travels with his puppet show. This time the scene is Yorkshire, and a more faithful impression of country people has not been written for a long time. There is fine stuff in

the folk up there. Do they not still bake their own bread and eat pease pudding and parkin, and know good from make-believe housewifery? There is in them (besides honest food) humour and a sense of reality. The author is able to bring us the life and flavour of Yorkshire country people in a sentence or two of their talk: 'Ay, its a'reet in the summer; we like it, and you see, we're among our own people like. But how would you like it in t'winter when wi' all these trees it gets as dark as neet, and that quiet - the only amusement is to go off to the next village for a pound of treacle or summat.' (The unregenerate South consumes 'golden syrup'.) There is the hind who was sent to Liverpool: 'T'maister said Ah could stay a week or ten days, but Ah coom whoaame t'next day. Dreary places they towns; nowt to do in 'em.' A woman encouraged the puppet showman on his way: 'Work, there's nothing like it. I wanted my hedge clipped last week, so one fine morning I said, "Here goes," and I was clipping away at six. The sun gave me a stiff neck, but I wouldn't be beat, and I went out the next morning and worked it off.' We find Mr. Wilkinson writing:

'I left the farmer still struggling with his hay in this month of September and cocking up the drowned stuff for the third time. "Ah, we want some patience," he said: "we must all ha' patience. And if we get n'hay this year, happen we will next, or the next after that".' The author had adventures because he was adventurous in spirit. In what our American friends call 'personal contacts' his book is of unusual richness. His present volume is one of three, the first being *Peep-Show* and his second *Vagabonds and Puppets*. The trilogy tells us the kind of things we really want to know at this time about rural England and its inhabitants. We not only like these three books, but as Arnold Bennett said, feel we should like the author. He has his own notions – is a vegetarian and all that – but he has a way with farmers and farm-workers, women and children. And he cares enough for the country not to want to see it attitudinising for him. So along 400 miles of road, he pulls a Punch and Judy theatre and 'the sleeping bag, the stove and the cooking pots, the one towel, the one dishcloth, the spare shirt and change of socks, and the confounded pettifogging shaving tackle; then the slippers, the huswife, an electric lamp, a book or two.' Good luck to him on his further wanderings, for not only does he take sound entertainment to people worthy of it, but he brings something back.

18. S. L. Bensusan

THE author of *Dear Countrymen* (Murray, 7½ x 4½, pp. 316, 7s. 6d.), as readers of his *On the Tramp in Wales* know, also journeys about the roads of Britain and takes his repose by the wayside. But this he does in a caravan drawn in dignity by a motor. Mr. Bensusan's *Countryside Chronicle* and many 'New Statesman' articles show him intent on sizing up agricultural conditions, and with a knack of assembling essential facts in a way in which townspeople can be got to consider them. That is a work of knowledge and skill, and, as things are with us to-day, of

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patriotism. When Mr. Bensusan gets back to a corner of Essex that he knows very well, he puts off the reporter on agriculture and becomes a connoisseur in rural wit and character. As his neighbour in the county, Lady Warwick, reminds us in her preface to *Dear Countrymen*, this must be the author's sixth volume of studies in the Dengie Hundred, where racy dialect that was once common throughout Essex may still be heard. Mr. Bensusan, wearing none of the pontificals of the rural sociologist, purveys, with no great difficulty, easy laughter for a world which has, Lady Warwick suggests, 'less than sufficient for its essential needs'. It is proof no less of a certain saltiness than of a deftness in the contriving of these sketches that they have been 'featured' in a London daily for so many years. Mr. Bensusan may not trouble himself to go very deep, but as far as he does dig he uncovers a particular kind of rural life in its amusing aspects, and he is master of savoury local phrases like, 'by the good rights', 'if a man same as belongs here properly', 'I'd be proper vexed', 'this here little old ellum', 'I wholly wonder', 'I ain't never doloured', 'I'm some glad'. A motif or two in the sketches may have been picked up elsewhere than in Essex, but there is no page which has not been given the smack of the county. At times a theme right enough for an ephemeral column may seem slight enough for a chapter, but one day Mr. Bensusan's volumes will be of value in recalling some of the whimsicalities, pettinesses and moral altitudes of a countryside of which, without these books, there may be few records.



'A H, 'tis a baad pain, Miss, a very baaad pain; I wouldn't wish it to an iron gate.' A subscriber in Cornwall sends this poignant fragment.

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period we are studiously carried in *Robert Walpole and His Age*, by G. R. Stirling Taylor (Cape, 8 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 343, illus., 15s.). Amid all the barbarism, all the corruption, all the unblushing battenning on the State purse, all the incompetence in high places, England did move forward. — *The English Adventurer*, by Clennell Wilkinson and *English Music* by Sir W. H. Hadow (Longmans, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 186) are new volumes at the high level of the 'English Heritage' series. The range of the first is remarkable and the writing admirable. The poet of 'The Happy Highway' in our last issue will welcome the plain-speaking about the roads of the Middle Ages. There is also convincing writing about 'the prevailing vice of the brilliant sixteenth century' — cruelty. Sir W. Hadow, in his turn, skilfully places the history of our national music within the layman's easy reach. The author ends hopefully with a fine vision of the future of English musical composition. He claims for it strength, sanity and tenderness. — New found country dances! That is what there are, two dozen of them, with tunes and instructions, in the *Apted Book of Country Dances*, taken by W. S. Porter and Marjorie and A. B. Heffer from an eighteenth century work and prefaced by Director Kennedy of the E.F.D.S. (Heffer, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6, pp. 38, 3s.). There is also a half-crown volume of the tunes arranged for the pianoforte.

Saddle-Room Sayings by William Fawcett (Constable, 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 140, 8s. 6d.), is an illustrated book of random recollections and go-as-far-as-you-please writing on horses and hunting by a well-known North Country hunting author. — *Letters to the Pony Club*, by Kathleen Corbett ('Shrewsbury Chronicle', 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{8}$, 3s. 6d.) is seventy pages of excellent counsel to those who would buy, ride or keep a pony.

The Book of the Autogiro, by C. J. Sanders and A. H. Rawson (Pitman, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 121, 5s.) equipped with a large number of plates and diagrams, gives the fullest particulars about the aircraft which can neither spin nor stall. — *Sailing*

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the Skies: Gliding and Soaring by Malcolm Ross (Macmillan, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$, pp. 290, 10s.), which is illustrated with similar liberality, is a comprehensive American work. It is suggested that in flying a glider 'no greater degree of judgment and co-ordination is needed than in driving a car'. But, while the motorist may begin at five miles an hour, most glider launchings are made at twenty-five, and 'gliding is full of surprises'. It is asserted that while 'machines always weary us in the long run, the sailplane can never grow stale'.

The Ancient Bridges of the North of England, by E. Jervoise (Architectural Press, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 168, 80 illus., 5s. 6d.), is the second bridges book written for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and could not be better. Most so-called 'Roman' bridges, we are told, really date from the seventeenth century. — An admirably illustrated *Welsh Marches and Lower Wye Valley*, by P. T. Jones (Crypt House Press, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4, pp. 128, 2s. 6d.) is in a well-known pocket series. — To buy a few copies of the *Horrors of the Countryside*, by C. E. M. Joad (Hogarth Press, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{8}$, pp. 45, 1s. 6d.) and give them to some quite respectable people would be a good deed. — *In Search of English Windmills*, by R. Thurston Hopkins, and Stanley Freeze (Palmer, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 285, illus., 6s.) is the third windmill book we have received within twelve months. There are several mills which date back to the sixteen-sixties. — A. B. Austin, author of *In Your Stride* ('Country Life', 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 134, 7s. 6d.) has written a book about his walks, at home and abroad, in such a captivating and informing way that every reader will feel that he or she does not do enough walking. The author is an all-the-year-round walker and shows how inexpensively one may do as he has done. Instead of making futile complaints about such 'spoiling of the countryside' as has come about by the development of main road traffic, he would have us enjoy 'the wealth' that is left. There are a dozen sketches by Margaret Dobson. — *Dartmoor in all its Moods* by Douglas Gordon (Murray, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5, pp. 344, illus., four of them from

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water-colours by Lord Gorell, 9s.) contains a large collection of notes on wild life. A furze-cutter is mentioned who deprived a stoat of five well-grown rabbits within half an hour. Of the difficulty in fixing the identity of the creature that has been feasting on an ailing lamb there is the information that 'a fox invariably begins with the tongue which he eats out, a dog attacks the entrails, while ravens, crows, etc. make for the eyes'. Mr. Gordon notes that a viper will make a little 'form' in the grass 'about the circumference of a cricket-ball into which it compresses its coils, and to this it returns day after day if undisturbed'. — *Near Neighbours*, by Margaret Holden (Humphrey Toulmin, pp. 203, 6s.), a modest and beautiful book about birds, well deserves the discerning praise of Muirhead Bone in the foreword. Mr. Bone rightly describes the woodcuts by Laurence Angus which head the nineteen chapters as of a 'captivating probity and freshness'. — We are under no illusions about Oxford, but G. J. Sinclair with the crudities of his *Portrait of Oxford* (Veracity Press, Sturry, 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 133) does not help much. Sometimes he does not write but quote, e.g., 'The men of his time thought nothing of running between Keble and Kidlington or from Brazenose to Blenheim, having a strong country woman, working in the fields, and back to rooms in the intervals of lunch and early tea.' Well, well! — Dr. G. J. Renier, the Dutch author of *The English: Are They Human?* (Williams and Norgate, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{8}$, pp. 288, with some amusing sketches, 7s. 6d.), makes some clever and wholesome thrusts, but his book would have gained by being shorter and a little less cock-sure. Whatever may have gone wrong with townsfolk, our village people, he holds, are human enough. 'I have been in a beer-house where thirty men, between the ages of twenty and sixty-five, entertained each other by telling (thrice round) a Boccacioesque story.' How about club smoking rooms? 'People in the country', the author goes on to explain, 'collect doggerel poems compared with which the works of the Restoration dramatists are

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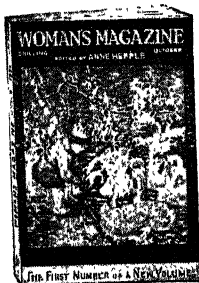
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modest'. — *The Prodigal Son and Other Parables*, a collection of mordant, modern dress drawings of remarkable sincerity and technical skill, by Thomas Derrick (Blackwell, 11 x 7½, pp. 100, 7s. 6d.) would be worth buying if only for the parable of the Unjust Steward, in which it is difficult to say whether the steward, the landowner or the debtors are most convincing. — Of *By the Way*, by 'Beachcomber', reprinted with illustrations from the *Daily Express* (Sheed and Ward, 7½ x 5, pp. 390, 7s. 6d.) can more be said than that there are those who will keep on laughing over it and those who won't? — 'While we sat there drinking our tea, a man, probably a farmer, came into the shop and ordered three boiled eggs. There was something immense about that order that took our breath away. A moment later there entered a tramp who ordered a cup of tea. Almost immediately the farmer gave his first egg a resounding smack, noticed the tramp, spoke a word with him, and ordered three eggs for him too.' Such things may be found in *Paper Aeroplanes: a Book of Essays*, by H. G. G. Herklots (Heffer, 7¼ x 4½, pp. 235, 5s.). Mr. Herklots *does* make paper aeroplanes, and he once saw a statue to a man called Milligan. — *A Form Room Fellowship*, edited by J. H. Whitehouse (Cambridge University Press, 8½ x 5½, pp. 135, 6s.) is a rather striking collection of stories, parodies, essays, criticisms, sketches and poetry by boys at Bembridge school. — As is well known by now, A. E. Coppard has a way of his very own. *Fares Please* (Cape, 7½ x 5½, pp. 880, 7s. 6d.) is a magnum of forty-five tales, several of a countryside that some other rural writers do not fully grasp.

England's Green and Pleasant Land, an anonymous study of village life, was in a second impression and is now republished in the Traveller's Library (Cape, 5½ x 4½, pp. 255, 3s. 6d.). It has been described by an ex-Premier as 'the best thing since Cobbett' and by another authority as a Piers Plowmanlike 'vision of the end of an age'. There is nothing just like it in facing facts and in recording them, faith-

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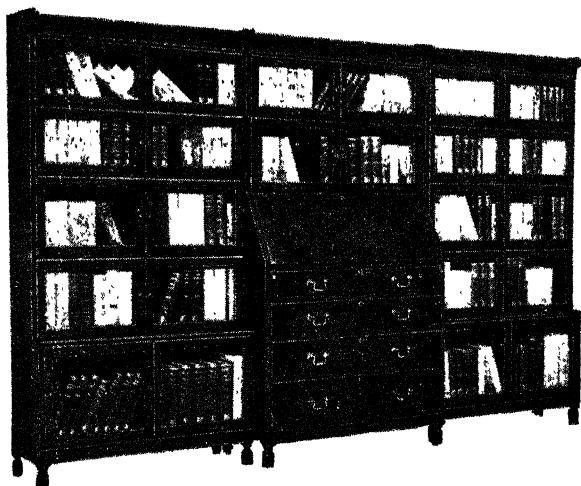
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fully, arrestingly and with economy of words. The sardonic humour of such chapters as 'Their Betters', 'The Lesser Betters', 'Farmer Bloss', 'The Beech Leaf', and 'The Twelve Who were Called' has been deservedly praised. — *Red Bread*, by Maurice Hindus (Cape, $7\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 348, illus., 12s. 6d.) is the work of an American writer who vividly and movingly describes village life to-day in a district in Russia in which he himself once lived as a peasant boy. The burden of the book is the expropriation of the kulaks. When Russia once more became a power in the world's grain market, the collective farms were in possession of eighty-five million acres of the best arable land. This book, informed alike in its statement of the reasons which urged on the authorities and in its account of the miseries which were inflicted, should not be missed by those who desire to consider the possibilities of agriculture and of rural human nature. — In doing *The Other Chateau Country: The Feudal Land of the Dordogne* (Lane, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 283, 77 illustrations and map, 18s.) Katherine Wood says that day by day costs with the two travellers' own car were 'rather less than the corresponding railway fare, and in other ways we saved'. — *Two Royal Domains of France: The Tuileries and Versailles in Garden-history, Art and Anecdote* (Cape $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 314, 36 illus., 15s.) is adequately described by its title. — We hope that Mrs. Eadie's *Lagooned in the Virgin Islands* (Routledge, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 456, illus., 10s. 6d.) will get the attention deserved by a travel book which is not book-making but the harvest of unusual experience, much study and great labour. The sketches of native character are significant of close association and warm sympathy, and the descriptions of natural beauty are sincerely written. On the informational and historical side there are the results of unstinted research and genuine devotion to the interests of a people of whom, in this country and the United States, little is known. — *Everyday Life in Scotland*, by I. F. Grant, who is well-known for her excursions into Scottish history, provides in an illustrated volume



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(Allen and Unwin, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 156, 2s. 6d.), a kind of up-to-date 'Tales of a Grandfather'. 'All through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were slaves in Scotland'. — In *Oxfordshire: A Survey with Proposals for its Regional Development*, a volume prepared for the county regional planning committee by Lord Mayo, and Professors J. D. Adshead and Patrick Abercrombie (Oxford University Press, $10 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 100, with 20 plates and 9 maps, 10s. 6d.), we get away from the unwieldy volumes in which the recommendations of regional planners have been hitherto published. As Oxfordshire already has the valuable *Thames Valley Survey*, it may be considered to be in the van of the regional planning movement. The new Survey for the whole county is soundly based on geology. The references to the possibility of converting the Thames in places round Oxford into artificial lakes and the proposed reservation of certain low areas for collecting the flood-waters of the upper Thames are of special interest. A Dutch opinion might be worth having. Major A. Muirhead, M.P., who invented the word 'rurban' to describe the population which works in town and sleeps in the country, has been the prime mover in the good work culminating in this admirable *Survey*. The note by Mr. Rayson and Mr. Thomson on the experience of the administration of architectural control by the Witney and district planning committee is helpful. Future county *Surveys* should have indexes. — The indefatigable principal of Wychwood School, Oxford, has written an excellent pamphlet, *England's Beauty*, to be read in conjunction with exhibitions or lantern slides supplied by the C.P.R.E. — There is no yearly report more practical or pleasanter to look at than the beautifully illustrated annual of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments (20 Buckingham Street, W.C. 1, 2s. 6d.). — Londoners who spend sixpence on the annual report on the *Bird Sanctuaries in Royal Parks* (Stationery Office) learn of such things as a moorhen rearing its brood from a nest composed

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As the number of hives in this country is still far short of what it might easily be (we consume about a quarter of a pound of honey to America's two pounds) we welcome one more bee book, *Honeycraft in Theory and Practice*, by J. A. Lawson (Chapman and Hall, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 240, with diagrams and photographs, 6s.) — *Beekeeping in Antiquity*, by H. Malcolm Fraser (University of London Press, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4$, pp. 169, illus., 4s. 6d.) has as a frontispiece a reproduction of a rock-painting of a Neolithic honey-gatherer having rather a rough time of it. Virgil looked on bees with the eyes of a small-holder, and is so well acquainted with them that the author thinks that the presence of an apt illustration from bee life in a doubtful poem might be taken as *prima facie* evidence in favour of Virgil's authorship. In Mr. Lawson's book we have instructions how to clip a queen's wings, but Virgil knew all about it. Many beekeepers still send for queens to a part of Italy not so very far from Virgil's country. — *The British Goat Society's Year Book* (Jeffery, Roydon Road, Diss, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 180, 4 illus., 1s. 6d.) is a noteworthy indication of the progress of goat-keeping. The world's

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Gardening Day by Day, by Philip West (Shaylor, 7 x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 214, 3s. 6d.) and the *Amateur's Week-End Gardening Book*, by H. H. Thomas (Cassell, 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$, pp. 313, 3s. 6d.) are arranged, the one for work for every day of the year, and the other for work for every week-end. Both are usefully illustrated, practical and good value. — Readers who are dissatisfied with their fruit yields should consider Major C. Walker's ingenious system of netting and commonsense pruning, based on practical experience. (Author, Brecon.) — *A Modern Herbal: the Medicinal, Culinary, Cosmetic and Economic Properties, Cultivation and Folklore of Herbs, Grasses, Fungi, Shrubs and Trees, with all their Modern Scientific Uses*, by Mrs. M. Grieve, with an introduction by Mrs. C. F. Leyel (Cape, 42s.), with upwards of 200 illustrations, in two big volumes (9 x 6) totalling 904 pages, two columns to the page in the type of our 'Countryman's Directory', is plainly a work without which no countrywoman's library may consider itself to be complete. The editor is the founder of the Society of Herbalists, and for years has done research work in herbal medicine; the compiler is a grower of and pamphleteer on herbs. Theirs is a great subject: 'the flowers of many of the herbs which purify the blood are red, *e.g.* the burdock; the bark of the willow cures rheumatism brought on by damp and the tree grows in wet places; most of the flowers used for jaundice are yellow, wallflowers, irises, lupins, dahlias and chrysanthemums; every flower in the garden from the first snowdrop to the Christmas rose, is not only there for man's pleasure but has its compassionate use in his pain'. And so forth. Whatever may or may not be the value of the lotions and potions, the cookery receipts will make anybody's mouth

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As we have had personal acquaintance with the pioneer work which the Cadbury family has done at Bournville in establishing 'a factory in a garden' we are particularly interested in the record *A Century of Progress: 1831-1931*, by T. B. Rogers (Cadbury, Bournville, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$, pp. 89, 2s.) It is an amazing story of the advance from an urban Quaker grocer, who made cocoa with a pestle and mortar, to a firm with cocoa factories that employ 8000 men and women in country surroundings. Every day 30,000 gallons of milk, 80 gallons of fresh cream and over half a ton of fresh dairy butter are used.' Note the 'fresh'. There are at Bournville '38 football teams, 32 for cricket, 35 for tennis, 28 for bowls, 28 for hockey and 25 for netball, while hundreds participate in swimming, water-polo, cross-country-running, etc.' The number of houses built at Bournville is 2000. — Seeing that cremation is incidentally a means of avoiding the giving up of acres and acres of land in perpetuity for cemeteries, THE COUNTRYMAN records with satisfaction the publication of a second edition of *Cremation in Great Britain*, by F. H. Jones and G. A. Noble (Cremation Society, 23 Nottingham Place, W. 1, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 160, 3s.). The book furnishes information about the means of carrying out cremations, and also the law and testimony, and contains many illustrations of crematoria.

Our readers have shown so much interest in advertising that we may just mention a well-illustrated booklet 'How Modern Advertising Helps' (Spottiswoode, Dixon and Hunting, Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.1., gratis).

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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

IF a leading London weekly review is capable of the following, is it any wonder that many townsmen and townswomen should be indifferent to the real advantage of country life to the British people? — ‘*Nor is it a matter for great lament that the*

population is becoming more and more
Has the *urbanised.* Until agriculture can offer
Countryside men and women a life which makes
any Future it worth their while to stop in the
at all? country, *there is no cause to regret*
their moving to the town. Towns need

not be unhealthy, nor townsmen weaklings. *For good or ill we are mainly an urban people* and it is our business to make it for good by building towns fit for human beings to inhabit.’ ‘No cause for regret’, though for a century and a half we have been taught at school that

. . . a bold peasantry, its country’s pride,
 When once destroy’d, can never be supplied.

It is one of the great satisfactions of our time that urban life has become wholesomer. There is no reason why it should not become wholesomer still. Half the virulence of London fogs has been abated. Streets are no longer fouled by horses. The parks are improved. Tubes, motor buses and trams scarcely own their parentage. Lighting has been transformed. Order, civility and decency have increased. But such is the din that the other day we passed within three yards of a man playing the fiddle outside the National Gallery, and, though we

One of our customers had his pocket picked in the train between Bologna and Ravenna, and lost his letter-case with nearly £40—a swift, neat job. Two days later the police were able to tell him that the remnants of his case had been picked up on the line. All the Italian notes had been taken out (£4 odd) and the case thrown out of the window; an express had evidently run over it as it lay open on the line, for £25 in the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques had been slashed into ribbons. (Curiously, a secret pocket with two Bank of England notes was undamaged.)

The point is that the thief took the Italian notes, but dared not risk changing the Travellers Cheques; had our customer been carrying all foreign money, his loss would have been nearer £30 than £4.

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stopped twice to make the test, could not hear a sound from him. The same day a conversation begun in a room in a modern office at the corner of Haymarket and Pall Mall had to be abandoned — until it could be resumed in a room more remote from the traffic. As for dirt, it is only necessary to compare the 'expectation of life' of town and country collars and of town and country curtains. There falls on London in a twelve month no fewer than 7,500 tons of solid impurity to soil the lungs of Londoners and make the whole metropolis so uncleanly that nothing out of doors may be touched without griming the hands. It was a year before a Hampstead tree, planted in our orchard, had the same tint of trunk as its neighbours. If the ancestry of a dozen Londoners of consequence be noted it is easy to realise the debt which the town owes to the virility and physique of the country. The firm of Cadbury has just stated that its success is due 'in no small measure to the healthy country surroundings in which our work has been carried on during the past fifty-two years, allowing for the solution of many industrial problems'. Against a death rate of 12.1 for England and Wales, the death rate at Bournville is only 7.2. No one will accuse THE COUNTRYMAN of a lack of appreciation of the value of better housing. But the notion that the inferiority of town life to country life can be made good merely by 'building' is puerile. If country life has not something that is vital for our race, then the refreshment of week-ends and holidays spent in the country, the delights of walking in the country, the sense of deliverance which motoring in the country

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is felt to be, the satisfaction derived by Londoners from their country houses and country cottages, the solace afforded by the quiet and the beauty of London parks, on which Sir Timothy Eden is writing so pleasantly, the joy given by the river, the pleasure brought by the birds which come to town (see correspondence in the papers any day), and the flight of Londoners every evening to Outer London, and the comfort they get from their gardening, are all illusion.

IT is not a desirable thing that for every twenty persons living in the country in England and Wales, there are 80 living in what the Census calls comprehensively, urban conditions, and that in Scotland 'the decrease of population has been general in the counties'. It is not a desirable thing that so much of our Press and so much of our literature should be written in London. The town brings its stimulus no doubt, and many of us have experienced it, but it is as easy to mistake stimulus for energy as to mistake emotion for will. It is well to have the Census* driving home the grave fact (1) that more than a fifth of the total population of England and Wales is in London, a fourth of the whole urban population, (2) that more than half of the population of England and Wales is aggregated in cities and towns numbering more than 50,000 inhabitants, and (3) that, with the possible exception of Belgium, there is no country (of which there are accurate records) more closely

* English and Scottish Census Reports. H.M. Stationery Office 3s. and 4s.

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populated in its dense areas, our 685 persons per square mile representing an 'areal density' more than double that of a large majority of other countries. Happily, the populations of London and other cities are spreading out into the country — there is actually a decrease of 2 per cent in the population of the metropolis. London and other cities are decentralising themselves. The Registrar-General goes even as far as to suggest that 'rural development is now in excess of urban: the London area is growing at the expense not so much of rural areas as of the provincial towns.' But who fill up the provincial towns? The Agricultural Returns tell us. Last year there were in the villages 23,117 fewer male workers (of whom 10,656 were casual workers) and 5,439 fewer female farm-workers (of whom 3,772 were casual workers) than there were the year before.

ELSEWHERE in THE COUNTRYMAN Mr. Thomas Derrick takes his laugh, as we have done before now, at the follies of some preservation of rural England talk. We are not surprised to find Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell saying roundly, that 'a lot of wicked nonsense is talked about the preservation of those beautiful rose-covered hovels in the countryside which have no light or ventilation or sanitation; dynamite is much more required in some of the countryside districts than preservation.' Along with all the patriotic efforts and notable sacrifices that are being made, and all that is being so praiseworthily spoken and written for the care of rural amenities, there is a chatter that is the

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product of a great deal of ignorance, an easy sentimentalism, and not a little selfishness and economic cowardice. 'We may not regard our countryside merely as a thing of the past to be contemplated with aesthetic enthusiasm', writes to us a wise artist who lives in the country. 'Its beauty will come back when its life is renewed. Much of our conservation talk has at its roots a confession of inability to produce. Beauty comes as the product of something else, and that something else is the important thing — normal human life.' Some pat-terers find satisfaction in what is decaying because they are afraid of what is alive and growing. They have their thoughts on the past, not on the future. What is it but conceit to believe that the lives of those who come after us will be evil and not good? Wisdom and the power of producing beauty did not die with our forefathers and they will not die with us. Who is the true countryman? Not he who is emotional about the country, not he who uses it as a hammock to lie down in, not he for whom it is a refuge from life, but he who has business in it or pays readily and gratefully for his rural joys by living an alert, active, citizenly life and doing what he can to permit of other people living a good life in the country also.

THE basis of a sound country life is economic. We have to think this winter not only with the C.P.R.E. but in terms of the Land Utilisation Act, the Marketing Act and the Housing (Rural Authorities) Act. 'It is argued', wrote Mr Gavin, of the agricultural side of Imperial Chemicals,

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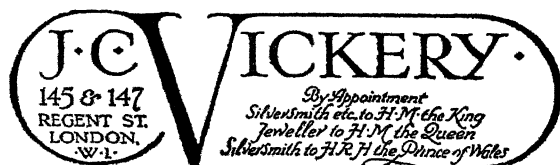
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'that with restriction of imports no Marketing Bill would be necessary, but undoubtedly the country would then demand, and the welfare of the farmer would still require, efficient marketing organisation at home.' Apart from better marketing, pioneers like Mr. de Ledesma, Mr. Dudley and others are showing the way in mechanisation. As we write we have a message, 'Combines and crop driers are going well'. And not only combines and crop driers. 'This bad season', writes one farmer subscriber, 'my tractor, by speeding up things, has enabled me to cut my hay and dodge it into rick between storms in pretty good condition. I could not have done so well with horses. Yesterday I got in half my wheat; without a Dutch barn I could not have done so much before the rain.' But the best friends of agriculture must regretfully admit that, though very many of our farmers—like the quality of our land and the quality of the market at our doors—are not eclipsed in any country, the farming class, as a whole, is difficult to lead. The same might be said, no doubt, of some coal owners, manufacturers and shopkeepers, but too many farmers hear or read little that is not of their own way of thinking. Mr. Orwin may 'refuse to believe that the evolution of farming has reached finality, that nothing short of artificial support can keep it on its legs', but how many farmers give heed? A variety of experts must get tired of emphasising the obvious fact that the nation is more interested in the production of £100 millions worth of beef, mutton, pork and bacon, poultry and eggs, not to speak of dairy produce, than in the

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WHEN MAKING UP THE LIST of Christmas presents, it is a problem to find something suitable for each of one's friends. Winsor & Newton have solved the problem so far as the artist friend is concerned, for they have made up the set of brushes illustrated and described above—a set any artist will be proud to possess. This set may be obtained from most Artists' Colourmen; but in case of difficulty, Winsor & Newton will send a set, postage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of a Postal Order for 10s. 6d.

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production of £10 millions worth of wheat, even though we are learning to grow it more economically. While Scotland is thought to have a larger proportion of properly recorded dairy cows than any other country except Denmark, England lags behind, while in the elimination of scrub bulls we have been beaten by Ireland. The kind of wisdom that our agricultural population receives from some of its betters is illustrated by a recent declaration in Parliament that 'we are to have mechanisation at the expense of life, of culture, of society, and of everything that has made rural England worth having'. After a somewhat similar fashion, a farmer was lately heard to express his feelings of dependence: 'You remember old Sir ——? *He* was a good landlord! He farmed his land, he kept up the estate, he gave his tenants back their rents — ah, he *was* a good landlord.' At a time when world conditions, international relations — and politicians — have depressed so many agriculturists it is no pleasure to write in terms of criticism. But the ablest and worthiest in the agricultural profession know very well (1) that the number of farmers, not pivoted on corn-growing, who, taking one year with another, have been doing, compared with many other people, reasonably well, is much in excess of what is ordinarily suggested in public, and (2) that the directing body of the National Farmers' Union and its county branches is composed in a considerable proportion of retired farmers, dealer-farmers and farmers financially interested in combinations which are not managed in the interests of agriculture.



Ladies fill your store cupboards

As summer fades into autumn, the season of fresh fruit and vegetables begins to pass. But thanks to a great new industry which has grown up during the past five years, the housewife can now obtain, in season and out, a wide variety of select freshly-picked English fruits and vegetables hygienically canned and retaining all their delicious flavour.

To this new industry has now been applied the new public service of the National Mark which, operated under Government supervision, makes it easy to identify the genuine home-grown product in the shops and also guarantees its quality.

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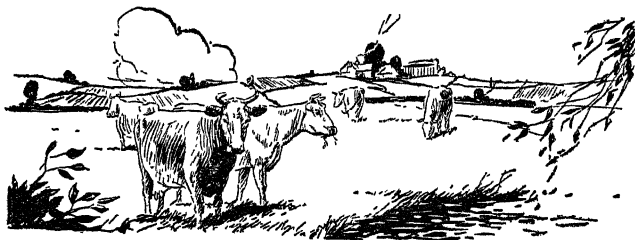
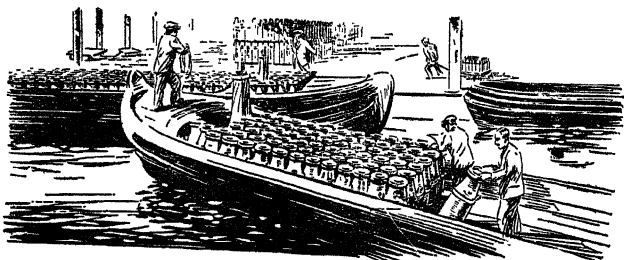
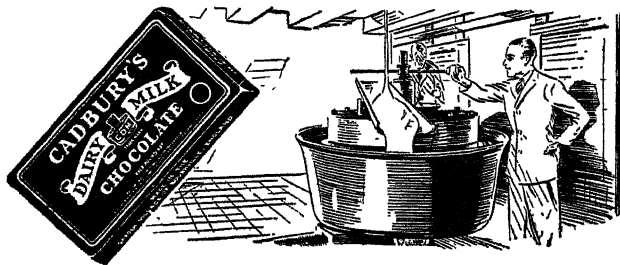
*Buy Canned
Home-Grown
Fruits and
Vegetables*



*Look for
the Mark
on the can*

HAVING said all this, we may note with pleasure the publication of 'A New Policy for Agriculture' (Allan, pp. 190, 7s. 6d.) by Mr. F. N. Blundell, a former M.P. It is written for Conservatives by a Conservative who wants his party to give itself 'an intensive course of self-education'. Well-informed on farming conditions, he is wise enough to say that 'agriculture may truly ask to be saved from those friends who speak of making England self-supporting in breadstuffs or even of raising the quota by degrees to 30 or 40 per cent; even under ideal conditions England would probably have about 50 per cent of her cultivated area under grass'. One of his obiter dicta is that 'meat, not wheat should be the slogan'. 'It is the failure of the British farmer to organise regular supplies which handicaps him far more than the price of his products'. That is indeed the burden of a considered book. Because the National Farmers' Union 'concerns itself far more with the political than with the industrial interests of its members, the dealers, merchants, and middlemen generally, have secured so strong a hold that it is exceedingly difficult for the farmer to control the price of produce'. 'Combined marketing, not necessarily through the medium of co-operative societies,' Mr. Blundell is convinced, 'is the most essential factor in the reorganisation of agriculture.' Like Mr. Gavin, he shows that 'it must precede the application of even a moderate import duty'. That is to say, the success of any policy 'depends on the farmer'.*At a time when, for every crippled farmer,

*With this book should be read the second edition of Mr. Harald Faber's valuable *Co-operation in Danish Agriculture* (Longmans, pp. 210, 9s.)

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there are several badly-hit townsmen, there is, with our agricultural system as it is, little immediate prospect of large expenditure on behalf of farming. Farmers must depend mainly upon themselves, and this the wisest of them understand and have always understood.

FOR whatever department of work for the preservation of Rural Britain we may have aptitude, there is a task for every one of us. On the question of rural amenities, let us express the hope that Sir Tudor Walters' committee, in its cottage-building programme, will not only be liberal of the right plans and elevations, but prompt and practical in counsel and grants. If the Ministry of Health had in the past been less tender of the feelings of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the sanitary inspector-turned-architect would not have had the run he has had. It is all very well for Mr. Hurd, M.P., to tell the members of his Rural District Council Association what great people they are at building. The fact remains that a large number of Councils have deserved to have their job taken from them by their County Councils. The Oxfordshire 'Survey' (reviewed elsewhere) utters a special warning about the development of Burford and Chipping Norton. Has the Ministry hindered the building of inappropriate cottages on their outskirts? Since the Chamberlain Act of 1923 the Ministry has had no powers of aesthetic control, so while in one part of Mr. Greenwood's office, Mr. Pepler and his staff have been carrying on their campaign for the preservation of rural England,

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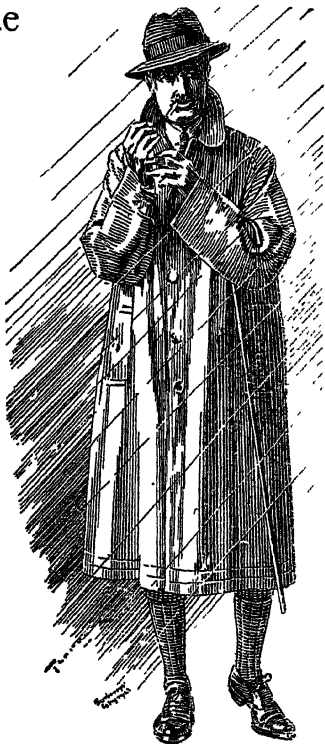
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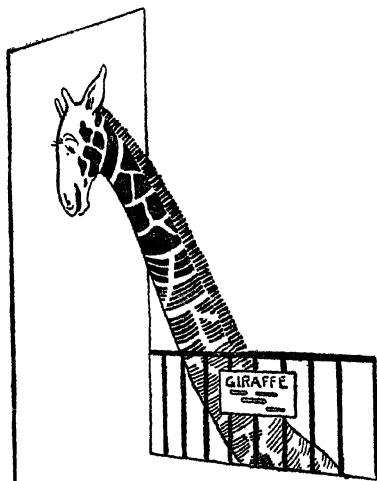
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another set of officials has been passing plans for Council building to bring shame to it.

OUR difference with people who write, 'For good or ill we are mainly an urban people', is that in their minds there is no thought of the possibility of such a change coming over our national ideas of right living that Rural England may fill up again. We of *THE COUNTRYMAN* believe that Britain may shape her destinies anew. And why should we expect the change to be slow? Within the lifetime of most of our readers there were no motors; there was no flight to Constantinople and back in a day, no carrying the voice of the nightingale by Wireless to Australia. It is no more than sixty years since the first voting by ballot. Twenty years ago who could have expected to see Russia, Germany, Austria, and Spain monarchless? When in our youth we read of Jules Verne's speaking apparatus, which of us dreamt of so many of the cottages of England having Wireless? When Mrs. Henry Fawcett heard John Stuart Mill make the first speech the House of Commons ever listened to on women's suffrage how many M.P.'s could have been persuaded that she would live to see women in Ministries? In the agricultural sphere a generation ago how many people foresaw in our fields six-furrow ploughs, forty-five-row drills and a dozen combine harvesters? Who could have imagined two generations ago the extraction from the air of enough nitrogen to provide a quarter of the nitrogen used on the farms and in the factories of the world? What limits can be put to the attractions of country life and

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to the growing commonsense of our people? The land is the only true source of wealth. Before long we must come to a knowledge of the truth.

FROM its first number five years ago *THE COUNTRYMAN* has urged that, with our exports inevitably reduced by the industrial development of other countries and by the emptying of the world's pocket by the terrific waste of the War, we are *compelled* to turn our thoughts to the land. *THE COUNTRYMAN* has also urged that, whether we like it or not, a non-Party treatment of agriculture is desirable.* But we have always expressed the conviction that the rural advance is not to be brought about by action likely to confirm a sound but conservative class in its old ways, but by action which will lead it out of those ways.

THE nation has discovered that, in Peace as in War, non-Party action is possible. This non-Party action has been forced upon us by an urban problem, unemployment. Informed, self-sacrificing, unprejudiced, non-Party dealing with our rural problem—the problem of producing more of our own food and of having a larger proportion of our people living a healthy life in the country—is forced upon us by every consideration of national welfare.

THE career of the Ministry may be brief. And its members have no mandate to legislate on agriculture. But we appeal to them—and not less

* See also a series of articles by the Editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN* in the *Quarterly Review* and *Nineteenth Century*, 1913-14

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strongly because several are readers of *THE COUNTRYMAN*—carefully to consider whether, as Elder Statesmen of acknowledged patriotism, they cannot take a memorable step. Before they return to their own Party camps it is within their power to unite in an impressive declaration. As citizens who have been specially trusted, as public men with access to all the sources of information, they have the privilege of marking a turning point in our relations with the land. They are in a position to speak to the nation more authoritatively and more influentially than any Government has been able to do. They are able to declare that the conditions of rural life demand a non-Party effort as determined as has just been made in dealing with the national finances. It is possible for them to bring about a new national attitude towards agricultural life.



As It Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, Happy Finder!—
Cromwell

The Prophet's Chamber

MANY readers must have houses larger than their needs. Have these readers ever thought of the service they might render by providing a prophet's chamber? 'There was a great woman and she said unto her husband, let us make a little chamber on the wall and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick and it shall be that he shall turn in thither.' Think of the literary and scientific men and women, actors and actresses, overworked town parsons and their

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wives—to name four classes only—who would repay in the quality and volume of their work the occasional quiet and refreshment of the country! Needless to say, the visitor would have to be given privacy and perfect freedom to go and come. But consider what it would mean to many a man or woman with a streak of genius and a vocation to have the change and the retirement provided by a room or a couple of rooms in a large house in the country in which they were really welcome. In Japan it is an ordinary thing for reasonably well-to-do people to provide a special room for a student or two.

The Foreign Student in Country Houses

THERE is another thing. There are studying in England a number of young men and women from the Dominions and from foreign countries, particularly Asiatic countries. It too often happens that these students know few or any English people to the extent of being able to visit them in their homes. We have heard of Japanese students who were in London for three years without seeing anything of English home life outside their own and their fellow-students' lodgings. Why should not such young people get the chance of learning something of the best side of our country life? Foreign students at Universities are often hard put to it indeed to drive away home-sickness during the vacations. This matter of the obligation of cultivated people to foreign students is often on our minds and we gladly respond to the suggestion of Mrs. Gilchrist Thompson once more to call attention to it.

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'A Monumental Scandal'

IN addition to the letters from fourteen bishops, which we published in our last issue, on the deplorable practice of using white marble in the churchyards of stone districts, we have received the following letter from the Bishop of Lincoln. 'It is much to be wished that local stone should be used rather than marble. Marble is not really comely under conditions of English sky and climate. I was recently in a large churchyard the older part of which was furnished with stone memorials, and the more recent part almost entirely with marble crosses. The contrast between the two portions was very remarkable.' We understand that the Bishop of Carlisle has spoken several times recently on the objections to the use of marble. The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, in addition to his letter in our last number, informs us that, in his diocesan magazine and at diocesan conferences, he has, on more than one occasion, urged the great importance of keeping unsuitable memorials out of country churchyards.* We have received two requests, to which we have gladly said 'Yes', to reprint our article—one from the Bishop of Chichester, the other from Lieut. Colonel the Rev. F. J. Cheverton.

A Clergyman and his Churchyard

THIS clergyman has had ten pages in his vigorous parochial magazine on the proper management of the Byfleet churchyard. He writes to his parishioners: 'A churchyard suggests something of the nature of a garden; therefore the fewer and smaller

*A letter from the Bishop of Southwell in our last issue was accidentally attributed to the Bishop of Southwark



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the monuments the better. Many monuments are really deplorable – pitchpine kerbs suggestive of bed-posts, figures of angels, pagan broken columns, structures of uncouth size claiming a vulgar recognition for the dead which doubtless they themselves would have scorned.’ But the Bishop of Guildford has already gone as far as the rector of Byfleet. ‘White marble’, says the diocesan year-book, ‘jars with the soft tones and colours of an English landscape. Granite is somewhat incongruous to Surrey surroundings; if polished it is worse than incongruous.’ And, the Bishop adds, ‘marble angels and sentimental figures are quite unsuitable’. Here are some further passages from what the rector of Byfleet has said to his parishioners: “‘Gone but not forgotten” often stands all but hidden by rank weeds after a year or two. . . . The right of every parishioner to be buried in the churchyard does not extend to the erection of any memorial. Parishioners are not entitled to place glass shades or artificial flowers or such like articles on a grave without the rector’s permission. . . . The placing of a memorial, vase, cross, etc., without permission of the incumbent, when he so requires, constitutes, in law, a trespass. . . . No iron or wooden rails, chains or kerbing, or white marble of any description will be admitted. . . . The name of the monumentalist shall not be inscribed on any part of the work in the churchyard.’ Attention has been widely drawn in the Press to THE COUNTRYMAN article. Among papers expressing hearty approval of the views of the fourteen Anglican bishops were the Roman Catholic ‘Universe’ and the ‘Methodist Times’.

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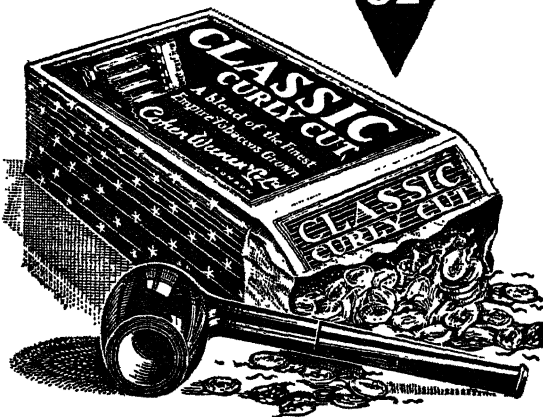
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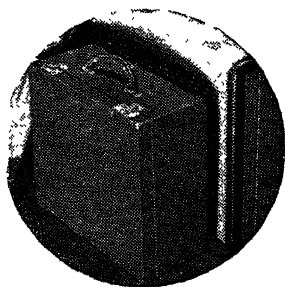
IN view of the pressing need of revenue, could not the Treasury and the County Councils pick up a little money by devising means for more strictly enforcing the duty on male servants and by causing more licences to be taken out in respect of guns? It is common knowledge in the country that many householders have a handy man and that many people frequently use a gun who do not pay their dues to the local and national revenue. Every village postmaster must know of names and addresses to which his superiors could advantageously send a circular with a statement of the requirements of the law.

Heath Fires and Hiking

ONE misfortune the countryside was spared by the wet spring and summer, and that was heath fires. In drought it is no uncommon sight in the South of England to see the horizon smoking with half a dozen different distant blazes, and the householder in the neighbourhood of commons or larchwoods prays that it may not be his turn next. Let us hope that, if the droughts come next year, 'hiking', which is so much to be encouraged, will not bring us more fires. What a strange theory that is, by the way, of the glass-bottle origin of heath fires; that the sun's rays, focussed through broken glass, will set a common on fire without human intervention! We should like to wager one of the glass-bottle theorists that it would take him half a morning to find a broken bottle capable of focussing sun-rays; and then what would be the

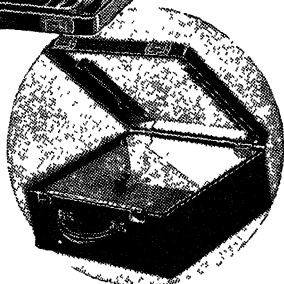
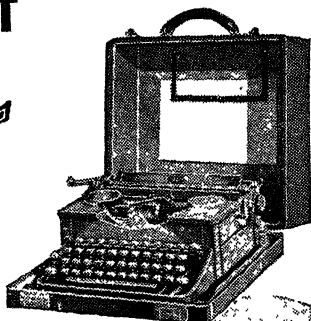
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chance of the fragment being poised on the ground exactly at the right angle and distance from the tinder? And how strange that the sun should set fire to heather with glass bottles almost invariably during the week-end, when the town goes out for walks and picnics!

A Rural Brutality

WE find it very difficult to excuse badger digging, a brainless pursuit which is conducted too often in the presence of or with the connivance of men (and often women) who ought to know better. The badger is entitled to respect as the oldest mammalian denizen of Great Britain. Further, the occasions on which 'beyond shadow of doubt' he does harm must be extremely rare. It is not only his antiquity and his harmlessness but his remarkable underground house which he so resolutely tries to keep clean which render him interesting. The toughness of his hide makes it almost impossible to kill him decently by means of dogs. But why kill a recluse that does not habitually come abroad by day and lives chiefly on a diet of beetles, grubs, roots, frogs, snails, worms and vermin? In his new book, 'Dartmoor in All its Moods', a hunting man and naturalist, Mr. Douglas Gordon, is plain spoken about the fate of badgers. 'The badger would soon be exterminated,' he says, 'were he not more or less preserved for so-called "badger-hunting"—a pastime to be discouraged by all genuine sportsmen since the capture of the hapless creature is too frequently followed by baiting in some barn or enclosure. In this part of the country, when a



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"graze" is caught, it is our all-too-prevalent custom to "save him for another day", which means that he is kept for an indefinite period, to be worried to death at his captors' pleasure.' Mr. Gordon lives in Devonshire. We have ourselves evidence from more than one county that the same cold-blooded barbaric ill usage of what Mr. Gordon calls an 'independent stout-hearted beast, who, molesting nobody, asks only to be let alone', is persisted in and condoned by people calling themselves sportsmen and sportswomen.

Giving Them a Chance

MANY people as they look through a village elementary school must wonder what some of the children would achieve if they had the chances that come the way of better-off boys and girls. At the founder's day celebrations of the Lord Wandsworth agricultural college, in Hampshire, established and endowed under a munificent bequest by the late Lord Wandsworth, it was possible to see. Here were orphaned sons and daughters of farm-workers, well-housed, well-fed and well-clothed, and encouraged to develop self-respect and every latent good quality. The atmosphere of the place was that of a modern public school, and the happy, open-faced, handsome boys and girls were a satisfaction to look at and talk with. The boys alone number 170. There is a farm of 1000 acres, which pays its way, and there are fine workshops. Sir Daniel Hall is the admirable adviser. The college not only educates its scholars but starts them in life.



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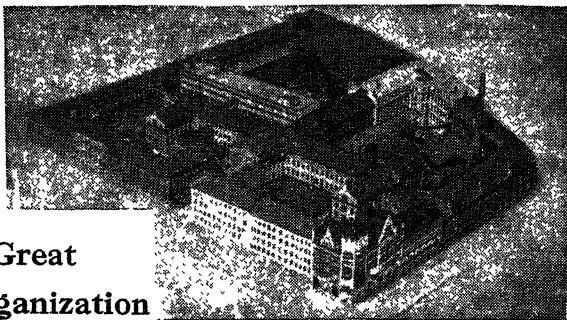
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The Possibilities of Religious Drama

AT a time of the year when many villages are thinking of getting up plays we must be interested in the efforts which the Bishop of Chichester is making on behalf of religious drama—'good plays, honestly acted, well and worthily presented in church (for this my special permission will be required), others in halls'. As his lordship says, the Church was the cradle of the Theatre. It is the Church's own fault that, in spite of the efforts made by that gallant man the late Rev. Stewart Headlam (with no Bishop to back him), Church and Stage are now apart. Many village churches have ample accommodation for religious drama if they want it. The Bishop of Chichester, paying due tribute to the self-denying work of William Poel, mentions 'Everyman', 'Eager Heart', 'The Joyous Pageant of the Nativity', 'The Tidings brought to Mary', and the Laureate's 'Trial of Jesus', 'Good Friday', 'Easter' and 'Coming of Christ' produced in Canterbury Cathedral. The Bishop has gone the length of appointing for his diocese for three years a Director of Religious Drama, Mr. E. Martin Browne, a man with exceptional qualifications and a mind of his own. The question is, How far is the Bishop prepared to go in the production of plays? Will not the criticism be made that in the plays in his list the appeal is almost entirely to the emotional and aesthetic? Edward Garnett's 'Jeanne d'Arc' was produced in a Nonconformist church before the War. How about Bernard Shaw's 'Saint Joan'? In reply to an enquiry Mr. Martin Browne is candid: 'One



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of the things I most want to do is to demonstrate that Christianity will never win the acceptance of the younger generation till it addresses itself to their minds with a philosophy both honest and deep, expressed in the terms of their own day. For example, I have been able to produce Tagore's 'Sacrifice' in place of a missionary play at a diocesan missionary festival this summer, and to give part of 'The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet' as a set piece for a drama school. I am only too delighted to encourage people to do Shaw's 'Saint Joan'. My first big production in Brighton was Ghéon's 'Vie Profonde de Saint François', which most people said would be too difficult, though its success did not bear them out. I hope very much to be able to do Claudel's 'L'Annonce Faite à Marie'. This type of play, which has a definitely Christian philosophy in it, is what we need most. The plays with a deep intellectual content which have a definitely Christian outlook are, alas! rare. I hope that our work may encourage good writers to increase their number.'

The Two Sugars

A GAIN and again it is explained to housewives who know nothing about the methods of sugar manufacture that they are quite wrong in supposing cane sugar to be superior to beet sugar. The housewives' rejoinder is always that beet sugar is not so good for preserving. The answer is simply (1) that very few persons can possibly be sure whether they are using beet or cane sugar and therefore they can have no knowledge about their



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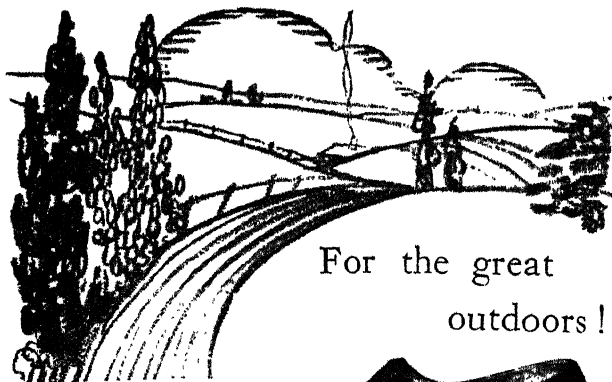
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respective qualities, and (2) that, as a matter of fact there is no difference in the value or the taste of refined beet and refined cane sugar. The new 'Report on the Sugar Beet Industry' mentions that the experiments for the Ministry of Agriculture at the Research Station at Chipping Campden clearly demonstrated the complete suitability of beet sugar for making jams, jellies and preserves and that in the preparation of syrups for fruit canning 'beet sugar is quite as satisfactory as cane from every point of view'. Many housewives, in their preserving, pin their faith to lump sugar, but as the Editor of *THE COUNTRYMAN* pointed out in his 'Sugar Beet, Some Facts and Some Illusions' twenty years ago, there is no merit in using lump sugar in jam-making. Lump sugar is merely sugar run into moulds and sliced. Icing sugar again is the same kind of sugar as granulated or lump, ground fine. Sugar is known to chemists as 'sucrose', the definition of which is 'the white crystalline compound known variously as cane sugar, beet sugar, maple sugar, etc., according to origin but identical chemically'. Being identical, it is impossible to distinguish one from the other by looks or by analysis. There may be imperfectly made sugars, both beet and cane, and the housewife may obtain indifferent results from their use, but the imperfection is not due to the sugar being beet or cane. A well-known medical baronet once alleged in the medical press that cane sugar was particularly valuable for the relief of cardiac failure and that cane might be told from beet 'by its luminosity in the dark when two lumps are rubbed together'. Needless to say the same



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phosphorescence can be produced with beet or cane. The difference in texture which visitors to the Continent have observed between the lump sugar with which they have been supplied and the lump sugar they have been accustomed to at home is due to the difference in the sizes of the crystals from which the two sugars are made.

The Countryside as a Marriage Mart

IF it be conceivable that the thought of many a girl who goes to London is that she will have a better chance of marriage, the Census statistics are against her. In London, to every 100 men, there are 114 women. In other urban areas there are as many as 110 women. But in the Rural districts the sexes are almost equal—101 women to only 100 men. No doubt the range of choice is smaller than in the cities; but motor, motor bus and motor cycle are enlarging it.

Bees and Soils

EVERYBODY knows the good work that bees do for the fruit-grower. But Mr. Cecil Hooper, in a paper in the 'Wye College Journal', reminds us that it is not only because of their structure that they are the best pollenisers of all but because they keep to one kind of flower on a journey. The bumble bees—there are seventeen varieties—and the wild bees also do their bit. Indeed bumble bees are famous for their long working hours. Californian fruit-growers pay as much as two dollars per hive to beekeepers for placing bees in orchards, and Mr. Hooper thinks hives would be worth 5s.

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apiece to our fruit-growers. There are, of course, other considerations affecting the success of fruit plantations and orchards than bees. The Ministry's new brochure on Fruit-Growing Areas on the Old Red Sandstone in the West Midlands (Stationery Office, pp. 112, 3s.) concludes that 'soil conditions play a predominating part'.

The Trees That Were

WRITING in reference to our April cartoon of the road official and the surveyor, a correspondent says: 'Here where I live is a wonderful dell where streams gush out from the steep banks forming a broad pool. The banks are or were thickly grown with great elms. It was a wonderfully beautiful spot, known far and wide – and of historic interest. At the top of the bank stands a glorious old thirteenth century church. The property has lately passed into the hands of a new owner who without rhyme or reason or mercy, and in spite of protest has cut down every tree on one side of the dell. Nothing is left except a few mangled limbs, like the field of Senlac. And what for? The money the trees can bring in will not pay the expenses of their destruction. One feels so powerless before such heartless wanton destruction.'

The Evolution of the Naturalist

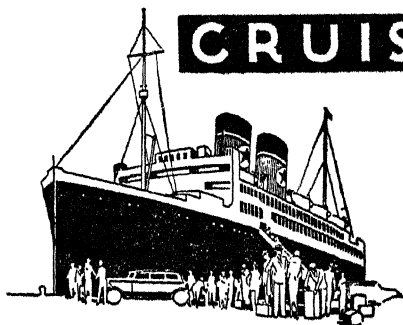
IN his new book, noticed elsewhere, that distinguished student of birds, Mr. Edmund Selous, makes a statement which, as the newspapers say, will attract attention. It is that 'that sort of instinctive (though by no means sympathetic) parti-

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cipation in the life and doings of wild animals, which tingles in the blood of the true naturalist, is rare or non-existent except as a heritage from those long past ages when man universally had to hunt for a living and kill beasts of prey in defence of his life'. As the naturalist is thus, 'through reversion, primarily a hunter', he goes on, 'the result is that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the qualities which make him that, as compared with the higher intellectual ones, are in about the proportion of laughter to wit in conversation, which means, if we look into it closely, that most naturalists are sportsmen first and the other only afterwards, that is they are sportsmen almost entirely'. But 'just a few turn the keenness of sport into the hard, patient unapplauded path of observation'. Not so 'unapplauded', however, surely, as formerly? The wild animal close-ups in the 'Times', Whipsnade, even the wild life anecdotage which is such a favourite item in the Press — there was a time when the 'Spectator's' dog and cat stories were laughed at — the increased sensitiveness to the ill-treatment of birds and other creatures, all point to a steady advance in public feeling. Increasingly the best of sportsmen take to justifying themselves. 'I belong to the Shikari Club', said Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr the other day; 'our rule is that we kill only to secure museum specimens or for food, and we never wound an animal without killing it.' Year by year the mystery of bird life, the perfection of bird civilisation within its limits, grows upon thinking people. And every year books about birds contain more observation and more thought.

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*EPISTLES FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD*8. *OUR INSTRUCTORS AND OTHERS*

IN the country the 'Times' and the B.B.C. mean a great deal to us. But they could be more helpful. The 'Times', in my opinion, ought always to regard itself as what on the Continent it is so often erroneously supposed to be, the organ of the Government of the day. What is much needed, for British and foreign country readers (and many town ones), is an informed, wise and skilful exposition of the views and policies of our successive Governments. The Labour Ministry was specially unfortunate in being without a Press expositor of weight. Nor did the 'Times' serve Mr. Baldwin's administration perfectly. When a Conservative Government is next in power I would have the 'Times' state that Government's opinions on the sound foundation of all the official data that can be given to it. When we have a Labour Government, I would have the 'Times' state that Government's opinions on the basis of official information. The change of sides should be made without apology immediately the new Government takes office. As things are at present, the views of the Government of the day, of whatever colour, are nowhere authoritatively, consistently and clearly stated. Even if speeches were still reported at Victorian length the needs of a Government would not be met, for ministers are not always the most convincing advocates of their own policies. The views and policies of a Government may be right or they may be wrong, but it is important that they should be given the advantage of trustworthy and competent exposition.

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IF I may propose a further mending of the 'Times', I would ask for comprehensive, alert, well-written mail-letters from oversea. Some of the cablegrams – and they are not cheap – do very little to keep us in touch with the best thinking on the Continent, in the United States and the Dominions and Abroad generally. Thoughtful people are interested in other things than the squabbles of foreign politicians.

IN the third place, I should like the 'Times' to consider whether public needs would not be better served by printing a column or so of first class editorial notes rather than the old-fashioned second leaders. (The amusing third leaders or leaderettes I should not sacrifice, but they would read just as well in the form of a couple of notes.) An excellent model to follow would be the 'Occasional Notes' of the old 'Pall Mall Gazette'. They were written for intelligent people by members of the staff and by outsiders of knowledge and wit, and nobody wrote on a subject on which he was not informed. Think of the range of knowledge and experience which is open to the 'Times' for such Notes. As to finding space, the three pages of Sport frequently found in the 'Times' are too much. And many of the secondary headlines throughout the paper are unnecessary.

THE perfect morning paper, from the point of view of the country resident who wants to be in touch with the things that matter in the world, would be an amalgamation of the 'Times' and the 'Manchester Guardian'. In the 'Guardian' one



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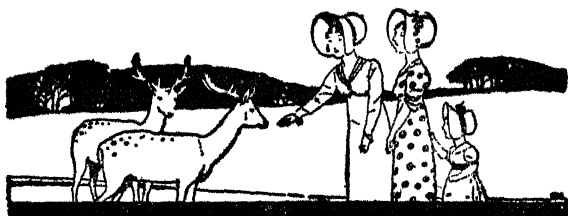
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continually finds things of significance from home and abroad which appear in no other journal. If I were a rich man in control of the 'Times' I would buy the 'Manchester Guardian', stir it well through the 'Times', and run three short political leaders a day, one Conservative, one Labour and one Liberal in parallel columns, and for the rest concentrate on collecting the news and writing of the day of interest to educated, responsible people.

Now for the B.B.C. As a countryman, and a sympathetic countryman, for I am a not infrequent orator at Savoy Hill, I can hardly find words to express my dissatisfaction with its Sunday fare. Surely the very best thinking and the very best music the B.B.C. can command might be expected on Sundays. Townspeople have wider resources on Sunday than most of us country folk possess. It is deplorable that the B.B.C. should take no better thought for us on Sunday than it does. As for its often admirable programmes on week-days, I protest chiefly against being fobbed off on so many evenings with such a meagre selection of news. The magniloquent opening, 'Copyright by Reuter, the Press Association, Exchange Company and Central News' promises us the news of the world, and we do not get it. While I am complaining, I should like to ask what is the use of giving us, in all Police broadcast notices, police station telephone numbers that can seldom, if ever, be correctly caught? Why should not the police telephone number in London and in every city and town be 1? — SOLOMON WISEACRE



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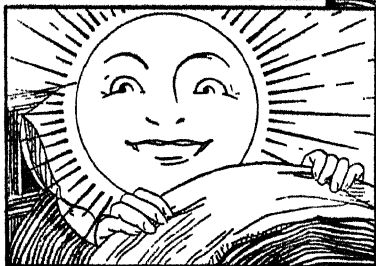


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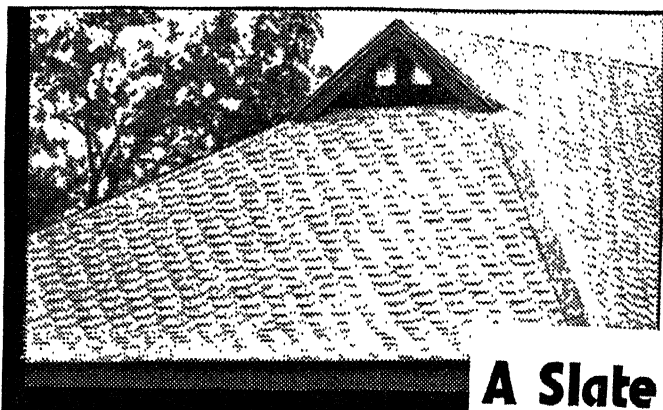
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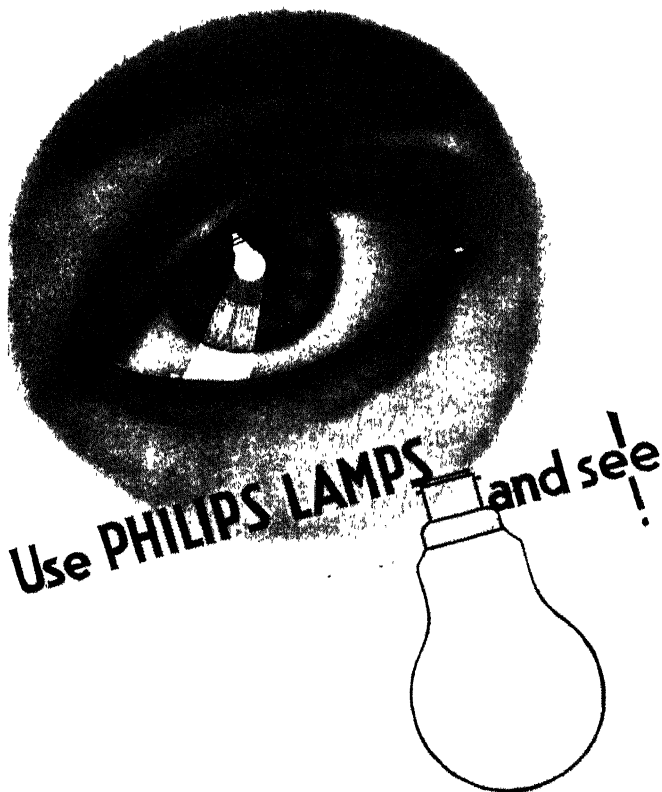
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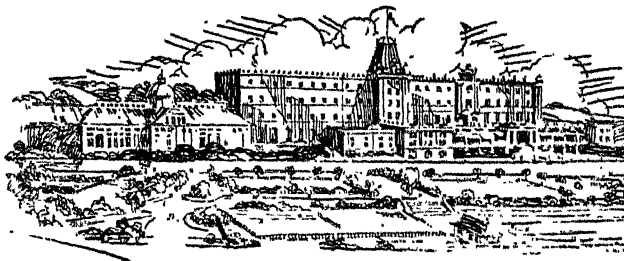
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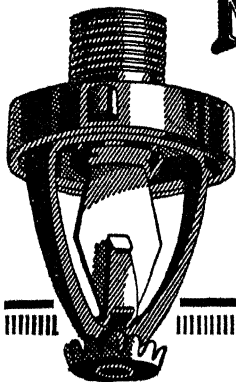
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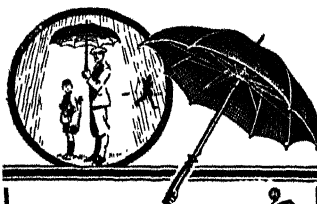
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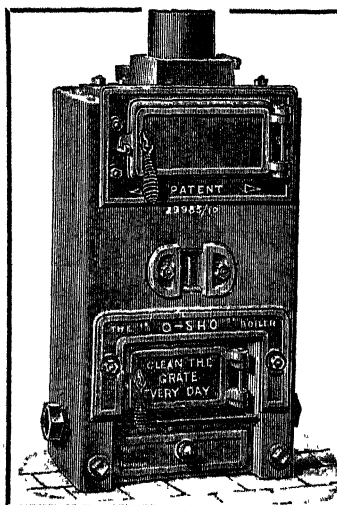
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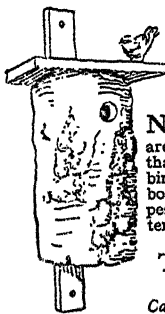
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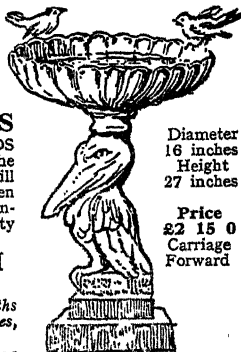
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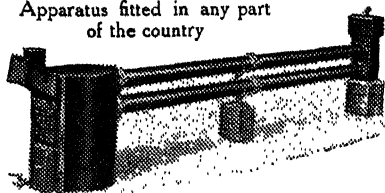
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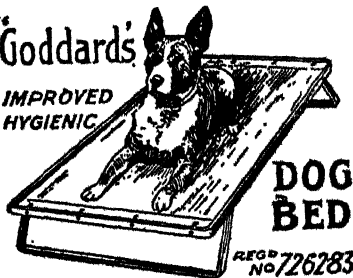
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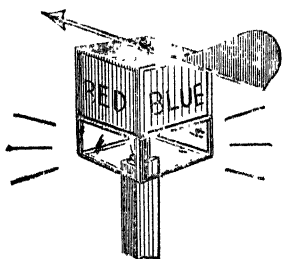
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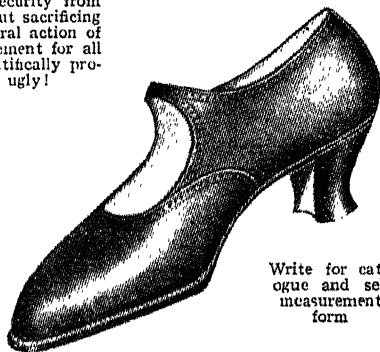
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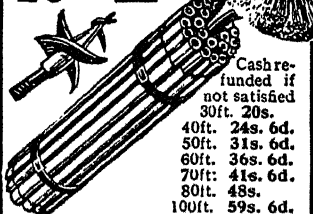
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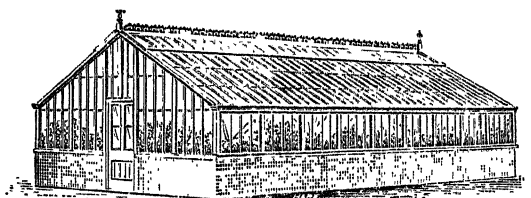
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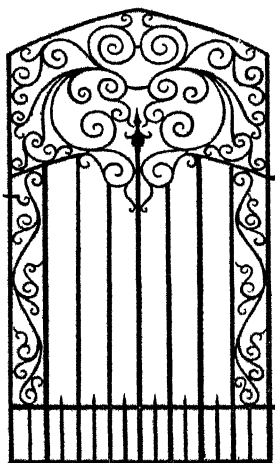
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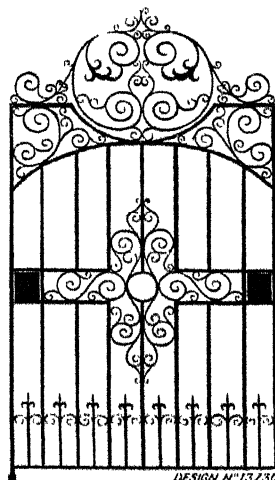
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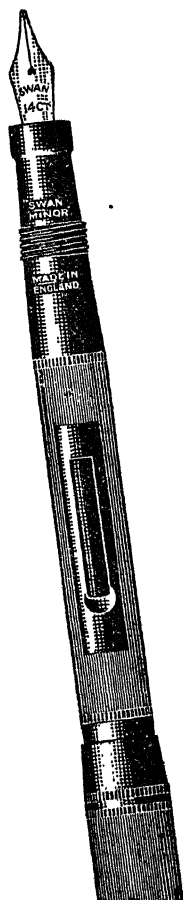
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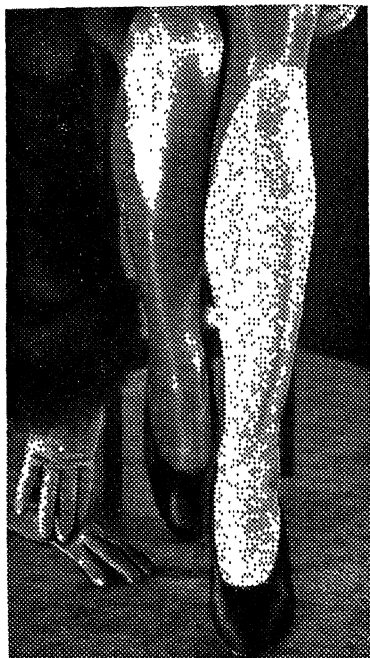
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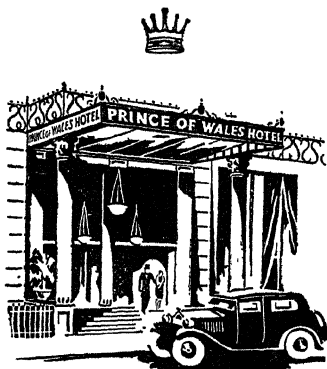
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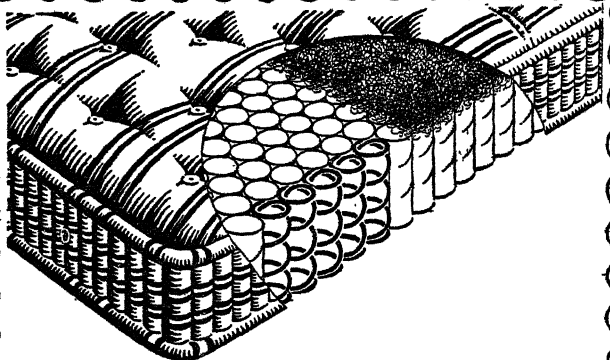
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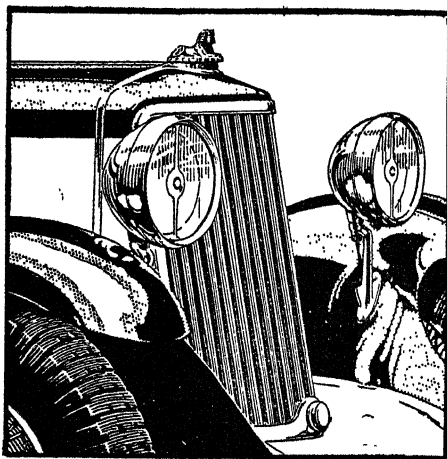


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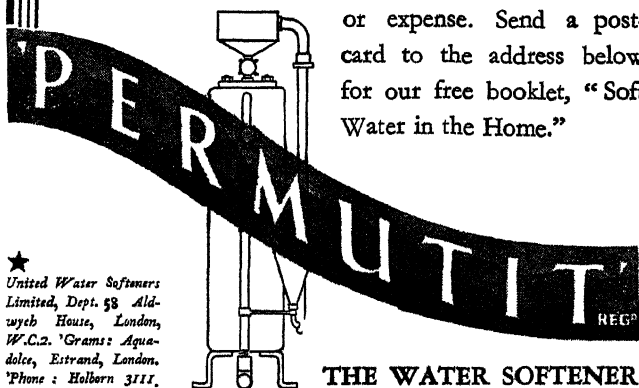
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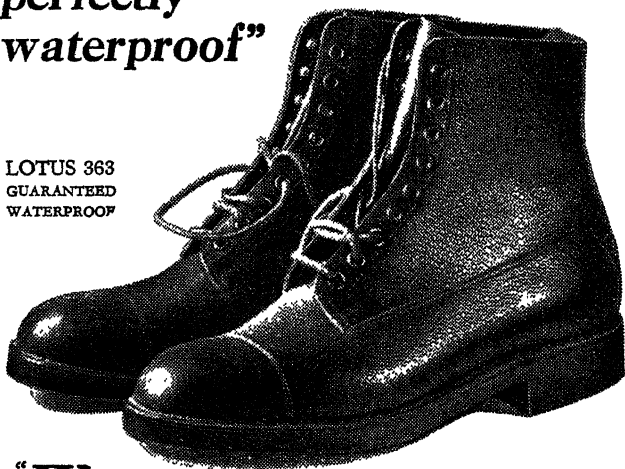


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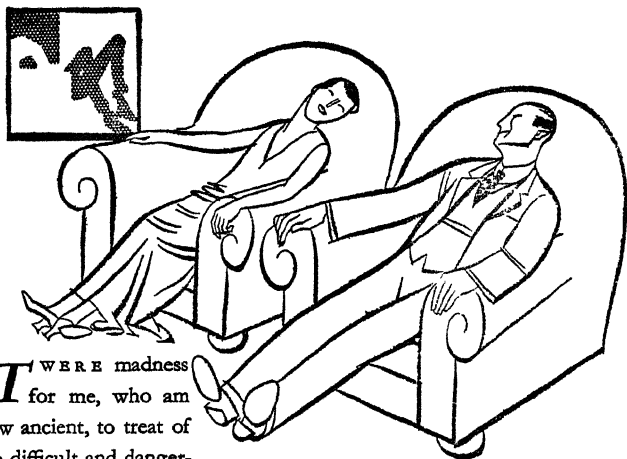
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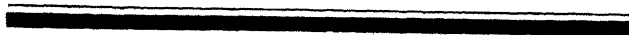
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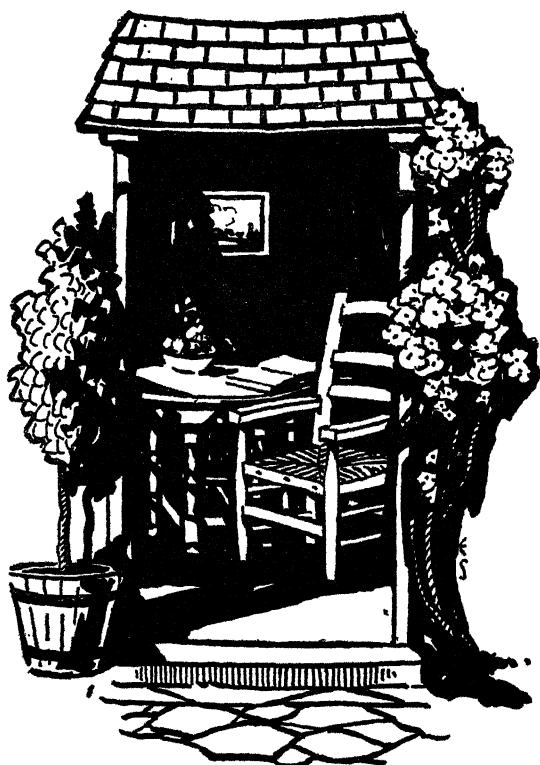
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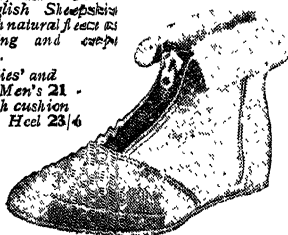
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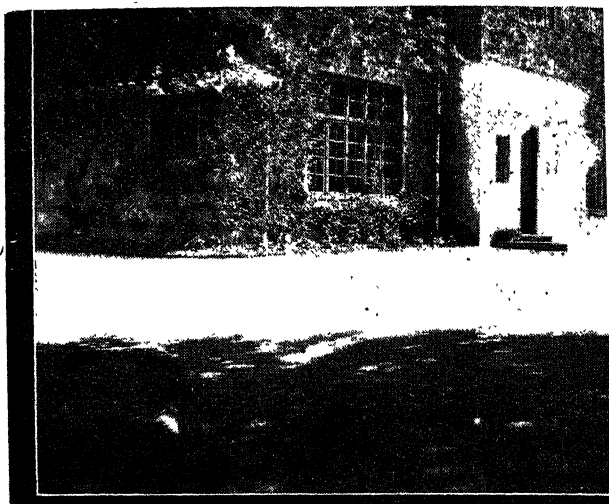
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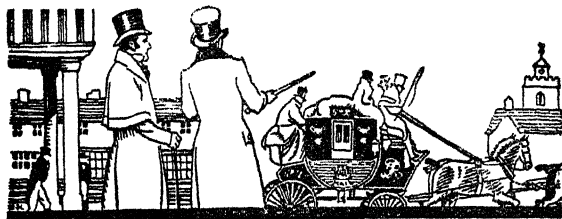
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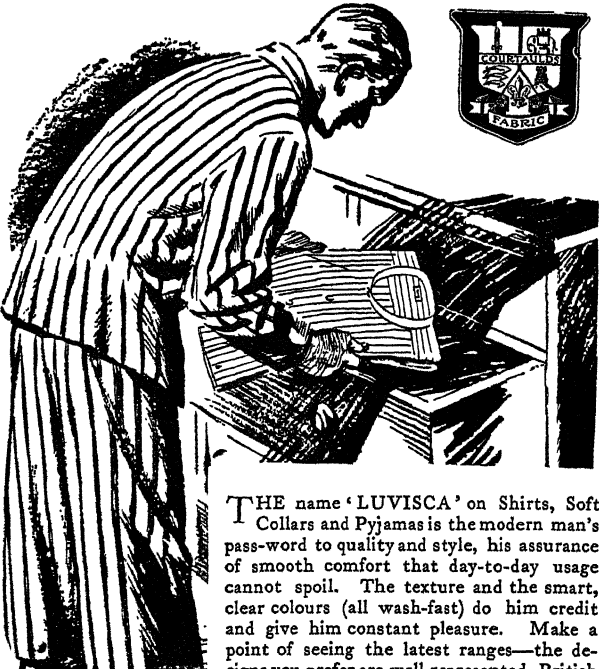
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The Countryman

A Quarterly Non-Party Review and
Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry

*Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire*

O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune!—*Vergil*

The best citizens spring from the cultivators—*Cato*

Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated on the
lines of *THE COUNTRYMAN*, that is without Party bias—*Lord Ernle*

Vol. V. No. 4

2s. 6d. quarterly

January 1932

Bruern Abbey

by T. Henry Martin

IN Idbury there has been a persistent tradition about a 'secret passage' between the old manor house in which THE COUNTRYMAN is produced and Bruern Abbey, about three miles away as the crow flies. Hence we were much interested in the following narrative, and think that our readers may be so too.

WHEN I was a lad, I became acquainted with an old dame who, in the eighteen-forties, had lived as a maid at Bruern Abbey. I can never forget the vividness with which she recounted stories which had been handed down about the old place and the district.

One tale of hers was of revenge by highwaymen, about the year 1760. The family then residing at the erstwhile Abbey were on a visit to a distant part of the county, and had left the house in charge

of numerous servants, male and female. It was late autumn. The gales had been unusually severe and had made great havoc in the elm-bordered fringes of the old Wyckwood Forest.

One blustering evening when the moon was gleaming fitfully among scurrying masses of cloud, a horseman rode towards the great house. The progress he made was halting and strange, for he took advantage of every patch of shadow which isolated clumps of trees afforded. At last he was within a couple of yards of the Abbey mill which straddles the Evenlode. He dismounted, tied up his horse in a group of oaks, went forward on foot a little way, then hurriedly returned. After a while he came out again, and, in a stooping position, crossed the open space. After gaining the shadow of the mill he crossed a plank bridge, again resumed his stooping posture, and so reached the precincts of the great house. He seemed well acquainted with the place, and his approach was so skilful that not one of the many watch dogs was aroused. At last he reached the main entrance, and with some difficulty pushed a paper under the door. In the same stealthy manner he regained the clump of oaks where his horse was tied and went off in a different direction from that in which he came.

When the paper was found by one of the maids a commotion arose in the great house. The young woman could not read, but the scrawled writing aroused her sense of the mysterious, and before reaching the housekeeper she shared her discovery in the servants' quarters. All were on tiptoe with excitement. At last the housekeeper was found.

With no show of surprise she took the paper and read: '*Gang coming to-night look out early.*'

The servants listened with wide eyes and mouths agape. Addressing the men the housekeeper said briskly, 'I oiled the gun locks and filled the powder flasks and shot bags only this morning; I was afraid they would soon be wanted. Get them down and take your places at the upper windows. Now, you girls! Fill and heat the big copper. Cook, you see every door is secure and every window downstairs shuttered.'

'Please m',' said one of the girls, 'th' buckets be all out in th' big yard. We left 'um there when we washed it down this afternoon; we be very sorry, please m'.' 'Fetch them in, then, can't you?' 'Please m', we be afraid.' 'Come with me.' The housekeeper led the way through the inner court and out into the paved yard, the two timid girls at her heels. The moonlight glinted on the metal hoops of six wooden pails against the farther wall.

At this moment one of the watch dogs began to bay. The housekeeper and maids stopped in the middle of the yard, for a slight scraping sound at the big gates caught their ears. 'Pick up two each, quick!'

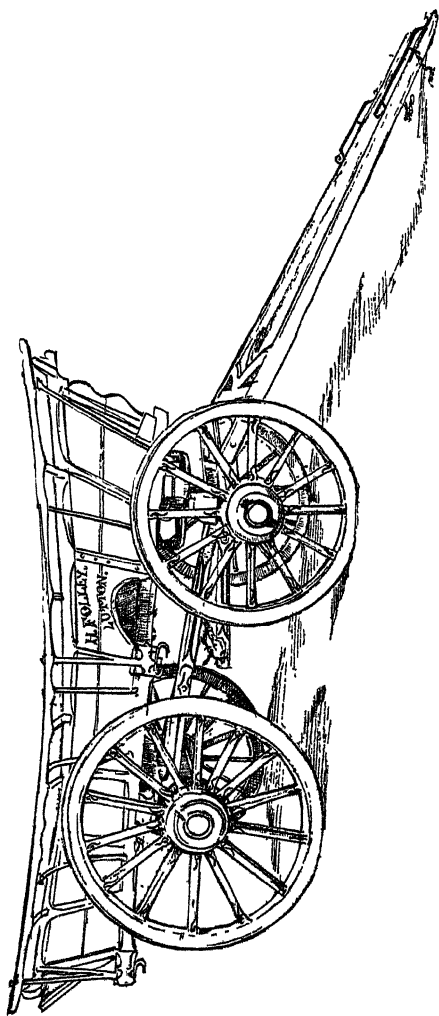
The girls whipped up their buckets and rushed back. The housekeeper caught up the remaining two and dashed for the door. But before she gained it her whirling skirts were seized. Even homespun could not stand the strain; the skirt tore apart and she was just able to stumble inside the door which was clanged and barred before her assailant could recover from the struggle.

'Hush,' she admonished the hysterical girls, 'we want all our wits. Go on with the copper, cook.' 'Yes m'. I be warmin' some ale, for I thought I could yer everybody's teeth a-chattering. They'll keep us up till mornin', I'll warrant! But dunt us get werried. Four guns an' th' copper o' bilin' water 'll be a match for 'um, I'll lay. Dun't us get werried.'

A shot rang out, and before the clatter of echoes died away, shouts and imprecations could be heard. A maid burst in: 'Oh, please m'! George a'bin an' shot one on 'um. He was tryin' to break open the stable door and steal th' osses, George says, so he shot 'im.'

The defenders waited for developments hour after hour, but nothing more was heard of the robbers. Nightly watch was kept, for it was rumoured that as a man had been killed, someone belonging to the Abbey would be slain in expiation.

Weeks passed. The family had returned. Additional men were secured, and everything done to prevent surprise. Early one morning terrible cries were heard coming across the fields, and soon the whole house was astir. The men folk assembled and armed. A hasty council was held and it was decided that two parties should take opposite directions and close in, in converging lines, towards the sound. Each party was equipped with a lighted lantern, carefully obscured, and every man carried flint and steel and tinder. As the door opened the terrible cry could still be heard, but growing fainter. The men hurried silently away. Every hundred yards or so they stopped and listened, for there was



FARM WAGONS 2. NORFOLK
by Thomas Hennell

always the possibility of a ruse. Suddenly a man stumbled and fell. He quietly called for the lantern and the partially uncovered light showed the body of a skinned animal. For the first moment it was thought to be a sheep, then the grinning fangs showed it to be a dog. The light, travelling farther, fell, to their horror, upon the flayed body of a man lying against the sheepfold, the skin of the face alone remaining. The face was the face of the shepherd.

'Kill a couple o' ship; that's what us must do,' shouted the leader of the party, 'an' wrap 'n in th' wet skins. Quick!' At the farther end of the fold the sheep were huddled in a silent mass. Two were caught, slain and skinned with marvellous dispatch and the pathetic object was gently wrapped in the warm bleeding fleeces. A hurdle was laid down; the men dragged off their coats to make a soft bed upon it, the poor victim was tenderly lifted thereon and the dreary procession returned to the Abbey. Obviously nothing was of avail for the saving of life, but a stimulant brought momentary consciousness. Unable to describe those who had committed the atrocity, the shepherd could just say that the most exquisite torture was when the skin was being torn from the roots of the nails.



'I C A N N A get no profit out o' mine', said a cottager bout his pig, 'but then I have the muck and the company'.

'Y o u look cold, Mrs. Palmer', said a farmer to his shepherd's wife, 'have you got enough clothes on? What are you wearing?' 'Well, zur, first comes me cwut, then comes me petticwut, then comes me skimmydiddle, then comes Oi'.

My Island & our Life There - 3 by R. M. Lockley

HOW the author came into possession of an island off the Welsh coast, full of wild birds and flowers, how he found treasure trove in the wreck of an abandoned schooner, which came ashore soon after his arrival, and how, after building a house out of the wreck, he brought his bride - this having been told, Mr. Lockley records the experiences of himself, his wife and little daughter. In this issue he gives an account of another wreck off his island.

THE winter Atlantic is heaving and restless, and the long shadows cast by her great billows are dark at morn and eve. Day after day the Wireless Shipping Forecast for our district, 'Western Severn', warns us of southerly and westerly gales. Then every cliff and rock within our sight is whitened with foam, and we, to our mainland neighbours, are but a haze on the horizon, marked out by the ever-present garland of surf.

When we have finished boating our lamb crop over in September, we begin on the rabbit-catching, a task which occupies us practically all winter. At the end of October the gales begin; often they lock us in the island for a week or ten days at a stretch. They bring us firewood and timber, perhaps at rare intervals the fragments of a big wreck, a broken mast, a battered deckhouse. In one of our deep caves we recently discovered the whole side of an old wooden ship jammed immovably in the narrowing recess. But fewer and fewer

wooden ships now sail the seas, so the Marloes folk have cause to grumble that wrecks are few and far between. As a living, wrecking and beachcombing have died in an age of well-lighted coasts and of iron ships.

The last big wreck here was of the s.s. 'Molesey', which was lost, with some of her hands, in November 1929. On that day the morning broke fine and calm after five days of rain and high winds. John had five days' catch of rabbits on hand and we were waiting this chance to market them. We had the greatest difficulty in loading and launching the 'Storm Petrel' owing to the tremendous ground swell pounding into South Haven. At last, with the aid of my wife and the lightkeepers, John and I were pushed clear of the breaking seas, and we motored slowly across. Though there was not a breath of wind, the swells were so steep that again and again their crests curled and broke, and each time we were threatened we had to be smart with the tiller in order to avoid a full broadside. It was a wet journey, an adventure to be remembered. The first puff of wind came upon us in Jack Sound, and by the time we had beached and hauled up at Martinshaven, a whole southerly gale was raging. I was very glad to creep into my warm hut, snugly protected under the hill there. For the next three hours the whole peninsula of Martinshaven was shaken by the violence of the gale.

Late in the afternoon there was an appreciable slackening and I went up to the village to complete the week's business. I was not allowed to use the telephone. It was in the use of frantic coastguards

all along the line. Apparently there was a wreck off St. Ann's Head, I gathered from the villagers, most of whom were listening-in to the messages passing through the local wires. The young lads and men had already stampeded for St. Ann's Head, miles to the south. Roofs and ricks were torn everywhere I noticed on my way back.

Towards dusk only an ordinary gale was blowing. The sun had set behind racing clouds when I went out along the headland to bid good night to my island and home. Far out to sea in the SW. the red light of the island lighthouse winked me a reply. Westwards across Jack Sound lay the little island of Midland and beyond it the dark mass of Skomer and her gigantic Mewstone rock. Then quite suddenly I saw the bow and foremast of a ship silhouetted as it protruded from the black background of Midland. Sharply and clearly her bow stood out, her very keel showing under her forefoot. Then a monstrous billow rolled in and overwhelmed her. The end of things, I thought, filled with horror. But not the great wave subsided, ebbed until the ship stood gaunt and desolate as before, then gathering strength, heaved up and buried her again. At the height of the gale she had been thrown on the rocks and now the sea pounded her and played with her as a cat with a mouse, before swallowing her completely. There was no light shown as a sign of life aboard, and no sound could reach across Jack Sound. The wind in my ears was such that I could barely hear the thunder of the surf a hundred feet below me. I did not know then that thirty people were huddled amidships in a tiny cabin,

shuddering at each of the ocean's blows. Nothing could live, I firmly believed, in that devastating sea.

Hardly had I left the headland, than in the lane by my hut I met the first coastguard (arrived by car from the wireless station at Fishguard) who reported that 'Molesey' had wirelessly 'gone ashore on Wooltack Point'. That was the last message sent by her.

'A total loss, she'll never live!' he said. He took down my depositions as to the position of the wreck on the SE. shore of Midland. She was certainly not on Wooltack Point, the headland on which we were standing, but immediately opposite us and quite out of reach half a mile across Jack Sound. No doubt her captain had confused the headlands in sending his message.

Hurrying back into the lane on our way to the village, we met the male population coming solidly towards us in the dark, seated on or running behind a lorry loaded with the breeches buoy and life-saving rocket apparatus from St. Ann's Head. Of no avail, no rocket could span Jack Sound, and as soon as the hopeless position of the wreck was known, it was turned back. Already the two local motor-lifeboats, keen rivals, had, according to report, left their stations at Angle and St. Davids, and were out searching.

The Marloes fishermen must also try to help. As the only man to have seen the wreck properly, it was for me to organize a crew. I could have had twenty men at once, but by the lights of the lorry I accepted the first five who showed their hands. Nothing could be done that night in the howling

wind. The rendezvous was Martinshaven at dawn, where we would launch their biggest rowing boat, for mine was too small. I could not sleep, I think few could. Long before dawn I was out on the headland in time to see distress rockets going up from the wreck, which now lay dry at low water.

Just as our scratch crew was launching, some of the principals of the firm owning the 'Molesey' arrived by car and told us that the crew comprised some thirty souls. The fact that someone was still able to send up flares encouraged us. True, our boat could not take thirty easily, but we were prepared to try twice if we could reach the wreck. When we set out in the pale light of dawn, we had to push back half a dozen volunteers, who clung pleading to the boat. The six of us rowed and rowed, for my part as never before, with those long sea-oars. Half a mile of hard pulling brought us to Jack Sound, that rocky cauldron of wind-roughened currents. It was now daylight and we could see the 'Molesey' lying tilted against Midland, her smokestack flat as cardboard, her bridge and upperworks carried right away. There was life on board, however, and we pulled harder than ever gaining slowly foot by foot with tide and oars against the strong westerly wind. We were not one hundred yards from the wreck and toiling painfully but surely along, tossed and battered by the swell, when the Angle lifeboat, new, full-powered with twin engines, came grandly up from southwards at top speed, sweeping before us, crashing through the waves, and threw out anchors and sea-anchors alongside the wreck, and had the survivors jump

aboard one by one. There were more than eight missing, reported swept overboard in the night.

Pleased that all were saved, yet, I must confess, disappointed to have had no share in their rescue, we drifted back to Midland, and with great difficulty put ashore a landing party to see if any survivors were on the island. There were none, and a few minutes later the wind had blown us back to Martins-haven.*

I was anxious now to return to my island, but it was much too rough to cross that day. Even on the following morning it was none too pleasant when John and I set out. Our course lay past the 'Molesey'. We were tempted to board her and explore. Something of John's fever to loot and pillage a wreck has by now crept into my veins, and so we reduced speed as we passed her. All doubts as to whether we had better stop in view of the sightseers now rapidly crowding on the headland opposite, were dispelled when we heard a feeble call from near the ship. One last survivor, a Maltese fireman, yesterday hidden, semi-conscious, in a berth during the lifeboat rescue, and now supposing all others drowned but himself, was signalling desperately to us. He had jumped into the sea with nothing but a lifebelt and vest on, and was standing on the rocks below the ship. Almost before we were alongside he fell into the 'Storm Petrel', over-eagerly, bruising his already battered body, half frozen, trembling with fright and exposure. We could get no sense out of him, so I left him with John, and while he was

* It must be said that subsequently the owners of the 'Molesey' recognised the Marloes crew's efforts by presenting them with a cheque.

being fed out of our stores, wrapped warmly and given tobacco, I scrambled aboard the wreck to look for other survivors. In vain, I saw only things which either saddened me, or aroused my cupidity.

We sped back with the Maltese to Martinshaven, left him in good hands there, and then got home once more, to hear Doris's thrilling account of the wreck and the rescue as seen from our island.

We never got a chance, unfortunately, to raid the 'Molesey' as we did to our heart's content the 'Alice Williams'. Afterwards we learnt that no one was allowed to remove or salvage a single item during the two calm days that followed. All her lovely furniture, her tools and fittings were senselessly sacrificed by the underwriters to the gale that soon came and swept her to the bottom. Her furniture and wooden parts, battered to uselessness, floated away to distant beaches, and were picked up for firewood. I regretted specially a nice lathe I saw on her.

Now only the iron heart of her lies visible at dead low water of spring tides, a few yards from Midland shore, given over to the fishes and the long ribbony seaweeds.

The Cat and the Birds.—Mousse, the cat did great execution among the mice with which the house is plagued in winter, but she killed the swallow that frequented the wheelhouse and proposed to build there. This was one of our sole resident pair, and its mate thereupon deserted us. Mousse's second crime was even more heinous. She destroyed a female white wagtail which had mated with a male pied wagtail and was sitting on six eggs in a nest

in the garden wall. This female was tame enough to allow me to take her off the nest by hand. Such cases of interbreeding are rare, and I was particularly anxious to have the bird at hand to show to ornithologists who might visit me. Mousse left us only a few broken tail-feathers. She was at once banished to the mainland, sentenced to remain there until the mice (winter) season began. It is worth adding that the male bird flew off to the mainland and twelve days later returned with a new wife, this time one of his own race. The next day the widower and his bride laid the foundation of their nest. They finished it on the second day, and, within three weeks, had hatched out their six eggs. The young were safely reared. Each year in October small flocks of snow-buntings visit us. I did not see any that October, and on the first of November, I remarked on the fact at breakfast. Just then we heard Mousse's familiar 'Ee-yow!' outside the door, indicating unmistakably that she was heavy-laden with prey and would be obliged if we opened the door for her to make her usual display on the hearth-rug. Instead of a mouse, she marched in with a male snow-bunting, slain in all the finery of his winter dress. We now keep only a small dog for our mousing. She ignores birds.

A Coincidence. — One day we were going down to the island against a stiff headwind. The little engine was full out and we were pulling all we knew to help, when, close home, snap went my oar. I was left with a few feet of handle; the blade end was soon fathoms astern. It happened that we were travelling, improvidently enough, with but two

oars. We did eventually get out of the wind under the lee of the island, and as we drew more easily into South Haven, there, floating, was a nice, almost new oar of practically the same length as the one I had lost! As if the gods were smiling on the two lonely figures by the lonely island in the wintry sea, there too, floating beside the oar, was a small crate of the freshest and rosiest-cheeked apples that ever got washed off a steamer.

The Island Farming. — Fifty years ago, and probably earlier, the island was farmed to the last degree of agricultural perfection, as then conceived. Witness the well-planned network of hedge-walls and ditches, and the neatly arranged farm offices; now all tumble-down save what I have restored for my own use. The old-age pensioners on the mainland can remember the hey-day of Skokholm's prosperity, when a bull, a stallion, rams and boars sired their respective herds and flocks in the fields and on the rough grazings. They remember the proverbial fatness of beasts carried or swum across from the island; the bacon was superlative; the cream for butter-making so thick as to float an old Georgian penny on its surface; the grain grown was always sold for seed, farmers' carts waiting eagerly for the boats as soon as the grain reached the mainland in them; even the rabbits were so fat and prolific as to pay a high rent each year; no matter how thinly they were caught down it was always a problem to prevent them swarming into the growing corn in the summer. Now, when I walk about the old fields and deserted out-buildings on calm days I have an idle fancy, a half-wishing, half-expecting

that the trance-like stillness will be broken and the calls of the birds interrupted suddenly by the clatter of the farm-life of old, that there will be neighings, lowings, bleatings, carts a-rumbling, scythes a-sharpening, maids singing at butter-making, labourers clattering over the stone walks to their noon dinner. I fancy I see the old sea-captain who once farmed this land (indeed retired sea-captains generally farmed the Pembrokeshire islands in those days), walking about superintending. Would it be worth while to attempt a full restoration? I often ask myself, and more and more I answer 'yes'. I am always full of a desire to restore the old hedge-walls to their former height and beauty and my favourite pastime is stone-hedging. But there are one or two problems to be solved. In the old days labour was cheap and plentiful and easily accommodated: to-day it is difficult to obtain men willing to live permanently on a rather inaccessible island.

(*To be continued*)



Dream Island, a Record of the Simple Life, Mr. Lockley's book to which the articles now appearing in THE COUNTRYMAN are a sequel, has reached a second edition. (Witherby, 8s. 6d.).

We regret that in the note about former residents on Skokholm, appended to last quarter's instalment, we inadvertently spoke of Mrs. instead of Miss E. M. Davies, and spelt Mrs. C. Haydon-Bacon's name Hayden instead of Haydon.

Rotation In Office

by Elspet Keith

IN the brief, bleak days of December, or when January wakes the year with frosty blasts, primeval passions darkly move in remote places and rural women hear the call to vote.

In a neat village hall, a woman's gift to village women, the fire burned compactly, the varnished chairs were nicely grouped, and near the thin-legged platform table, seats awaited the President and the Secretary of the Women's Institute.

At a long white-covered side table three 'tea hostesses' prepared the members' tea. Mrs. Culvert moved her twelve stone weight lightly. Whether she raised a basket of crockery with a sweep of one arm, or sliced ham, or cut bread and butter, her face wore the same tranquil motherly expression and her even voice purred on in kindly monologue. Everything she said was punctuated by the gloomy sarcasms of Mrs. Mary Ricket and admiringly approved by quiet Mrs. Sophy Sims. Mrs. Culvert would vote once more for their President, 'free-anded like 'er family always was', and she would also vote again for Miss Witt, the 'Secetary', who had 'an 'ead on 'er even if a bit nervy'. Mrs. Culvert guessed that head work 'took a lot o' nerve'. Mrs. Ricket said scornfully, 'free-anded! - 'igh-anded, ye mean. As for that Miss Witt, thinks she's everybody wi' 'er minute books 'an all. Reckon ye'd make a better Secetary yersel,' Emma Culvert!' 'You vote for me then, Mary', said Mrs. Culvert heartily. 'My Dave 'ee would laugh.

"'Lot o' old fools'", 'ee calls us. "It's jealous ye are, Dave," I says. But, bless ye, Dave believes in the Institute. "Reckon it keeps you 'appy, mother," 'ee says. And it does, and I likes the bother wi' the tea. What you're used to comes easy.' Mrs. Ricket grunted, 'Turn about, I says. I don't hold wi' dog i' manger.' The timid question of Mrs. Sims to Mrs. Culvert, 'would ye like me to vote for ye, Emma?' brought her within the range of Mrs. Ricket's malice. 'And Sophy Sims to be the new Secetary!' she said harshly. 'What'd your old man say to that Sophy?' Mrs. Sims's pale face flushed and her brown eyes looked hurt, but she made no answer. For eight years Sophy had trudged two miles to and from each monthly meeting in face of the loud contempt of her 'old man'. If Sophy had even once answered her husband when he jibed at women's meetings, he would probably have forbidden her to go, but her meek tenacity baffled him. His comforts were looked after with the same eager care as ever, but the Institute had broken his wife's complete subjection, and the husband knew it.

Mrs. Sims was one of the dumb members of the Institute and none guessed that her gentle heart held an anguished desire for publicity. Again and again she found herself in dreams standing on the platform addressing her fellow members. In spite of the glow that woke with her she never could remember what she had said, and the shattering thought would come, what on earth would she say if the chance of office came to her. How she wished that she could make them laugh! The women seemed mostly so anxious or resigned. Not so their

kindly President, Mrs. Topham-Smith, who exuded the complacency of financial ease.

The members crowded in thickly on balloting day. Miss Witt arrived first. 'Like the clock ye are, Miss,' was Mrs. Culvert's greeting; 'I hope you're in again!' This brought some solace to Miss Witt, who with a thick bunch of papers held tightly under one arm had been whispering passionately to herself, 'They daren't; they daren't; nobody cares as I do. Oh dear, and "W" is so far down the list and they are so stupid.' The President came next, heading a group of Committee members whom she had been presenting in turn to the County Organizer. 'I always have taken an interest in the dear village women,' the President was saying. 'I love them all, and they know it. They are such dears. But I'm only the figurehead. Dear Miss Witt here does all the hard work. You know you do, you naughty Miss Secretary!' To an approaching member, 'Ah, Mrs. Crittal, here is Miss Ratcliff come to inspire us all with her golden words. Mrs. Crittal now would make an excellent president, such a head for rules. And here is dear Mrs. Mills, our rector's wife. With all her parish duties she never neglects her Institute.' Mrs. Mills, in shaking hands protested that the Institute was 'the best friend the rural clergy ever had'. 'But I hate this balloting,' she said. 'Why can't we carry on? I detest changes.' This roused discussion about an annual change of officers. 'The humblest member has a right to office,' said one agitated voice. At that moment the President's rolling contralto boomed out: 'Dear fellow members, we all welcome

Miss Ratcliff here to-day, especially as she has come to teach you how to turn me out of office!' There was laughter and a few 'No! No!'s

The County Organizer swept the little group with a kindly glance of her keen grey eyes. Under the warm spell of her words, hearts expanded and strange hopes spread wings. Miss Ratcliff insisted on the democratic nature of the Institute and wound up with an appeal for 'rotation in office'. A fervent vote of thanks was proposed, and, looking for a seconder, the President's eye caught the beaming gaze of Mrs. Sophy Sims. 'You second, Mrs. Sims please,' she said smiling benevolently. Sophy gasped and rose to her feet clutching a chair in front of her. Her knees shook, her tongue felt dry and hard, but from the flames of her terror she heard her own voice saying thinly, 'I second!' and there she stood unable to move until the bony hand of Mrs. Ricket snatched her back to her seat.

Miss Ratcliff left amid a flutter of thanks, after swallowing a cup of tea held in readiness by Mrs. Culvert. The voice of the President took charge once more: 'We are now going to vote for the Committee. Have you all got voting papers? Remember each member has ten votes, so put your crosses opposite ten names and don't forget Miss Ratcliff's advice about "rotation in office"! Come up to the table one by one.'

Mrs. Sims spied her name on the paper, 'Ten votes each,' she murmured. At the table her red-knuckled hand poised the pen high over the thin-necked inkpot. She dipped it in with care and with calm, unwavering strokes put ten crosses opposite

'Sims, Mrs. S.' She laid the paper face downwards in the basket and hastily gave place to the next voter. Mrs. Sims returned to her seat cold with fear and sick with hope. Was it possible that ten votes would see her a member of committee? What was the President saying? Tea cups were silenced and eagerly the members leant forward. 'The same committee again ladies; so much for "rotation in office"!' There was loud cheering. 'The tellers report that there is still one member who does not understand how to ballot.' Mrs. Sims heard sounds like rushing water while black clouds seemed to blot out the pleasant meeting room. Was she to be shamed before the whole Institute? 'We do not know, of course, who the member is,' said the voice, 'but she has put ten crosses opposite one name instead of one cross opposite ten names. The paper is disqualified.'

The strained look had left Miss Witt's pale face. She was secure once more. The members of Committee were buzzing happily. Not a single malcontent had raised a protest. Nobody heeded the humble figure of Sophy until Mrs. Culvert, in a pause after prolonged tea-getting, sat down beside her. 'You looks white, my dear,' said that motherly soul. 'I believe you missed your tea!' In a moment she had a steaming cup under Mrs. Sims's sharpened nostrils. As Sophy gulped down the hot liquid a tear plopped into the cup and her small frame shook uncontrollably. 'There, there, my dear!' said Mrs. Culvert soothingly, 'tis mebbe the flu! You drink this 'ot as 'ot. That'll stop it, please God.' As the voices of the last dispersing group died away Sophy

looked up at her kind friend and said, 'What is this "rotation in office", Emma?' Before Mrs. Culvert could answer, Mrs. Ricket, stopping her clatter with the dirty tea cups, said: 'That's easy. It's just an eddicated way of sayin' 'av the same folkses all over agin!'



A Village Art

WHEN I asked the chief of the ringers of the village church bells, 'What exactly is change-ringing?' the old fellow explained quite clearly: 'There are three ways o' getting sound from a bell: "tolling", when she swings back and for't; "chiming", when she hangs dead and you hit her with a hammer on a rope - it's then you can play hymns on 'em; and "ringing", when she swings thro' a full circle once for every time she "speaks". You can chime changes, but if you want to ring 'em you must send bells thro' circle.' 'Why a circle?' 'Because the only time that you can stop a full swinging bell is when she is at balance-point, and that is when she is mouth up - can't do now't with her otherwise - an' you have to stop to let bells pass you an' they have to stop to let you pass them.' 'Do you have music in front of you?' 'Nay! Nay! We carries in our heads a figure so to speak, well, like them sick charts I see'd in hospital. The "scientifics" calls it the "path" o' the bell, but us'n calls it the "work". Well, we combines the "work" with the position of t'other men's ropes and that's how you get the changes, but there be a main more in it than that, although that's the foundations.' - *F.A.Y.*

How I have Spent my Life *by An Old Gamekeeper*

MY father was head keeper and agent at L—— Castle, in Devonshire.* He had been educated to be a parson but ran away from home. As he had a great contempt for school teaching he taught all of us children himself. Once he was summoned before the magistrates because two of my brothers had not been at school. At his suggestion the children were examined in court and he was complimented upon their attainments.

I was sent north when I was fourteen to work under the headkeeper at U—— Hall. L—— Hall was the second estate on which I was employed. One thing I remember about the third estate I went to was that I had to kill larks for the house.

After that, at eighteen, I was given the second place at G—— Hall. But the day before the first big shoot, the head keeper told me that at the end of the day I should be expected to go to the Hall and assist the valets to clean the gentlemen's boots and gaiters. So I left in a few weeks to take the head keeper's place at F—— Hall. Though only nineteen I said I was twenty-three. It pleased me to have six men under me.

In the hayfield I once saw a labourer robbing a partridge's nest. He realized that he had been caught and apparently lost his temper, for he smashed all the eggs with his foot and then rushed at me with his hay-fork. I put out my hand and

* Names of places and persons are given in the MS. — *Editor*

my outstretched fingers stopped the tines. Part of my work was to go to the butcher's shop to buy liver which was boiled and then rubbed through sieves to provide food for the fish in the stew-ponds, and one evening, I saw the labourer standing against the iron water-trough. I only hit once; it was a beautiful upper-cut, though I say it, and he went down like a wet sack, striking his head on the trough. The doctors put several stitches in his head. I told my employer the whole story after this second encounter and he commended my conduct but said I must prosecute the man for destroying the partridge's nest. Accordingly, when the man came out of hospital, I prosecuted. He was fined 2*s.* 6*d.* for each egg destroyed.

After F—— Hall I had another pleasant job with a gentleman who had two shoots, one in Scotland, and the other in Belgium. I spent six months of the year at one and six at the other. In Belgium I killed twenty polecats though I had only killed one in the years I had spent in Yorkshire. The Flemings used to eat jays and magpies; it looked strange to see these two picturesque but mischievous birds hanging in the poulterers' shops.

Y—— Hall was the next estate on which I was employed, but I only stayed in that place for twelve months. There was there in my time a corrupt head keeper for whom it was most difficult to work. I will call him Barton. Barton used to lend the vermin traps to men whom he hired to catch his employer's rabbits, so that he might sell them for his own profit, and we under keepers were reprimanded because there was so much vermin about.

One of Barton's tricks was to cut a stick, notch it and place in it a note saying, 'Be at my lodge at 2.15,' or 'Be at Little Ashes at 4.30,' or some such message. If we did not happen to pass down the ride where this contrivance was erected Barton would want to know where had we been and so forth.

I was offered a job on a ducal estate and went to Barton for a current reference. He wrote that I was 'not man enough for a Midland estate where poaching was very prevalent'. (I am only 5 ft. 8½ in.) However, another keeper who knew me testified to my ability to handle poachers and I got the job. Just before my departure Barton received notice. He had sacked an under keeper, and his employer, having sent for him, was not satisfied with his reason. 'Barton,' said Sir —, 'you have sacked seventeen men in thirteen months. They cannot all have been incompetent. Three months' notice.'

One day I saw Barton after I knew he had notice. I thought it a good opportunity to pay the little debt I owed him. But there was at hand a circular laurel-clump, iron-railed, such as are often planted in parks, and he dodged round this when I went for him. It was no good; whichever way I went I could not get him. Later on other people tried to settle old scores but I am doubtful if any succeeded, for Barton was quick on his pins and fleet of foot, and he had no pride to hinder him.

Mention of Barton reminds me that I once knew of a keeper who, through inefficiency or dishonesty, was short of pheasants on his beat just before a

shoot. There had been complaints before and he knew he would lose his place if he could not put matters right this time. So he bought 200 full-winged pheasants from a game farm and turned them down the day before the shoot. However, the plan failed and he was sacked. He had forgotten to examine the pheasants: every bird had one wing tied with tape!

X. was a magnificent estate upon which to work thirty or forty years ago. There were about forty-five gardeners and thirty-five gamekeepers and rabbit-catchers on the place; everything was managed in the most princely way. I may say that the Duke was generous to the local miners, who poached on a great scale. When they were short of food owing to a strike they were allowed to come to the park and collect quantities of eating chestnuts.

Protecting game from poachers was serious work at X. When night-watching we always carried wicker shields, policemen's batons and handcuffs. Regular engagements with large bands of poaching miners were of fairly frequent occurrence. We were all keen to catch poachers as we were substantially rewarded for every man caught. On one occasion I, by myself, came upon a party of thirteen poachers long-netting, but naturally failed to make a capture. It was also impossible to identify the men in the darkness as they had disguised themselves by covering their faces with white chalk, burnt cork and rouge.

On another occasion a brother keeper and I caught five men poaching hares on a Sunday. The following Thursday we caught the same five poach-

ing again. Sometimes we had a tough time even after a poacher had been taken. I helped to catch a certain Jack Smith. He had been taken red-handed but the head keeper insisted upon his having a meal and a pint at his house before he was taken to the police station. After eating and drinking we set out in a dogcart; two keepers were in front with Jack between them, while I sat behind. When we reached the town a rough crowd of men and women — the women were the worse — came out to meet us. Suddenly Jack tried to escape by turning a complete somersault from his front seat. He landed on me and I held him while half a dozen of the crowd also grabbed him. I succeeded in keeping my grip until the other two keepers could help and we just managed to get him to the station, which was then very close.

A constable who was registered with the police was employed by the estate specially to co-operate with us keepers. He was a useful asset, for constables — unlike keepers — have the right of search on English highways. One achievement of this constable's I remember particularly; he caught an old woman whom we had suspected of helping rabbit poachers to dispose of their takings. We keepers could find nothing definite against her but our constable met her once on the road when there was good reason to suspect her. He found that she was carrying several brace of rabbits hung all around her on a belt. Poachers were almost as keen on rabbits as they were on game; in the five years I was at X. we captured nine miles of long netting.

My next place, after X, was at B——, another

ducal estate. In one day over 6,000 rabbits were killed. I often used to wonder if the gentlemen who had been shooting all day realized that we keepers were working throughout the next night too, paunching and packing rabbits.

I left B—— to become headkeeper at S—— Park. I had twelve men under me there. At a much smaller place, to which I went next, the owner was an eccentric. He always kept silence. Also he would have it that the indoor maid-servants and the men employed outside should never meet or even see each other. The windows of the kitchen and the servants' hall were covered with corrugated iron, and a special brougham was provided to take the maids to church on Sundays. However, the brougham did not always get as far as the church! When the cook and the chauffeur married they were sacked. After I had been head keeper at Lord A.'s and at L—— Hall, the War started and spoilt everything. I was on an estate in the Isle of Wight for twelve months or so. When food became scarce we used to eat quantities of starlings and blackbirds, made into pies: they were very good but not equal to the curlew which I also shot in great numbers. After this place I worked for the Government with timber-felling gangs. The War over, I obtained a keeper's job but the bottom had been knocked out of game preservation and it seemed a messing sort of business after the pre-War days on the big estates. I had one other place in the West Country but it was not very satisfactory so I set up on my own. The only mishap I had while a keeper was being shot in the ear by Lord ——.

*Monday on the Common**by Joyce M. Westrup*

PERILOUS trousers hung from pegs,
wave agile unrestricted legs,
whose flowing curves, replete and free,
betoken a humanity
that rolls from bliss to super bliss
in some far rounder world than this.
An apron not to be effaced
flaunts stout if unsubstantial waist.

The sheets forswear the sober bed
whereon we nightly sleep like lead,
and in a strenuous delight
would have us bounce and bounce all night;
while pillow cases almost burst
to beg us gambol with them first.

Abandoned dusters wildly ask
when next at our appointed task,
we should not gravely dust the room,
but dance and sing and wave the broom,
and whirl about our decent heads
their flapping blues and flying reds.

In swift accord the ballet flows,
for liberated matter knows
the spirit of a singing bird.
The dish cloth's unaccustomed wings
beat to the tune the bedspread sings
in notes of red and green and white.

The clothes props quiver with delight
that this is Monday morning, this
delirious, distended bliss.

Now let the mangle do its worst;
let bodies be austere and curst;
let linen presses hold their sway—
Here's to another washing day!

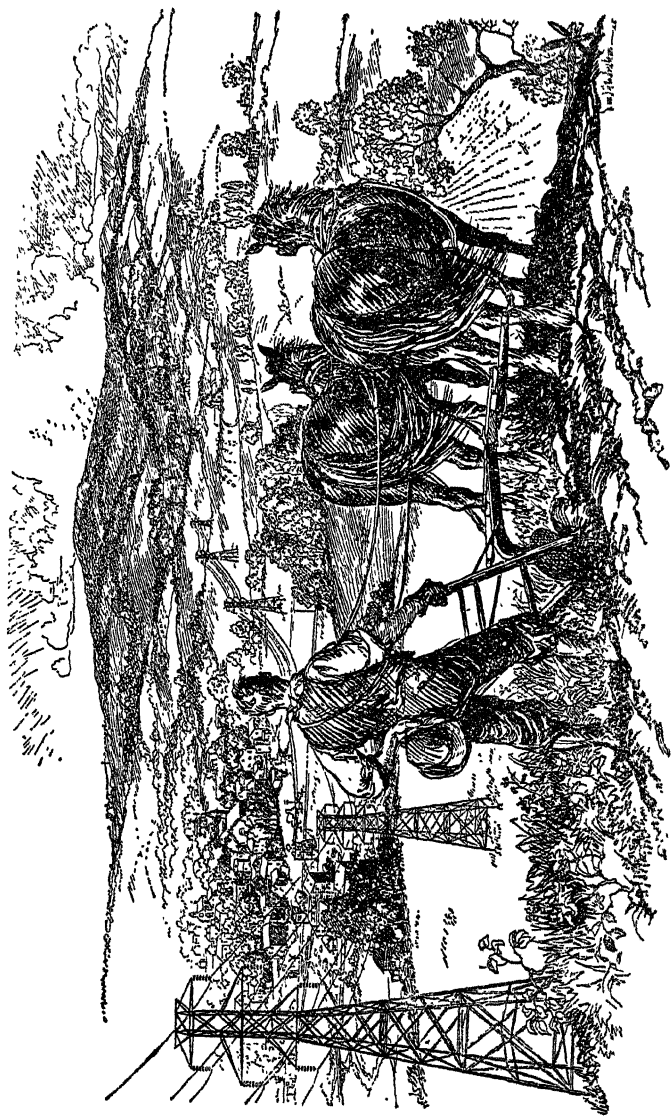


The Collector - 12. Warming Pans

WHO invented the warming pan we are not told, but in all probability it was the Dutch. It is difficult to chance upon warming pans earlier than Charles II. Those of the late seventeenth century have long wooden handles with slight mouldings at the end. The brass pan is the most attractive feature, especially if it is closed and pierced with a floral design. With the Queen Anne and Georgian warming pans there is less of ornament in the piercing. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the pans relied for their ornament upon the moulded rims. In the early days of Victoria the older type of charcoal or wooden ember-pan for warming beds gave place to the hot water type of pan with a screw stopper. Mention may be made of the wooden bed frame with a cylindrical top. The frame was placed upon the mattress with the blankets and coverlet draped over it. Inside the framework a brazier of hot cinders was placed. It is conceivable that many fires were caused by careless housemaids.



THE illustration on the opposite page is from 'The Quest for Power' by courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.



THE NEW ORDER

An 18th Century Parson Farmer
The Diary of Benjamin Rogers - 8

Jan. the 21st, 1737. Mr. Tho: Maddey of Bedford sent his Nephew Thomas Wye to board with me at 12 li. a year.

Feb. the 24th. Paid Mrs Chaderton for a Gown and Cassock 1 li. 1s. and Mrs. Bamford for a prunella gown 10s. 6d.

The 26th. Harry Smith took Furley's Picle of me for 3 years; if we live so long together, and in this Parish at 1 li. a Year to cut no wood, except bushes to mend gaps, and I am to lend him a cart to carry dung to it.

April the 29th. Benj: Rogers went to live with Mr. Peacock draper at Huntingdon at 13 li. a Year and 2s. 6d. earnest. *Bene.*

July the 2nd, being Saturday. Mrs Collins died about 10 a Clock in the Morning. She died not above three Minutes before I entered the House, having been sent for by Mr Collins by Letter the day before, but I had taken Physic that day, and so durst not stir out till the next Morning. It has been the finest Hay-time and the hottest Summer hitherto that I have remembred.

The 15th. Tis said that Graveley and Tho: Wright desir'd to make each an Hovel today. But they say John Hawkins Wheat was so tender you might squeeze it between your fingers, and that the other's cou'd not be much better. They made each an Hovel as said.

The 18th. Mr Bordley was married to Reynolds

and Mr Davies the Barber brot my Wigg, and cut off my Hair. *Bene.* and took my own hair with him to make me another Wigg.

Nov. the 20th. Queen Caroline died. She lived 54 Years, 8 months, and 19 days. His Majesty has order'd the private pensions which her late Majesty paid to decay'd Gentry, amounting to 9500 li. pr. Ann. to be continu'd for his Life.

Jan. the 28th, 1738. I paid Mr Bordley a Guinea and half having paid him 3 and an half before. It was for his Bill being as follows. Mr Roger's Bill.

Imprimis: For teaching two Sons from March the 6th 1736/5,

January the 1st 1738-7,	4	7	6
For teaching Miss Jenny 2 Qrs.	0	10	0

I did not reckon with him for the following Books which he had of me, designing to do it when I reckon'd with him for the next Quarter. The Books are these following according to his Account (for I did not look into my Account) 5 Spelling Books. 10 Accidences. 2 Sentenia Pueriles. 2 Old Exercise Books. 3 Grammars. 3 Terminations.

Jan. the 31st. I went to see Mr Collins and borrow'd Sir Ysaacs Newton's Observations upon the Prophecies of Daniel.

March the 6th. Mr Collins and I went to Wilden, where we enquir'd of one King an old Man, and Hains both living by the Church about the Ways which Mr Chambers had stopt up, and afterwards took a view of them: I lay that night at Mr Pullen's but the Evening we spent at Dr William's where we had had an elegant Fish Supper of Salmon

fresh, Jacks, Perches, etc., and Ducks. *Xápis.* I call'd the next Day at Tempsford and Cardington and thank God, got home well that Evening.

The 30th. I paid the King's Tax at 2s. pr. pound to Mr Steff for half a Year viz. 3 li.—17—9d. About 3d. went for the Window tax of this.

April the 3rd, being Easter Monday. My son Jack went to Olney Fair upon my little Horse with George Ives my Servant, who promis'd to take good care of him; but he being engag'd in Company, Jack could not persuade him to go home before it was dark; and there being no Moon, the child at last took Horse, he promising to overtake him presently; (it was then about 8 a clock.) but he was not coming. Jack lost his Way at the Town's End and went to Warrington where calling at Mr Marks a Farmer there to know where he was, he was taken in and Lodg'd that night. In the mean time we were very much frighted, and sent three men on Horseback to seek for him, but they not finding him, which they endeavouring to do til one a Clock or after I order'd Geo: to go out as soon as it was light again, who found him a Coming from Warrington with a Servant of Mr Marks, I most heartily thank God and Mr Marks.

May the 9th. Reckon'd with Tho: and Jos: Wright as follows. Due to me

For 4 Years small Tithes	4	4	0
For a Mortuary	0	10	0
For a funeral Sermon	0	10	0
For a Burial	0	1	0

The 24th. I reckon'd with Mr. Bordley, and paid him my Lord Trevor's Bill for a Quarter's Teaching

the poor Children 30s. Also I paid him for teaching Jack and Sam for half a year 25s. Note. He owes me still for the Books he had of Me.

Oct. the 28th. Coming from Bromham and it being dark before we got Home: coming by the post, the post took my Foot; it was very much hurt by it, even from the knee down to the great toe first joint.

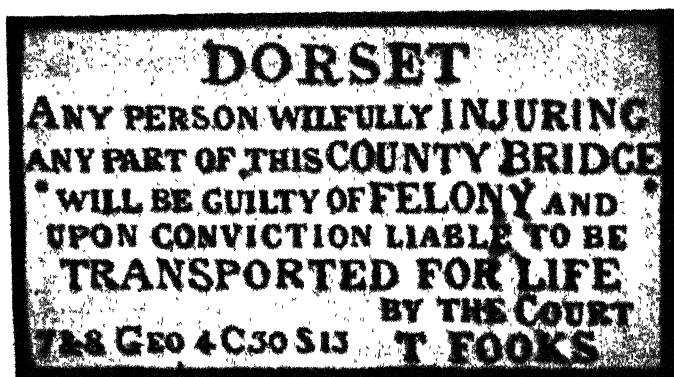
Nov. the —. About a week after the aforesaid accident I was taken with the Rheumatism in the great Toe of my left Foot, then in the Left Knee, then in the Great Toe of my right Foot, then in both arms: as soon as I found what it was I sent for Alex: Perton, who took about 10 or 11 ounces of Blood from my Arm, and as much the next day from the other Arm, and about 3 days after he took away about the same quantity. This brought down the swelling very much, and much abated the Pain; And when I would have been blooded once more, my Wife and Children were violently against, and privately sent for Dr Godfrey, who wou'd not suffer me to be blooded any more, but ordered me to take Cream of Tartar 4 times, which purg'd me gently enough. He ordered also Sal Volat: Oleos: to be rubb'd on the swell'd part with a Feather, and afterwards Petroleum mixt with Balsam of Peru: After this, He order'd me Flowers of Brimstone in Treacle twice a Day.

Now since my Rheumatism was manifestly occasion'd by a Stoppage of the Piles about a Year and half before For which I had been blooded several Times, but, I believe not so often as I should; and not long before I was taken with the Rheu-

matism, I was prick'd, but my blood was grown so viscid that I did not bleed. I say since the Rheumatism was thus occasion'd, no doubt, it required a great deal of blood to be taken away. I remember'd too, what Sydenham says as to the cure of this distemper; and that Mrs Mead told me Dr Mead took away no less in the like a Illness from himself: no less than 60 ozs. of Blood in a little Time. And I believe that if I had been let blood once more, I had been perfectly cured. Whereas for want of that I have many returns of it, and when I shall be intirely rid of it I know not: and I write this on the 20th of January. *Miserere Deus.*

(To be continued)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!



This notice (photograph by T. B. Waddior) is to be seen on a bridge at Wool in Dorset. The Act of Parliament specified was still in force in 1835—less than a hundred years ago. Today the punishment would be a fine not exceeding thirty shillings

The Countryman's England

Lancashire, by Judith Todd

EVEN Lancashire retains, over a large part of the county, the delicate rain-washed atmosphere that is our natural English medium of vision. The lush Fylde (the Ribble's alluvial plain), and the grey folds and dips of the Pennine country both share, especially if there is a glint of sun, in this gentle light. In any view across the rich fields of the Fylde, dedicated to dairy-farming, the landscape seems as if reflected in a clear pool. It must be the presence of water that brings about a suffusion of colours like that seen on the outside of a bubble, for the Fylde is a coastal plain. Here are sea, river, and dykes, and the rain is never far off in Lancashire; the luminous air and the country's flatness enable one to see for miles over the pastures, fields of potatoes and occasional grain-patches. It is not only the windmills that recall Holland. I have seen Jan Vermeer's view of Delft almost exactly reproduced at a couple of miles' distance: from the south bank of the Ribble estuary, one looked over shining water to a streak of sand, and beyond that to a line of buildings outlined against the greens and blues and yellows of iridescent sky. Hard though it is to believe, the buildings were Blackpool.

This is not the only countryside that Lancashire has to show. Strike inland from the Fylde, by bus to Preston (a market town with a weekly cheese-pitch, as well as a centre of the cotton industry) and out again to Longridge. There begin to walk

again : across fells, dropping down into the cloughs which shelter grey farmhouses, climbing up the ' brows ' and over the rough stone walls.

The road itself is not without interest. The other day I met a full-blooded African negro, trudging along with a pack ; he told me he was born in Libberpull and spent the year in hawking round these outlying farmhouses a wonderful medicine called ' Uncle Joe's Panassey.' Having sold me a ninepenny bottle of dark purple liquid labelled ' Uncle Joe's Panacea for All Aches and Pains : Never Fails, Whate'er you Ails,' he assured me, in the good Lancashire phrase, that its effect was ' champion.'

Other people to be met are more traditional. As I walked over the cobbles of the village that was once a great Roman fort, a string of little boys followed my flapping Spanish headgear, shouting, ' See at yon lass. Hoo's gotten hoo's feyther's 'at.' And when I took refuge in the Green Man, the landlord served me, out of hours, with threepence worth of beer, though ' yo'd fair look soft if 't bobby coom in.' His acid wife observed the illegal transaction without reproof ; but when, on retiring into the bar-parlour, I picked out on the piano that classic air, *Gazim Gaza, Tu n' devrais pas*, she came in and said with ineffable sanctity, ' We don't 'ave 't pianner played 'ere o' Sundays.'

Lancashire is a county of contrasts, with its glare of factories that one comes on in a cleft of the hills after dark, and its cold green fells merging into warm green Fylde ; it lies like a mirror to clouds swept by a west wind over checkered clay

and sand, limestone, coal and hard rock. When that nineteenth-century Earl of Derby refused the throne of Greece, Disraeli said of him mockingly, 'He prefers Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the plains of Marathon.' One could make out a case for the Earl.



A Marriage of Convenience

by Mary Cornfield

THE bridegroom scowled at the crowd of neighbours in the church : he had not meant to have all this fuss and bother. 'Till death us do part' ; he had said that at Betsy's wedding, he'd said it again when he married poor Mary Anne, and now - Till she got ill, Mary Anne had always kept things clean and tidy, and he'd given her a fine funeral. He couldn't afford another like that ; if he buried this one it would have to be deal ; she couldn't expect no different. He hoped she wouldn't be took bad as Mary Anne was ; doctors was terrible expensive. He'd made a mistake that time. After Mary Anne, housekeepers had come and gone, and to-day he was taking one of them on permanently. It did seem foolish like to be saying the same words that he had said when he had married Betsy. What did all these folk want to come and stare for ? What business was it of their's ?

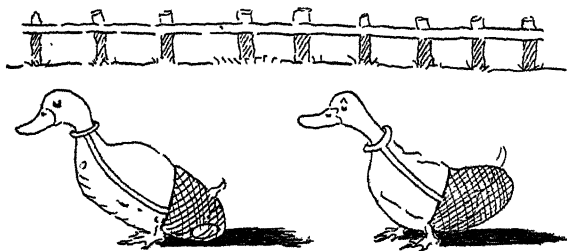
He had explained to me his reasons. 'An 'ousekeeper taks no manner o' care o' your things ; she knocks 'em about something shameful ; but if

so be as she's your wife she kind of imagines as they're her own, and she taks care on 'em.' How much of this did the third Mrs. Birkitt guess as she limped down the aisle beside her husband? Her lined and weather-beaten face was impassive. Perhaps she was grateful for the comfortable home which now she might 'kind of imagine' was her own.

I did not see them again for some months. Said Birkett, his voice hoarser than ever in his indignation: 'The woman wants to choose my trousers, and I'll have none of it. I wear 'em, and I'll buy 'em, and I telled 'er so.' 'What's 'e know about trousers?' asked Mrs. Birkitt scornfully. Next time we met the question of supremacy had been settled.

As I reached the door, I heard a voice raised in anger, 'John, ye'll tak them boots off outside: I'll not have my kitchen mucked up with 'em.'

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



21. *Fit Strong Hair Nets on Ducks that are inclined to lay away*

Rural Authors — 19. *John Fothergill*

THE landlord of the Spread Eagle at Thame, author of *An Innkeeper's Diary* (Chatto and Windus, pp. 304, illustrated, 7s. 6d.) has done something new in literature, produced an uncommonly good book on his experiences pleasant and unpleasant. But writing is only one of his talents, and he is a 'character'. Something of his powers may be seen in the portraits by John and Epstein. His tale opens with a plain-spoken account of how, on taking over his hotel, he rescued it from the people who 'used' it, rescued so that he might not only provide 'proper and properly cooked food', but have intelligent, beautiful or well-bred people to eat it'. But that was not the end of his troubles. He describes, in devastating detail, the well-to-do guests he never wants to see again. He does not need to see them again, for the men and women of our time best worth talking with make excuses of one kind or other to get to the Spread Eagle. But even people of merit go there at a risk. Their host may not take to them. In his next book his mordant wit may play about their personalities. Yet he is a kindly man, and he does bring home to us the virtue that abides in a man and his wife who strive to keep the perfect hotel and garden. His warfare continues with Philistines of many patterns and a variety of 'county' that will be the better for seeing itself as it is seen by those who wait upon it. His has been a painstaking and noble experiment, and his reward is in many kinds. There was the incident of the rich Scot and his wife who fared sumptuously. When they left he found threepence on the table for the waitress. Chagrined, he picked up the coppers with the intention of substituting a half a crown from his own pocket. But below the coppers he found two half-crowns! The Spread Eagle has entertained any number of guests over 6 ft. 3 ins., two men who were 6 ft. 10 ins. and 6 ft. 11 ins. respectively, and four women who were 6 ft. 4 ins. in their shoes.



JOHN FOTHERGILL, INNKEEPER

*Drawn by Epstein in the first week after arrival in England, 1906.
(From 'An Innkeeper's Diary', by the courtesy of Messrs. Chatto
& Windus)*

20. *The Purefoys*

NEAR the spot at which Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire and Oxfordshire meet, one comes on the village of Shalstone. For six hundred and fifty years, that is from Edward I to George V, the manor has never changed hands by sale. For more than three centuries it passed by direct descent. The male line ended towards the close of the eighteenth century with Henry Purefoy, who held the manor as the descendant of William Purefoy who came into its possession by marriage in 1418. Henry or rather Henry and his mother did their duty by the public by leaving behind a remarkable collection of letters and diaries.

Elizabeth Purefoy was an unusual woman. For one thing, she was a widow for sixty-one years. For another, like Lord Curzon, she had her monument (in Shalstone Church) put up in her lifetime. It cost £95 and the mason deserved every penny of it, for it is a beautiful piece of work. The most trivial letter the Purefoys wrote to a tradesman, every social letter they penned was first drafted in letter-books. Three of these letter-books (1735-53) survive. Then there are Henry's diaries, each page divided by printed lines into two sections, 'In the Morning' and 'In the Afternoon', with sub-sections, 'Places where I was' and 'Persons I conversed with'.

Some of the diaries have spaces for 'Faults' and so we read, 'A little peevish' or 'Laught at a story of my own telling'. The simple annals of his life, include this kind of thing, 'A girl I hooted to out of my mother's dressing room window for pulling ye hedge'. Anon, 'I was in my Bed-chamber when Betty Baranet was shutting ye windows, but I an't sure whether I spoke to her or not'. Or one night in October 'either Hannah or Catherine lighted a candle for mee, but I can't remember wch of 'em'. If he does not enable us to picture Betty, Hannah or Catherine this is not always his way. There is 'Mr. Arnold, the one-eyed butcher' and 'Mr. ffarren ye fat dealer', 'Master Gill of Brackley

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who gathers mushrooms and has but one leg', 'the man with the Asse that carries the Bells', 'Will Loveday the man wee bought the piggs on' and 'Goodman Sheppard of Gretworth'. We find an entry about 'the 2 sea men I spoke to who said they were taken by the Spaniards', and a record of a gratuity to a 'madman'. 'The children who brought the Garland' on May Day received something; so did the 'Whitsun-ale folks', 'the Morrice Dancers' and 'the Buckingham drummer'.

Besides the diaries and the letter-books there are the account books. They contain all sorts of unfamiliar obsolete or dialect words. What office did the baker perform who got a trifle 'to do word to the new Dairy maid'? People who do not know that 'fountain pens' were advertised as long ago as 1755 will be surprised to read that Henry Purefoy paid the market town ironmonger eighteenpence 'for half a pound of gunpowder and a fountain pen and in full'. He ultimately became high sheriff, but he was mortally afraid of 'my Lord Duke of Grafton'.

The letters, helped out by the diaries and account books, bring us closely into touch with the life of 'one of the oldest county families in England, in a secluded parish in days when travelling was difficult and dangerous and the haunting fear of small-pox was never long absent'. The editor from whom we quote is Mr. G. Eland, who, with the co-operation of his publishers, has made a perfect job of the *Purefoy Letters: 1735-53* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 2 vols, pp. 507, 28 plates, 44s.). Of Mrs. Purefoy, he says, 'few people got the better of her; sentiment had no place in her disposition, and her letters of condolence are a sheer joy to read'. Her son did ever as his mother told him, but the pair liked one another, because, no doubt, they understood one another. 'They always went about together, they constantly wrote letters for each other, they even ordered clothes for each other, but this by no means prevented a good deal of cross-accounting between them, as their respective cash-books testify.'

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A specimen of Mrs. Purefoy's correspondence:

"Tis not my Dairy maid that is with child but my cookmaid and it is reported our parson's maid is also with Kinchen [a cant word for child, probably from the German, 'kindchen'] by the same person who has gone of & showed them a pair of Heells for it.'

Another, exhibiting the whole duty of a footman:

'I want a footman to work in the garden, lay the Cloath, wait at Table & to go to cart with Thomas when hee is ordered, or do any other Businesse he is ordered to do & not too large sized a man that hee may not be too great a load for an horse when hee rides.'

We are enlightened also concerning the day's work of Mrs. ffenimore's daughter who 'desired to live with me':

'She must milk 3 or 4 cows & understand how to manage that Dairy & know how to boyll & roast fflowls & butcher's meatt. Wee wash once a month, she & the washerwoman wash all but the small linnen & next day she & the washerwoman wash the Buck. ['Merry Wives of Windsor', Act III, scene 3.] She helps the other maid wash the rooms, when they are done she makes the Garrett beds & cleans them & cleans ye great stairs & scours all the Irons & scours the Pewter in use & wee have an woman ['an' because pronounced 'ooman'.] There is very good time to do all this provided she is a servant, & when she has done her worke she sits down to spin.'

There are many disputes with tradesmen. About butter: 'If she gives mee lesse than a groat a pound 'tis a dounright ffraud.' 'I had my Butter sent back agen if Mrs. Meads has such ffreaks, I believe it will be too hard for you and I to deall' for 'everybody knows that, when ye leaves fall, the butter will be a little bitter for once or twice.'

But there were matters that troubled people in the country in those days that we are done with. 'The new Periwigg you made mee', writes Henry Purefoy - 'ffor Mr. Thomas Garrett junior, a barber at Buckingham, this' - 'has some Hair on top of Crown that don't curl & when I put on my Hat or the wind blows it stares & rises all up'.



THE COUNTRYMAN, remote though its office is, is now getting its first delivery at 7 a.m., letters being brought and taken away by a nice red mail van.



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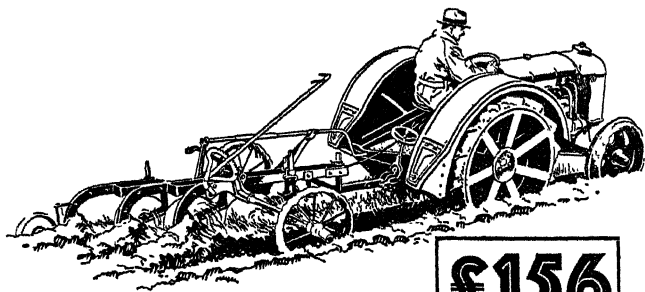
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*My Ninth Year's Farming**What I Owe to the Tractor*

MICHAELMAS 1931 brings to an end the worst farmer's year I have known here. The season was bad and prices were bad, but for me it has not been a bad twelve months. I ended my last year's record in *THE COUNTRYMAN* by saying that the low cash profit could be looked at in an atmosphere of general satisfaction with the strengthened position of the farm. Now, with an already better cash profit, and corn still to sell, I can say the same thing again. So I feel satisfied, but I would point out that these results, which make farming a satisfactory investment and a charming way of life to me, who have other sources of income, would not allow an ordinary farmer to live. I will start with accounts:

	1931	1930
	£	£
Wages	354	370
Tithe	7	6
Rates	12	12
Water	9	15
Land Tax	1	1
Blacksmith	8	18
Vet	10	4
Other tradesmen's bills	90	50
Foods	109	141
Seeds	34	44
Manures	60	62
Sundries	12	8
Insurances	9	11
Milking machine replacements	7	2
Machinery replacements	—	20
Cattle	35	5
Horse replacements	16	—
Repairs	—	14
Hire of machinery	10	6
	<hr/> £783	<hr/> £789

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The small repairs done during the year were done by the regular men. Material was charged in 'Other tradesmen's bills' which also includes tractor oils.

It is very difficult to arrive at a satisfactory system of farm account keeping. My system of considering only cash is as good as any for giving a true picture of what is going on. I do not include capital outlay such as the tractor. When this tractor wears out and I buy another that will come under 'Machinery Replacements'. On the other side, the general working up of the farm does not show by any credit. I estimate that the increasing value of the farm, due to high cultivation and general care, more than balances depreciation of the selling value of machinery.

INCOME

					1931	1930
					£	£
Milk	678	556
Cattle	144	222
Wheat sold	50	28
Sundries	10	10
Poultry	7	—
					<hr/>	<hr/>
					£889	£816
Oats (this year's estimated)	50	34
					<hr/>	<hr/>
					939	850
					<hr/>	<hr/>
Cash Profit	£156	£61

I am not taking into account some £10 or £15 worth of wheat and barley which is being carried forward. This will be used for the pigs I now have, and it will show in the general strengthened position of the farm unless it is swallowed up in the losses caused by a twenty-five per cent drop in the milk prices we are getting this year.

The press in general seems misinformed about current milk prices. The drop is much more serious than they say. Last year we got 1s. 4½d. for a dairy, with a ten per cent

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variation delivered in London. At this year's negotiations a price was put in for fairly level dairies which has been reported generally in the press as the new price, but during the negotiations the biggest buyers declared they would only buy at the lowest price. This gives under 1s. in London, say 10d. at the farm in the most favourable months and these buyers have been followed by the trade in general. The fall on the year's average is over a third, say £220 on my gallonage, which would make last year's profit of £156 into a loss of £66. Cakes are going up and it will be interesting to see how things will work out for farmers in general. Personally, I am putting up pig houses and am considering turning half my milk, that is, the bulk of the summer milk, into pork and veal.

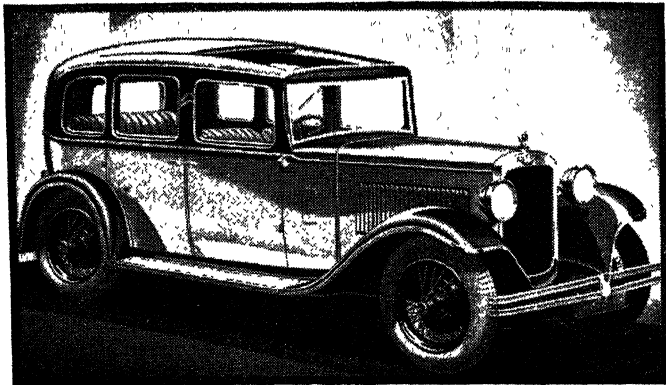
STOCK

				1931	1930
Milkers	21	18
Heifers in calf	2	2
Two years	2	2
One year	5	6
Weaners	2	7
Bull	1	1
Cart horses	2	2
Hay, straw, etc., same as last year	—	—

My weaners are down because I rear heifers only, and got a run of bull calves. The cattle generally are up in value, although down in numbers. The three more milkers mean more value. The two horses, against four last year, also represent more value because I paid £16—my old horses were getting on in years—in order to get two really nice young ones, which, with a tractor, will be all I shall want. In hay and straw I have actually more than last year, but I include such advantages among the 'General strengthening of the position'.

While on accounts I should like to touch on wages. In terms of present values, if we could get a minimum wage of

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£2 a week, say 35s. cash, cottage 3s. and milk 2s. — my minimum is slightly better than this — with a certain amount of generosity in such matters as a man having manure for his garden, sticks, rabbits and various little pickings which mean little to the farmer, I think we should be on very good competitive terms in the labour market with town industries. A town worker getting £3 a week has roughly 12s. rent. Then he has all sorts of expenses getting to his work. There are also entertainments, on which the farm worker, with his more varied and interesting work, spends less. Further, the farm man's garden produces a lot more food than the town worker's allotment, even if he has one. We must remember also that the farm man is never out of work. Taken altogether I should think £2 on a farm gives a more satisfactory life than £3 in a factory. But good housing is essential. It is my experience that a good cottage and garden keep a man and his wife in a permanent glow of contentment. Does the town worker feel so satisfied? I am more than doubtful if agriculture has had its share, compared with town industries, of Government help in house building.

The outstanding feature of my farming year I consider to be the purchase of a tractor in April. I had often con-

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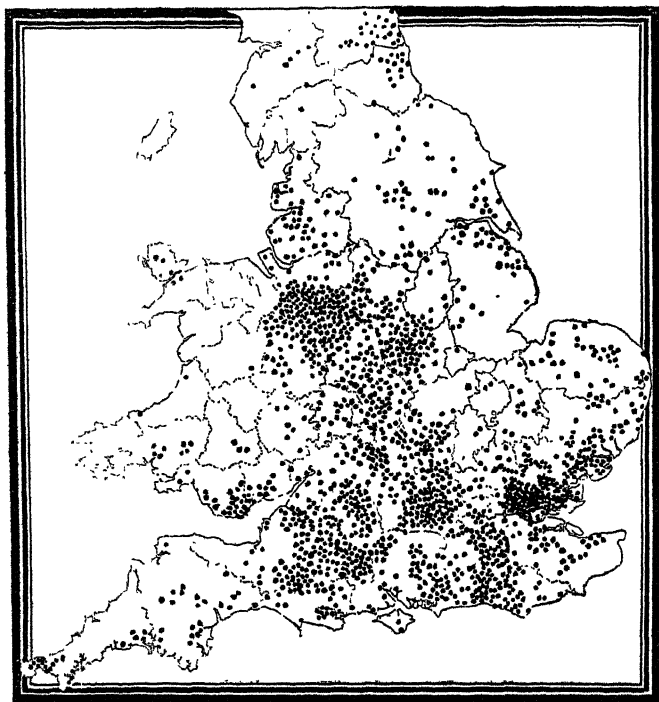


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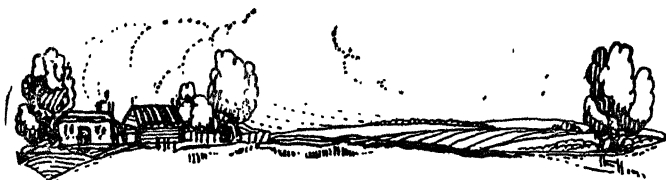


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sidered buying one, but the heavy price for something, the usefulness of which I had doubts about, held me back. Was my farm big enough to make a tractor worth while? Would tractor ploughing make a hard pan below the tilth level? (On this point I am, of course, still not clear, but the gain of having a tractor is so great that it is worth facing even if subsoiling is required from time to time.) Would a tractor save anything? Now, after seven months' trial, I feel I could never farm again without one. I go into the details of its work as the crops are dealt with. I was induced to buy a tractor by finding I could get a 'reconditioned' Fordson. That is a second-hand one, re-bored and re-ground, with new 'spares' where necessary, practically a new machine for £100, complete with plough and cultivator. I thought that at that price the risk was worth taking and I am very glad I took it. The tractor's usefulness has been outstanding. As to what the tractor costs to run, the only way to judge will be on the total farm working expenses. Where I kept four horses I shall now keep two. Feed and labour are saved. But doing the work more quickly is the great gain because, in a climate like ours, time means catching the weather. I cut my hay with the tractor and hauled the wagons and loader and so got more done in the time than I should have done with horses. In this very bad season it just meant getting my hay safe during spells of fine weather. Neighbours without a tractor had a lot of bother. As I only just did it I should have missed doing it without the tractor. I also cut by tractor all my very heavy tangled corn. It was a pleasure to watch the tractor going on unrelentingly till nine o'clock at night. No getting tired and slow. No sore shoulders to worry about. Just switch the engine off and put a sheet over it, pour some oil in in the morning and start up again. It did take a lot of worry out of hay and harvest. My tractor was also a great help with roots.

I always start cutting the hay about June 20. Over the nine years I have been here (south of England) I find starting



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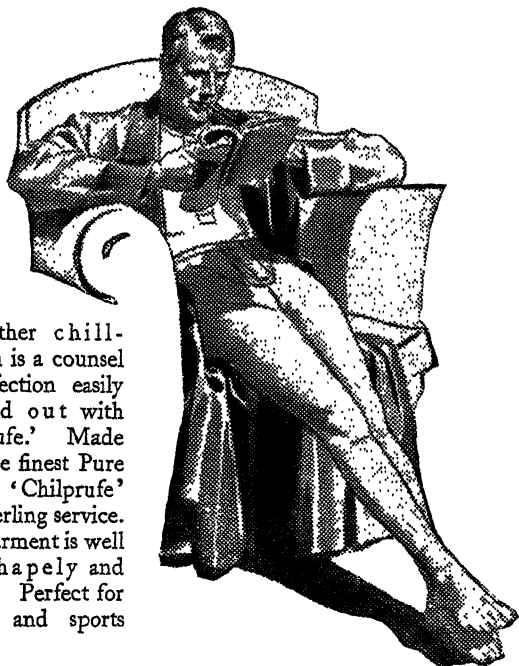


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then provides me with the weather at its best and the grass at its best. Different types of season do not seem to give a different result. We hear a lot about the superior feeding value of young grass, but it must be borne in mind that, until grass has a certain amount of fibre in it, the hardships of 'making' in a bad season do a good deal of damage. Then there is the question of bulk.

This year I cut 31 acres against 43 last year. The cuts were heavy and difficult, but the tractor made an enormous difference. The weather was this year trying. My diary reads:

June 18. Cut 6 acres in Pheasant Field; finished 9 p.m. 19. Some showers cutting Home Field. 20. Finished cutting Home Field. 22. Fine and hot; turned hay in Pheasant Field. 23. Dull and heavy; no hay fit to work. 24. Rain more or less all day. Hay all wet. 25. Threatening but no rain; turned Pheasant Field. 26. Very fine; windrowed Home Field in morning; it is not too dry but will do. Carting from 1 till 9. 27. Very fine. Started on Home Field hay at 10. Hay very good condition. Finished 7. 29. Very fine, Cleared hay in Pheasant Field. Finished 9. 30. Very fine; cutting Thistle Field. *July* 1. Very hot; had breakfast in garden. Cutting Thistle Field. 2. Dull, warm. Finished cutting Thistle Field. Few spots of rain. Cows falling off a lot in their milk. 3. Fine and warm; dull towards evening. Horse hoeing roots and cutting out kale. Turned hay in Thistle Field. 4. Light warm rain more or less all day. Finished cutting out kale. 5. A good deal of rain last night. 6. Showery. Cutting out swedes. Put nitrate on mangolds; not doing well. 7. Fine, warmish; thunder about. Turned hay in Thistle field; not fit. Horse hoed mangolds again. 8. Showers on and off all day. Hay at a standstill. 9. Dullish and some light drizzle. 10. Showers all day. 11. Fine and warm; got up nearly all Thistle Field, working till 9.15. More than last year. 12. Showers all day. 13. Fine and warm; finished Thistle Field. Worked till 9. Only rakings left.



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This finished the year's hay-making. After that we had rain or drizzle every day till July 22, when I took up the dampish rakings to top off the ricks. A little damp does not matter for that job.

As to roots, the season again made things trying and expensive. Three acres of mangolds were grown, one of swedes and one of kale. The wet made it impossible to keep the weeds down. I have rather less than last year, but not a bad crop. Professors have conclusively proved that it does not pay to grow roots. My five acres have cost me £7 in extra labour. The rest of the labour represents the time of men who, if not on roots, could not profitably have been otherwise occupied at that time of the year. So actually the roots represent the cheapest food the cows eat.

By working out all the labour, carting of dung, etc., that goes to the production of roots it is quite possible to prove that they do not pay. But when one is concerned with a properly organized mixed farm, that is really only making the most of overhead charges which are going on in any case. Should a professor read this I hope he will pardon me, but I feel we are suffering from the putting forward of theories backed by costs quite unsoundly arrived at. The problem of making a farm pay resolves itself into employing the right number of men and so arranging things that they are always fully occupied on productive work or necessary maintenance work. This calls for the 'mixed' farm. Theories about what pays worked out on paper lead only to error. Every farm has an individuality which must be studied.

Working on these lines, I have one cowman. By keeping him contented with comfortable hours, I have got him to produce some 14,000 gallons of milk, to look after young stock and to do some outside work as well. Can I make him produce any more? I think I can by means of the tractor. What has the tractor to do with milk producing? With a tractor, the winter ploughing will be done in late summer or early autumn. There are only two horses to



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look after. The carter will be free and can get in roots from the clamp, clean them, litter up the shed, and help in various ways, leaving the cowman time to look after more cows and produce more milk. It may not work out quite like this, but that is my aim. Everything counts, for example, having gates so placed as to save time getting the cows in and out. Every farmer must study his own farm. If half the energy spent propagating notions like 'feed no roots' was spent on solid, thoughtful work propagating the practice of farmers who are relatively successful and carefully studying why they are successful we should get a useful return for the money spent on 'encouraging agriculture'. I am glad to see Cambridge is doing some useful work in this direction.

Touching on costs, I notice in a pamphlet 'Successful Milk Production', by James Wyllie, two successful farmers' milk costs are given. Labour costs per gallon 2.8*d.* and 3.4*d.* By having the various labour-saving devices I have (covered yard, milking machine, etc.) one man at £2 a week – with, of course, a cottage and milk and so forth – produces, as I have said, 14,000 gallons a year. Add £25 a year for the milking machine cost (petrol, spares, etc.), my cost per gallon is 2.4*d.* The actual cost of the milk is slightly less, because the cowman rears calves and young stock in addition to helping in a general way about the farm in summer. Against this is depreciation on the milking machine.

Mr. Wyllie's statistics are those of 'working farmers' who have their coats off in the byre all the time. I think the ability of the 'dirty boot farmer' to make a farm pay is over-rated. Owing to being a war crock, I am very much the 'clean booted farmer'. But I seem to have beaten the successful 'dirty boot' farmers on costs, although I am not making my farm pay commercially. I am inclined to think that to some extent this is due to my being chiefly concerned at the moment with building up an ideal commercial farm and not looking for immediate profit. I also understand Mr. Wyllie's farmers got better prices for their milk than I can get, which is a matter of luck. Good clean



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milk and dirty all fetch one and the same price in my district.

Wheat followed oats in my twelve acre field. It was in by October 1. It got a splendid start and looked splendid up to about June. Then the season began to tell, the heads did not fill well, and storms laid a lot of it. The straw was very heavy. Again the tractor was a great help. The wheat was in stooks and then it rained and rained and rained. I wondered if I should save even the straw. I expected the grain to sprout in the heads. In the end, much to my surprise, the crop got into a Dutch barn in quite good condition. The labour bill was above what it would have been in a good season. During windy spells we rushed the crop in. It did not thresh out well as the berry was small, but considering the season I have nothing to grumble about. I got about ten sacks per acre, of which I sold three quarters, at 30s. a quarter, in early October. My neighbours rushed to get it for seed as it was the only dry wheat in the district. Some remains to be threshed.

My twelve acres of oats were put in in the spring. After a slow start, owing to cold weather, they did not do badly. Like the wheat, the crop was badly laid, a rare mess in places. However they also got duly saved in quite good condition and promise to thresh out well.

And the Moral of it all

At the end of the farming year, as I consider the general position of agriculture as far as I can see it, I am more than ever convinced that our future lies in mixed farming, in making use of all modern machinery and working in team with a sane comprehensive organized marketing system. Will farmers have the sense to use the new legislation?

I don't think cutting wages can have done anyone any good. I actually put up my carter's wages 2s. a week. Prices are bad to-day but look like rising, if we can only give a sense of stability. I believe that there are men in the



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industry who would screw the efficiency of our ordinary mixed farming technique up to a point where it rendered them a living, not luxurious but sufficient for men to whom a farmer's life presents an almost irresistible charm.

We should then soon have again a substantial contented yeoman population. But an efficient mixed farming, making use of all available modern machinery, demands freedom of cropping conditions and permanence of tenure which means bringing up for review the whole question of our tenant system. I will give one illustration of the imperfections of our system of land tenure. I have a very efficient neighbour who, impressed by my gain by putting my corn into a Dutch barn – the advantages are many besides saving thatching at a time of the year when you want to get on to the stubbles etc. – went to his landlord and asked permission to put up a barn. He would have paid all the cost, but he proposed that when (or if) he left the farm, the landlord should take it over at its then valuation. By putting up the barn my neighbour would have strengthened his position as a rent-payer, and any subsequent tenant would have gladly paid a little extra. So the offer was quite reasonable. But the landlord refused permission. So my neighbour has to be inefficient to the extent that he lacks a barn. I have an idea that the landlord is trying to sell his estate and is just standing pat on everything. It may be suggested that he is quite entitled to do as he likes with his own. Land, the means by which food is produced, is in a different category from other possessions. And modern farming requires a heavy equipment. Thus it seems to be necessary that the ownership and power over land involves the landlord being more or less a fixture, as our landowning families used to be but are no longer. We have also a grave percentage of our people badly under-nourished, especially with regard to milk. Yet our land, the best in the world, is only half cultivated. This is no sounding expression but fact. As the possibilities of high farming with modern machinery and abundant

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artificial are not easily over-estimated, it is probably an under-statement to say that our land is only half cultivated. We have a National Government. Are we not capable of getting our people fed? I need not say that you cannot put the unemployed direct on to the land. But cannot we so arrange things that farming will be worth while, farmers will be able to produce more food, which they will sell, that is exchange for bits of paper, which, in turn, they will exchange for manufactured goods made by the present unemployed, who will be able to eat the extra food produced and be adequately fed?

When I consider our position in the world to-day, I am overwhelmed with wonder to find the casual way otherwise thoughtful people treat the agricultural problem. *THE COUNTRYMAN* in the last issue touched on the way in which a well-known weekly review, which regards itself as in the forefront of progress, had said with great complacency, in dealing with the census figures, that we must recognize that we were an urban people. It showed indifference to the decline of rural population. What is the situation in the kingdom? We have a gigantic unemployment problem. And no real hope of what is called 'an industrial revival' sufficient seriously to lighten the burden. We could turn a lot of this unemployed energy into the re-equipment of our land.

If our farms in general were equipped up to the level of mine, and I do not consider mine fully equipped yet, it would mean a tremendous revival of the depressed iron and steel trades for the supply of buildings and machinery, in addition to the employment of a vast amount of general labour. Our millions of semi-fed people could eat all the extra food produced without lessening imports. My results, during ten years of exceptionally depressed prices, warrant my saying that such re-equipment would pay the individual farmer. If we follow the policy recommended by the Central Chamber of Agriculture of 'an import authority

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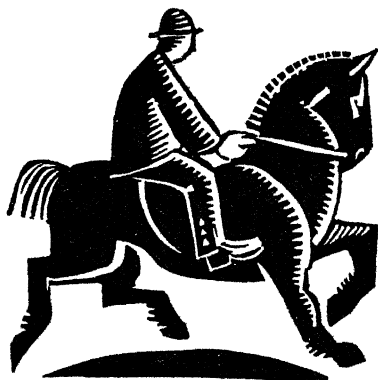
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to control all imports and organization of the home production' we could safeguard the financing of a re-equipment scheme under which we could build up a vast home production of food whose producers would take in exchange vast amounts of manufactured goods and general services from our now unemployed and the enormous increased population yet to be born.

I cannot be challenged by thinking men when I say that with our present mechanical means of rapidly producing a tilth and doing other cultivation and harvesting operations, which enable us to avoid the drawbacks and make the most of the advantages of our humid climate, coupled to unlimited supplies of nitrogen and other artificials, *we can at present put no limit to our estimate of the food our island will produce.* And every day science carries the possibilities further. All we need is the wit and the determination to pursue a policy of agricultural development for which our country is so peculiarly adapted by Nature.

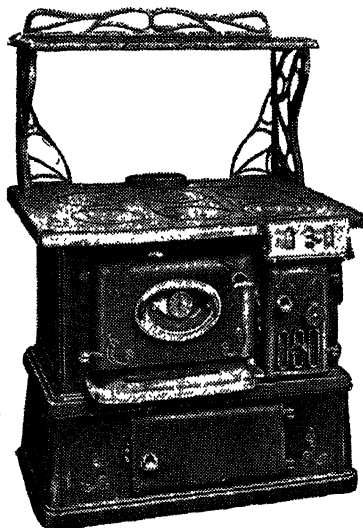


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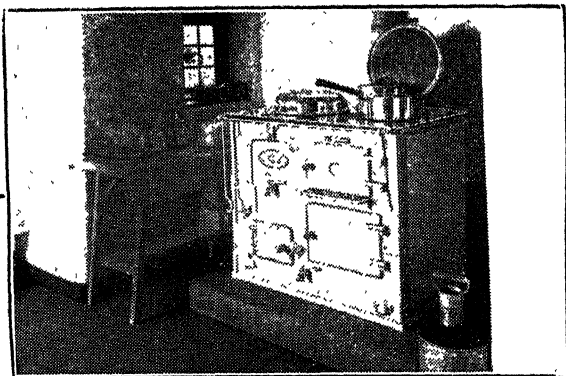
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The Country House Aeroplane

12. — *My Aerodrome*, by Lord Willoughby de Broke

HAVING acquired a pilot's 'A' licence in July, 1930, and also a light aeroplane at about the same time, there arose the question of providing a landing ground close to my house. The machine was kept at Sywell Aerodrome, Northampton, which involved a motor journey of an hour in order to take the air. I was lucky enough to find a field of about 600 yards by 400 within ten minutes walk of my front door with a good road leading right up to it. The field was flat, well drained, with good approaches provided a few trees were cut down. The surface, however, consisted of shallow ridge and furrow, good enough for an emergency landing, but out of the question for regular use. Work was started by a firm of aerodrome contractors in August. By October an area of surface about 400 yards by 300 was completely levelled and filled in for a reasonable sum on estimate. The machine and hangar—wood and corrugated iron—were moved over in November. The ground was seeded with clover and short growing grasses in the Spring. A very fine surface has been obtained. The landing ground has been in regular use since last November and I have never regretted the expenditure. The interest on the capital outlay for levelling the ground and erecting the hangar would certainly not exceed the annual charge for housing a machine at an aerodrome. The field itself, which happens to be on my estate, was taken back into my hands, and, as a rich pasturage seems likely, the loss of rent should nearly be made up by letting the grazing rights.

Regarding my use of my aeroplane, this is limited to a certain extent by the shortage of aerodromes and landing grounds in this country. But these are increasing comparatively rapidly and I can safely say that even with the number available now, I have found the machine of great practical



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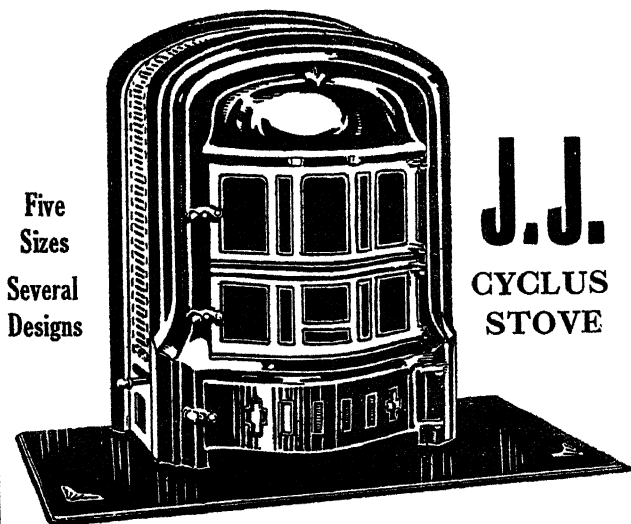
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value. The modern light aeroplane in the hands of a comparative novice can be landed in and taken off from quite a small field, and many such fields are constantly being discovered by one's friends in reasonable proximity to their houses. The cost of running a light aeroplane compares very favourably with the cost of running a medium powered car. Care and maintenance is carried out by myself and my chauffeur, who had a week's tuition at a works. An occasional visit to a neighbouring aerodrome will secure for a small sum a complete look-over by a competent ground engineer. Many of one's friends are either owners of a light aeroplane, or belong to a Club where one can be hired. There is no doubt that the possession of a landing ground is an inducement to them to pay one a visit, and that in the near future a landing ground near one's home will be looked upon not as a luxury but as a necessity.

All the licensed aerodromes are now marked on the many excellent flying maps obtainable. I would suggest that it would be of the greatest possible service if a body like the Royal Aero Club or Automobile Association would compile a list of all the smaller unlicensed landing grounds such as my own. I have heard many pilots express this wish and feel sure that it would prove an incentive to others to establish landing grounds near their homes, and, possibly, to enter into the ownership of a light aeroplane. There can be no doubt about its practical utility, the immense amount of pleasure it gives, and its safety.



'KEEP your copies of THE COUNTRYMAN; they contain much of permanent interest and will maintain their value,' was our confident prophecy in our very first number (April 1927). Already some numbers are at a premium. We advise subscribers whose sets are broken to complete them without delay. As will be seen from an advertisement on page 908 we bind (in a pleasant green) at moderate rates.



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The Garden

After a Wet Summer

IT is perhaps a consequence of the prolonged wet of the summer, followed by the sunshine of mid-autumn, that certain plants have come into bloom earlier and in greater profusion than usual. In the garden *Viburnum fragnans*, which is a winter bloomer, came into flower in mid-October, and was in full blossom in the first week of November. The yellow winter jasmine was almost as early and as free in bloom. But the real surprises are the wild flowers. In the Sussex woods primroses were as large and as long in the stalk at the end of October as you often find them in a mild February; and on a twelve-foot-square patch of a sunny Surrey lawn in November, I counted close on 200 daisies. It looked like April. — P.Q.

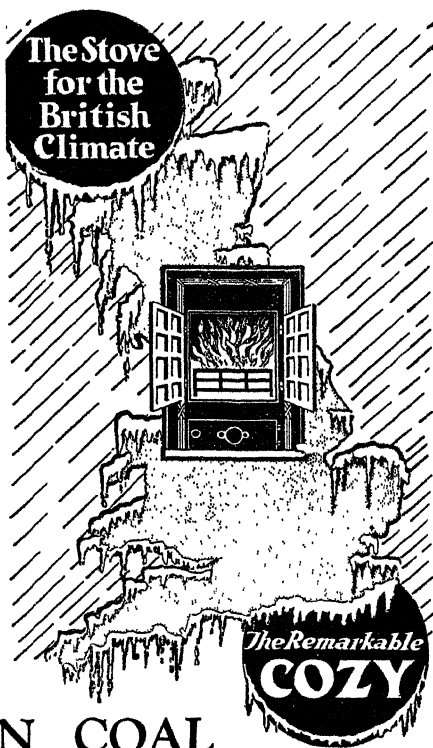
The Hardy Vine

ONCE you have a pukka hothouse vine you are saddled with responsibility, temperature, pipe-rust, pests and so forth; but there are easy and effective ways of grape growing (given one of the hardy vines), entailing no stove at all. We must circumvent the weather by sheltering a vine from rain. An easy and inexpensive method is to raise a four foot wall or wooden backing, and, having made the vine bed, set two bricks on each other at intervals along the front line, about a foot from the wall — to act as rests for frame lights tilted up over the vine, or for a wooden wall plate supporting light sheets of glass. The first thing to be thought of is position, and the second drainage. In a cold exposed place there would be little hope, but on ground facing south, getting fair sunlight, this simple shelter will give you excellent crops. To get good drainage dig out your bed to a depth of two and a half to three feet, not more, lay a foundation of old bricks and rubble, and block the sides with cement to stop the roots from running. The best soil for a vine is a fibrous, calcareous,

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yellow loam – in other words the top spit or turf (cut three inches thick), from some old pasture land. Chop the turves roughly in pieces, and to five or six cubic feet add one of old lime rubbish, a little wood ashes or burnt soil, and a dressing of bone meal. At this time of the year, in planting ripened vines, that is vines in a dormant condition, care should be taken to shake out all soil from the roots and to spread these out fully as near the surface as possible. If you are planting a young growing vine raised from an eye the same season, May, June or July would be the time to set about it. In planting several vines give them four to five feet between each other to allow side shoots full play. One of the best all round doers for hardy culture is the black Hamburg. Buy a fruiting cane and it will commence to fruit the next season. When the time comes I will give the year's calendar of events in vine culture. A book called 'Vine Growing in England', by H. M. Tod (Chatto and Windus) was published in 1911. – D.E.*

Plant Growth after Hard Frost

I HAVE been reviewing the consequences of the great frost of February, 1929, in the garden, particularly in regard to the shrubs and plants which at the time I thought were killed, but which I decided to leave in the ground, cutting them back to the stump, by way of experiment. The results seem to be worth putting on record, in case of other frosts of the kind in years to come. My myrtles, which before the frost were big bushes five feet high, and which I sawed back to two or three inches, are now thirty inches or three feet in height and as much in diameter. The heaths, *Erica arborea* and *E. Lusitanica* which were split by the frost as if a hurdler had run his knife down the stem, and which I cut back to the soil, have now made

* Our E.A.B. says Brant, Purple-leaved Keil and Reine Olga 'will produce good fruit in favourable seasons, where the berries are thinned early'. – Editor



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five feet of growth, though rather thin and weedy. But the plant which interests me most is the big bush of *Grevillea Rosmarinifolia*. Before 1929 this used to put out flower buds first in February and continue in bloom until October. The frost of February, 1929, scared it as if it had been scorched, and all its buds were killed. But in November, 1929, it budded again and flowered through the winter into the summer; it did the same in 1930, and in November this year was again covered with blossom. Not only that, but it continues to make wood at a pace which has already created something of a problem as regards its size and place. This time last year it measured forty-three feet in circumference. It now measures over fifty. The one thing I am afraid of is snow. — *E.P.*

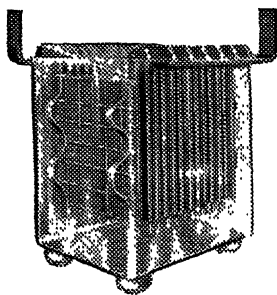
The Cooking Apples to Choose

IF a vote were taken for the most popular English sweet, Apple pie would crush all competitors. But, as we are finding out, there are apples *and* apples. There are gay deceivers whose pulp turns to wood in cooking and others who melt merely to insipidity. The chief of virtues is acid, without which no cooked apple can be first rate, and secondly flavour. Here England leads; its climate must be credited with a special aptitude for producing good apples. First come the Codlins in July and August; Early Victoria and White Transparent will serve for all purposes. Ecklinville and Grenadier cook to a foamy froth in September. All these are good and fresh, but for better quality of flavour we must wait till Golden Noble comes in during October and November. A noble fruit indeed, keeping its shape when in a pie, with a golden transparency and quite distinctive in flavour. For readers with adventurous cooks I recommend the variety Thomas Rivers whose blend of quince and pear flavour suggests it for open tartlets and the higher pastry. Allington Pippin, too, a dessert apple in favourable seasons, comes in dull years to a better end in a pie, where its aroma

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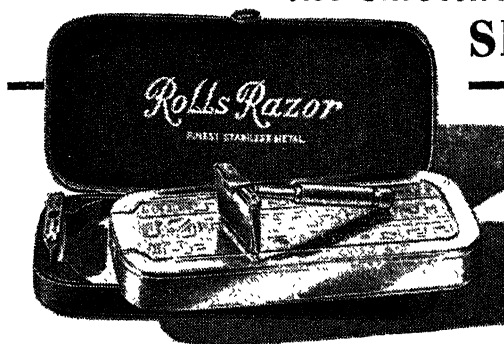
Telegraphic Address: Prigoleps,
Glasgow

and quince-like acid are most remarkable. In December we come to that national institution, Bramley's Seedling. Now grown on an enormous scale, it is obtainable in all stores and it is a credit to British taste that in March and April it usually fetches more than any imported fruit. We have discovered that, for cooking, a native fruit has a freshness and capacity to melt that no alien has yet shown. Less known, but as good in quality, is Newton Wonder, a daughter I suspect, of the famous Wellington, which for late winter use stands alone in preserving its acid till June, and cooking to a transparent jelly. For cultural reasons this fruit is not much grown now, but it will come back by reason of its quality now that we can spray it for its worst enemy the scab. For small gardens we may replace Bramley's and Wellington by Edward VII, a descendant of Golden Noble, and Clarke's Seedling, both of which keep until June and grow compactly, and are, therefore, much more suited for garden work than the rampant Bramley. They also begin to fruit in their youth, while Bramley's often keeps us waiting for seven or eight years. — *E.A.B.*

Off Years in Apples

AN old question, Why have apples failed to crop in many parts of the country? The reasons are complex, but the determining factor is usually the amount of fruit the tree has borne in the previous year. After a heavy crop the food reserves of the tree are exhausted and though blossom is produced it fails to set for lack of the reserve of nutrition in the tree. Weather at flowering time is the next consideration, and cold and wet such as prevailed in most parts of the country during May prevented insects from doing their work of pollination. Cold alone is enough to stop seed setting even when the pollen has been transported by bees and other insects. The major remedies are shelter from cold winds and regular thinning of crops so that the tree may never be over-exhausted, and a good reserve of potash,

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phosphate and nitrogen in the soil on which the tree can draw. Failure in but one of these indispensable plant foods will cause the whole system of nutrition to break down.

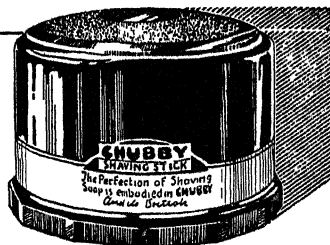
A Problem of Mistletoe

MANY other persons besides myself must have experimented with mistletoe. I wonder what their success has been in growing bunches with berries. I have had no difficulty in growing the plant on apple, crab apple, white poplar and lime – it has not thrived with me on mountain ash. On apple I have bunches of which the seed was set in 1916, which are now five feet in diameter (Bentham and Hooker, in 'British Flora', speak of bunches 'attaining one to two feet in diameter') but the bunches have very few berries. One big bunch on crab last year had two; two others on apple had six and three. This year my biggest bunch on apple has four, and a large bunch on crab three. Yet the mistletoe of the shops (which I believe comes from France) seems to be always fully berried, however small the bunch. Mine, I take it, would be unsaleable. – E.P.

Trees Too Near the House

WHEN I bought my house nine years ago there was, on the south side, a group of five sycamores. One can understand how the original owner had come to plant them to make a shade, and how he had enjoyed the rapid growth of the saplings and the grateful shadows which they so quickly provided in summertime. But they were planted too near the house. The time came when he had to pollard them all, at about nine feet from the ground. The shoots or branches from the pollards grew quickly, however, and soon diminished the light in the house. When I took over the property, I cut out branches, and, very reluctantly felled three of the pollards. In a southerly situation, with the house behind them, the branches from the surviving

—GENTLEMEN!—

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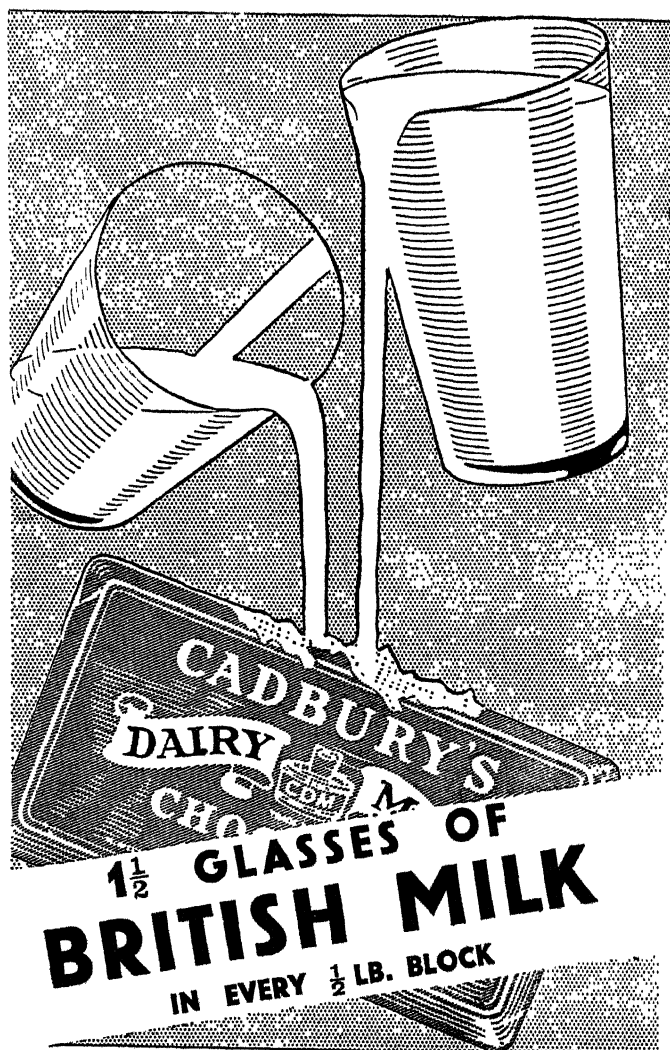
pollards continued to thrive. Now and then, for they were now keeping the light from the flower beds, I sawed out a few. But the rest grew and grew. In the dining-room, on the ground floor, we had to put on the electric light at breakfast and lunch as well as dinner. The greenery also kept the sunshine from a sitting-room on the next floor. Finally the topmost branches cut off two-thirds of my view from my bedroom on the floor above that. Although I found it to be exceedingly interesting looking into a tree the case for the felling of the sycamores was strengthened. The decision to fell was taken when it began to be seen that not only were human beings being deprived of the hygienic advantage of sunshine, but a promising young walnut was being overshadowed. We felled the trees with a real pang. The result is nevertheless satisfactory. The dining-room and the sitting-room are flooded with light. I have again my view from my bedroom, and the walnut is obviously appreciating the light and air which are ripening its shoots. Moral 1, Do not plant, too close to the house, trees that will grow big. Moral 2, Do not plant trees too close to one another.—D.L.G.



For Countrymen and Countrywomen—20

1. In what work of fiction does a man who wants to study agricultural conditions decide to go to Tooting?—2. What great preacher said, 'We ought to be thankful that blackberries are plentiful'?—3. 'The window shutters were not painted green, nor were the walls covered with honeysuckles' is from which English classic?—4. How long does it ordinarily take a bed of seashore shingle to cover itself with a thin turf?—5. What is the value of the salmon caught in a year in British waters and sold for food?—6. How old is agriculture?

For Answers, see page 973.



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*Problems and Incidents of Bird Life**Foreign Birds Set Free in London*

ONCE, before the War, I let out a number of the pretty little Pekin Robins in St. James's Park. According to a French authority, the Pekin Robin 'washes itself with frenzy several times a day'. My robins at once made for the water and had a good wash, one having a bobbing swim of a foot or two. The sparrows showed some interest in them but did them no harm.

I have seen a canary hopping happily about among sparrows, and the amount of grime upon its yellow feathers showed that it had escaped at least some days before, and had possibly passed the nights in a sparrows' doss-house.

Parrots of various sorts and sizes have found a life of liberty in London worth living. Budgerigars appear to get on all right with sparrows, who, if they are at all rough, will be likely to find out that the pigmy parrot can manœuvre more quickly with his mouse-like run than they can by hopping, and that he is a toe-biter, and an efficient one! I have seen both the Ring-parrakeet and the Australian Rosy Cockatoo at large in London. They seemed quite at home. In 1930 it was reported that two pairs of cockatoos had bred on the border of Epping Forest, so that quite a little flock existed. The Australian Rosy Cockatoo is one of the most beautiful of the world's birds in its sunset contrast of pearl-grey and rose-pink. It has the finest flight of any bird I have ever seen, for though it rises as heavily as a duck, when well up and under way its wings are plied with the ease of a gull and the force of a pigeon, while there is a sort of dashing swing as well which neither of these possesses. I once heard of a cockatoo which had lived free for some years at John O'Groats' of all places!

About fifty of the lovely little orange weaver birds commonly called 'bishops' in the bird trade, were released in London in 1930 after confinement for some weeks in a

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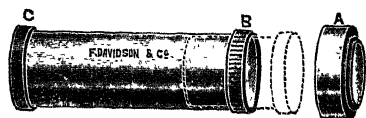
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pecially constructed cage on an island in the Zoo duck-pond. The hens and cocks of this bird for half a year look like pigmy bob-tailed sparrows, but the bishop in full canonicals and his nuptial dress, is a vision of plushy black and orange, or rather red, for the bishops imported now are redder than those which used to come into the trade.

Another experiment was the turning out of eighty-eight Mandarin ducks in the Royal parks, not pinioned as such choice waterfowl commonly are, but with their wings merely clipped. When they were able to fly again, probably they explored London, and possibly all Middlesex as well. Mandarin ducks are known to have been breeding at liberty in widely separated parts of England, so that we may be sure that some out of this large number will settle down in London. It is a matter to get lyrical about, as the Mandarin is as superior to other ducks in wits, hardiness, and agility as he is in plumage. But the public must remember that in Mandarin society things do not begin to move till tea-time, and even the dole is no draw before then. — *F.F.*

Green Plover Under the Act

WHEN the Lapwing Act was placed on the Statute Book in March, 1928, there were many critics, and some of them good naturalists, who believed that its framers were mistaken. The Act prohibits the sale of the lapwing (official name for peewit or green plover) for food between March 1st and August 31st, and forbids the sale at any date of the lapwings' eggs. Opponents of the measure as it stands did not object to the clause prohibiting the sale of the bird itself, but they held that there was no sense in preventing people from collecting the birds' eggs for the market, since the eggs that used to find their way to the poulterers' were the early eggs which would probably in any case have been spoiled by frost, or else would be found and eaten by crows. They contended that the plover was actually benefited by having her early eggs taken from her, since she was saved the trouble of sitting uselessly on frozen

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eggs that would never hatch, and was thus induced to make a second nest and lay another batch of eggs when the herbage had grown higher and so protected the clutch from being discovered by birds or men.

I was never greatly impressed by this reasoning, perhaps partly because I do not care for plovers' eggs to eat, but I was always interested in it because it represented the opinion of several friends whose judgment I respect. But we have now had time to test the working of the Act, and I think it would be of value if we could obtain a census, however rough, of the numbers of plover which the farmer can watch working for him in his fields to-day, as compared with the numbers he saw in the years before 1928. Has there been an increase throughout the country? Are the flocks larger than they used to be? Are plover to be seen to-day in places where they used not to be seen? I can only speak for my own part of the country, which is the borderland of Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire, and I have certainly seen many more plover during the last two years than in the past. I see them not only in the fields – it is odd to notice that they prefer certain particular fields to others with apparently the same characteristics – but flying overhead or on the horizon, in large flocks, which I never saw in other years. This seems to me of special interest, since the surrounding country is not ideal for plover, and we had few egg-collectors before the Act. Possibly some one in real plover country has been able to take notes on a larger scale than mine – officially, perhaps – on the lapwing population? – *E.P.*

From Our Readers' Letters

FIVE wild swans I saw in flight in a storm made little progress against the wind. When, at the hill's summit, they met the full force of the blast, they were quite unable to face it, and the leader swung off with the wind. The three birds next him managed the turning all right, but the last in the line was taken 'all aback', and crashed. It remained on the ground for some time, but finally took wing.

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So knowing are old ravens – I write as a Highland keeper – that they distinguish the keeper from the shepherd, and greet him with angry and anxious croakings, while for the shepherd they display no special aversion. Ravens really have a language, the male being able to order his mate to rise from her eggs or to warn her from a distance of a mile, to alter her course. The male wild raven is also a capital mimic, and has been heard giving imitations of dogs barking and of shepherds whistling. – *D.M.*

MANY of us no doubt underestimate the number of birds in our district. One morning in September, just before I rose from bed, I counted twenty-eight birds fly past my window within four minutes. On a Sunday in the same month I noticed a few lapwings rising occasionally from a ploughed field. When I looked at the field with a powerful glass I saw that the number of lapwings in it was about three hundred. – *S.P.L.*

I WONDER if any reader has met with a red necked phalarope, a very rare visitor from the north? One flew into my greenhouse this spring. On being released, it dived into the water-butt for refreshment before flying away. – *C.M.S.*

I HAVE a garden full of dearly loved birds, which are fed and cared for. I should love to feel that they are safe, but they are not. The place is haunted daily by a large hawk. In spite of being chased off by rooks and magpies it returns time after time, terrorizing the whole of the garden. This is not the only danger. At dusk comes a large owl. Quite lately it carried off a very large bird. How do people in charge of bird sanctuaries get over these difficulties? – *U.H.*

FROM the quiet of a balloon one's Nature study is quite different from a noisy aeroplane. In my experience the birds most scared by a balloon seem to be wood pigeons. A fox we disturbed stood and glanced up at the balloon, then ran on a few yards and stopped again to look at us. On another occasion when we were sailing along at about 200 feet, a fox ran ahead of us and partly concealed himself in

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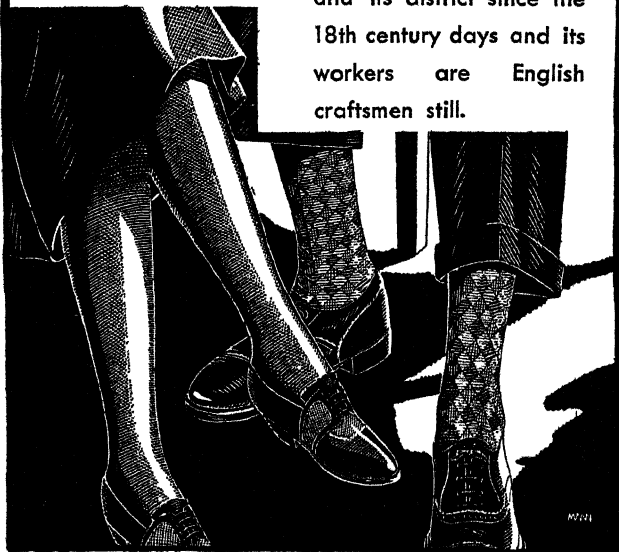


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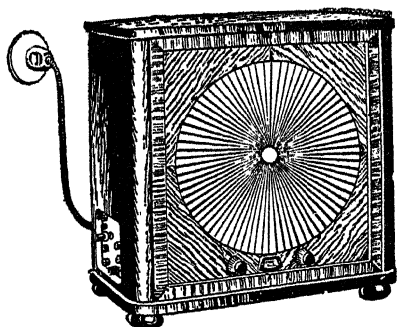


some long grass. We passed over him and the trail rope dragged across his back. Mystified, but not alarmed, he quietly went his way.

If we passed over a farm the fowls lost their heads. Larks and the smaller birds took no notice of us. During night flights the balloon was unnoticed by most birds, though occasionally a pheasant would spot it and give the alarm. As we drifted silently through the darkness we sometimes heard the long drawn out purr of the nightjar. This seems to be produced both when the bird takes in and lets out breath, as there is a distinct rise and fall of the note at regular intervals, and the purr seems to last too long to be produced in one breath. We heard also corncrakes, the screeches and hoots of owls, and the notes of the nightingale. One day we went up in a dense fog which extended to a height of 4,000 feet. Just before rising above it I noticed a stowaway—a fly! Picking it up carefully I put it overboard; but, not knowing where it was, it immediately returned to the balloon. I put it out again and it returned. After doing this a third time I let it remain. — *J.H.V.*



WE are much taken by the inexpensive Dutch weather glass that Messrs. Davidson (143 Great Portland Street, W.1.) have sent us. It is cheap, it cannot get out of order, and, being plain glass, may be hung anywhere unobtrusively. And we have seen much more of bird life by the use of their Sportbinocle, binoculars ingeniously mounted as spectacles, adjustable in various ways, and again, inexpensive. Need it be said that we were extremely popular on the day we received from Cadbury's a package of different sorts of chocolates, 'featuring' a new variety called 'Regent'? But Messrs Bayley made a bad shot (see COUNTRYMAN, page 41) when they sent the Editor a 'Chubby Shaving Stick'. It has been handed to 'Young Bill', who jumps out of bed singing every morning at the thought of using it.

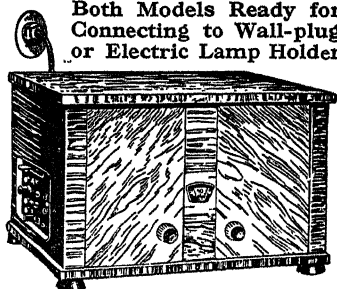


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The Countryman's Gramophone and Wireless

MY final conclusion, after I had ceased to be dazzled by the seething crowds and endless stands at the Wireless Show was that if one had bought a wireless receiver during the year one need not feel so very much out of date. The outstanding feature of the Show was reduction in price, or from another point of view, that one can now get a good deal more for one's money. There were, for instance, a variety of self-contained radio instruments, with moving coil loud-speaker, which were a new departure at round about 25 guineas. One such instrument, which has since justified the crowds that surrounded it, and is well worth attention, is a Marconiphone Model 42 self-contained three-valve radio receiver at 20 guineas. This is exceedingly good value for money and can be purchased on easy terms. Like most of the receivers at the Show, it works entirely off alternating current mains.

Philips's were not showing at Olympia, but they have this year introduced a remarkable new receiver which has caused favourable comment in the inner circles of the trade. This instrument, which is entirely self-contained, incorporates a moving coil speaker, and operates from alternating current mains. It is called the Super Inductance Five. At the price of about 22 guineas it has set a new standard in radio set values, and will give British manufacturers cause to think. There were very few battery-operated instruments at the exhibition, although Philips again, due, doubtless, to their almost international experience in marketing radio, have now introduced their model 2532 three-valve battery receiver at £10 - a very reasonable price.

One of the things that this year's Show produced, which appeals to those of us who bought instruments last year and rightly feel that the improvement in performance of this



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M.C.24

year's models does not justify us in replacing them by new ones, was a series of small moving coil loudspeakers with their own coupling transformer, which can be applied to practically any existing receiver without the need to buy additional components. Here again, the Marconiphone small loudspeaker model 132 at about £5 was a good proposition. It is sensitive, has an excellent range of reproduction, and the price is right. It is really extraordinary how many instruments, especially in the country, are working on loudspeakers which are frequently out of adjustment, in addition to being old fashioned. There are available some good, cheap loudspeakers which in many cases would enormously improve our sets.

On the gramophone side of the market the noteworthy development is the introduction of automatic record changing on radio-gramophones. The big gramophone firms are adopting a cautious policy with regard to the manufacture in bulk of the more expensive acoustic models owing, I suppose, to the popularity of the radio-gramophone. Still, those of us who are connoisseurs in the acoustic gramophone can always get the specialized service we want from such firms as E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones, some of whose instruments I have described. There has been practically no big advance in acoustic gramophone technique for some time, and we should be well advised, if we have a reasonably good gramophone, to hang on to it, as there are developments foreshadowed which may seriously modify gramophone practice.



IN any company interested in animals an hour might easily be spent in swapping stories about rats. Here is my tale. In a troopship during the Boer War six dozen bottles of mineral water in the lazarette were found to be only a half or a quarter full. The gas was gone. How? Rats had nibbled the cork just enough for the gas to escape and permit of the thirsty animals refreshing themselves. — J.F.



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Not even Classic's slow-burning curly cut can keep this fine tobacco alight as long as you would like. But it can—and does—give you an unusually slow, smooth, satisfying smoke . . . leaving no “dottle”—not an atom of unsmoked, unenjoyed tobacco in the bottom of the bowl. You'll like Classic for the bland goodness of its blend—and for the cut that makes this goodness last so long. Try an ounce to-day!

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1 OZ. 10½d.; 2 OZ. TINS 1/9; 1 LB. JARS 14/- (no charge for jar)

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*Never a Rise**by 'Salfario'*

AFTER a day on river or lake when you have had rises and yet caught no fish you are apt to return home irritated and annoyed. In spite of excuses that come readily enough to your mind you are still conscious that you had chances and for some reason or another missed them. Audibly you blame wind, or light or some kind of ill luck. Inwardly you blame yourself and your mind is a complex mixture of ifs and buts.

After a day when you have had no rises at all you (or, I do) return home hurt, amazed and dumb. This year brought me this unusual experience, unique in my thirty years of angling. In a lake which holds many trout and big ones, a lake which this year has yielded many noble trout, I fished during two whole days, consecutive days, in July, and never rose a fish. There were other anglers there on those two days and among the lot of us one fish was caught and that one on a minnow. We, the fly fishers, offered every reasonably attractive fly we could find time to select from well-filled fly books. We started early in the morning, it was midnight when we sat down to supper; and we got very wet.

Why should I remember those days rather than the days when I took as many as two dozen trout? I suppose because I can understand my being reasonably successful but I cannot understand not getting one single offer. Indeed there is nothing extraordinary in my catching a dozen trout. But, if you will believe me, it is astounding that I should catch none; it is amazing that I should not even get a rise. And because this happened I am glad for the season that has just passed. It has done me much good; as long as I angle I shall be a better angler for it.

The weather was against me I know; it is true no other angler was successful with the fly. All that matters not

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In CRAVEN "A" the actual FRESHNESS of Carreras' Packing Rooms is imprisoned within the Carton by the *patented* wrapper of moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" which SEALS-IN the natural moisture of manufacture and KEEPS-OUT every factor that might be harmful to fine smoking condition . . . Make the practical test of smoking CRAVEN "A" and prove that FRESHNESS makes a world of difference.

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Freshness
seal.

NO NEED TO TEAR

Give a starting push to the
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at all. The fact remains that for two days I was utterly and completely defeated.

Great singers have sung bad notes; the best batsmen have been bowled first ball; bowlers famous all the world over have been hit for six; scratch men have had 'fresh airs'; the most dashing forward has missed a sitter. And for two days I never rose a fish! I have been put back in my place, I have been taught my limitations, it has been made clear to me that I am not master of my sport. I am very glad.



Why I Like Being a Country Doctor

NO matter how isolated and inaccessible a labourer's cottage may be, sooner or later the night, usually a winter's night, will come when somebody will fall ill there. Then with gum boots, a mackintosh and stable lantern, the doctor must make his way to and down the cart tracks. Although, after a hard day of muddy lanes I am sometimes moved to envy the town doctor who has all his patients within a mile, I know I could never change places with him. I attain to a humanity of relationship with my patients. There's Bob Hands who broke his leg coming home from the auction mart, with a drop too much inside him. Or poor Mrs. Brown who has just gone to bed with her tenth ('an' that girt big husband o' hers oughter be ashamed o' hisself'). Or else 'that bad girl Millie Smith who's got herself into trouble again, and we hope she'll find a father for this one if she didn't for the last'. There is no more satisfactory person to treat in an illness than the agricultural labourer. He credits his doctor with wisdom. He has faith in his lightest utterance. The medicine has the power of a saint's relic. It goes every drop down his throat. He does not try to catch his doctor out with bits from 'The Household Physician' or 'The Family Doctor'. He is the easiest man in the world to cure, for he really wants to get better, and he detests being in bed. The country doctor settles in the country because he likes the countryside and country people. — A. J. H.

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*The old year is dying.
And when you are
wishing everyone a
Happy New Year—
remember this simple
way of getting one
yourself.*

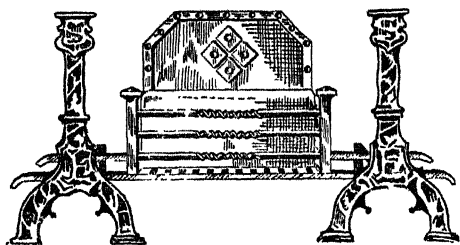
You will be happy if you are healthy

You will succeed— if you are not hampered by a system clogged by constipation. And, for over sixty years, doctors have recommended Eno's 'Fruit Salt' as a means of achieving this inner cleanliness. Eno in a natural, pleasant way, cleans and clears stagnant foodways of poisonous waste matter. That is why so many thousands of men and women can face this year, next year and the long years after, with blithe spirits and the courage which health brings.

*Eno costs 1s. 6d. and (double quantity) 2s. 6d.
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trade marks.*

*Revolution in the Village**by The Rector*

WE are familiar enough with bills announcing a whist drive, a concert or a dance. The walls of our barns often display posters of farm sales and livestock sales, printed, as they should be, in sober black. But the sudden appearance of bills in flaming red announcing a public meeting, to be held in the Village Institute, to arrange a tea for the children, caused no small stir. Who had issued it? No name was given. It caught the rector's eye, as he went to post his letters in the morning, and he felt that it was strange that he had not been consulted. The squire saw it and asked, 'By whose authority has this meeting been called?' The villagers understood that it had been issued by a committee of members of the corner-house club, a synonym for the Red Lion. The retainers of the squire thought that it was an insult to the squire's lady who had already issued her invitation to a tea and Christmas tree. The churchwardens felt that a blow had been struck at the rector, who was accustomed to entertain the children of his Sunday school. The Dissenters were grieved, for how could sweetness come forth from the Red Lion. From the meeting when it was held the squire stayed away, but the rector, backed up by his churchwardens, was present. The leading Dissenter, with his followers, was also conspicuous. A member of the corner-house club proposed that the chair should be taken by the rector, whom he commended as a sportsman, a statement in no sense true in the literal sense, but with a semblance of truth in the common acceptance of the term. The proposition was duly seconded and carried, and the rector, not at all at his ease, assumed the chair. He looked upon a gathering such as he had never seen before. The Red Lion party was in full strength, the Church party was well represented, the Dissenters were humbly sitting under his chairmanship. After some opening remarks of a non-committal character, he



Countryman's Comfort

LUCKY is the man whose labour or leisure may range over the whole outdoor pleasures of the countryside—and whose indoor hours are cheered by a kindly fireside

FLAVELS *of* LEAMINGTON

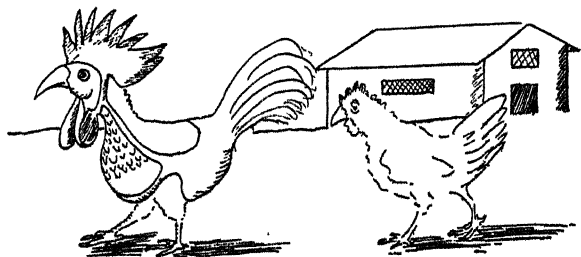
with a stove-making tradition dating back to 1777 can offer a range of designs to suit all periods—in hand-wrought reproductions and modern styles either from stock patterns or to clients' own designs.

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asked that somebody should offer a resolution. This brought a newcomer to the village to his feet. 'Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'we are not concerned with any teas that may or may not be given in this parish, and I beg to propose that a tea and Christmas tree be arranged for all the children whether they go to Sunday school or do not go to Sunday school, whether they belong to the Church or the Chapel, whether they belong to no Church or no Chapel.' The proposition was greeted with applause and carried by a large majority. The chairman remarked that he was delighted that the children should get an extra treat, but would like to know how the expenses were to be met. He was immediately informed that many promises in money and kind had already been made. For the first time in the history of the village the squire and the parson were deposed. The people themselves would raise the money and organize a tea and a treat for their own children. The squire sees in it the opening of the flood gates of democracy. The rector sees in it the passing of his leadership in village festivities. The Nonconformists see in it the dangerous power of the Red Lion. The rank and file of the villagers don't quite understand it. The children, God bless them, rejoice for they get an extra tea.

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE



23. *To Stop Fighting among your Pullets disguise some as Cockerels*



● Bramshill
Park, Hants,
residence of
Captain
Dentil Cope.

CENTRAL HEATING at HALF the COST FOR HOUSES LARGE and SMALL

ROOMS that are warm and cold in patches . . . bleak draughty passages and staircases; these are the results of 'room-by-room' heating. Central heating is the only solution; and here is central heating *without the drawbacks.*

McClary Warm Air Heating is an All-British central heating system on new, scientifically sound, lines. Working by 'convection' instead of by 'radiation,' its heat is more thorough, more even, and far pleasanter and healthier. The McClary system incorporates a single labour-saving furnace, which burns any fuel, but *it uses no water-pipes or radiators.* This is not only an advantage in appearance, in ease of installation, and in healthiness; it means a great saving of money. McClary heating is roughly half the price of ordinary central heating, complete installations costing from £45 inclusive.

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Investigate the McClary system now. It can be installed *at once* (for a small initial payment, if desired) without costly alterations, damage to masonry or other disturbance. And, when installed, you can be *certain* that your house, whatever its size, will always be comfortable, warm and draughtless.

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● *Captain D. Cope writes:*

'The heating system you put in has been a wonderful blessing here, and, though the house is very large, has kept us warm throughout. Also we have been spared the trouble, which has been so prevalent, of burst radiators and pipes.'

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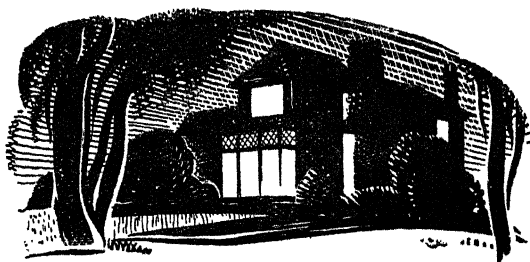
CHASE & Co. Ltd., 36 Wilton Pl., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

The Letters of a Candid Architect - 2

TURN your architect's attention to the first of your possible propositions. Show him your find of an old house and ask him to confirm your impressions. He must make a cursory examination of its aspect, approaches, accommodation, building condition, garden, water supply and drainage. If these are all satisfactory, all is well. But if one or other requires attention, obtain estimated costs of remodelling or repairing before you proceed further. Do not hurry. Avoid the panic most agents endeavour to cause by telling you they have somebody else after it. If you cannot have the property comfortably, let it go. There are other places with good soil and air.

The second of your propositions is to buy a building which can be adapted or extended. If this is an historic or specially architectural building, your task is difficult and throws upon you a responsibility. Old stone is hallowed and every effort should be made to preserve the beautiful. This is indeed a case for your architecturally-minded architect. Your commercial man is useless. With sufficient care it is always possible to solve a problem of preserving the archæological and æsthetic qualities of a building.

The property may be a fine one but modern. Then you are fortunate. A modern, well designed and well built house is likely to give you the convenience of up-to-date planning, the beauties of an architectural building and the comforts of scientific invention. Should you require to increase the accommodation or to modify its arrangements, you will find that it is difficult to handle a thoroughly worked out plan. To produce such a plan the designer has considered aspect, sun and winds, ventilation, position of fire-places and doors, proximity of offices, etc., and to alter the plan in any way at once upsets things. Of course it is always possible to solve your problems in one way or another, but



WHAT A DIFFERENCE THIS LIGHTING MAKES!

We have electric light now at "The Firs" and the house is quite changed. This great boon was not difficult to arrange. In a corner of the garage a compact little engine and dynamo make electricity, in return for a minimum of fuel and attention. The current is stored in Chloride Batteries until it is needed. The whole house is lighted, cleaned, even warmed, yet the cost has been comparatively small.

¶ Home electric lighting with Chloride Batteries is perfectly practical and thrifty. Indeed, the converted cottage can now be as readily supplied as the big baronial hall. It would be interesting to know what it would cost anyhow. Why not write to us for free and full particulars?

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if your building is good you cannot cut away and smash about as you can with an ugly one.

Your intended purchase may be of no architectural value at all. In this case you have a good chance. Do not attempt to harmonize your new work with the old. If your extensions are small there is a temptation to mar their quality in trying to avoid their conspicuousness by contrast with the old. Do not let this worry you. Two bads do not make a good. It is better that your new work should be attractive even though it contrasts with the existing. If your proposals are extensive, try to camouflage the old part by making the new prominent. Spread the new over the old like thick butter.

It will be difficult for you to find a house exactly to your liking, even though, as in the second of these propositions, a good deal of extension is necessary and you are prepared to pay for it. Make up your mind what particular character you want your house to have specially, and make all other considerations subservient. Unless you are extremely lucky or very easy to please the house that will suit you exactly will not appear, even though your requirements are broadcast. You should then get a site and build a house which will fulfil all you can ask of it. The great advantage is that you can put it just where you like. There is one important warning in building a new house: make sure you can understand a drawing. How often does it happen that a client 'did not think it was going to look like that'. Drawings are quite easy and should represent a subject accurately. All you have to do is to make your mind appreciate the difference between the actual and a proportionate representation, known in drawings as 'scale'. Get your architect to make you perspective sketches to help your imagination. Highly coloured and exhaustively finished perspective drawings are apt to be misleading. Rough models are a possibility. Strictly accurate ones may be expensive. You, as client, have a task in this undertaking. Don't expect miracles, and remember

THE REVIVAL of EMBROIDERY

Exquisite work, rivalling any of the historic pieces of the past, is being done both by private workers and by working groups. This renaissance of English embroidery is being enthusiastically welcomed by all who have the preservation of the traditional life and art of the country at heart.

Not a little of the credit for this revival belongs to the makers of the wide range of Embroidery Threads sold under the historic names of Clark and Coats. Clark's 'Anchor' Embroidery Threads and Coats' Mercer-Crochet have put at the disposal of workers threads of a very fine range of true and brilliant colours, reasonable in price, easy to work with and absolutely reliable in quality.

These threads will be found excellent for quilting, feather stitching, smocking, tent stitch, all kinds of embroidery and crochet.

Information gladly supplied to Secretaries of bodies likely to be interested in Embroidery. Shade cards of these threads may be seen at any good needlework shop or drapers.

Clark's 'Anchor' Stranded Cotton

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Clark & Co. Ltd. Paisley

J. & P. Coats Ltd. Paisley

that the fact that you are providing the money does not excuse your lethargy or unintelligence. If you cannot help, then state your requirements to your architect and go away for a holiday till he has produced the house. Don't forget to leave him some money if you are away for twelve months, because your architect would find progress stopped in a month if the exchequer was empty. Remember that if your contract stipulates successive payments up to 90 per cent of the value of the work done, you must not pay more, but you must not object to paying that, keeping in hand 10 per cent. A builder expects advances.



Wild Life and Tame

THE other day, at the Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes, I watched the elephants—mother, father, baby, and, I think, Grandpa. Baby was unhappy, had perhaps a tummy-ache, and whickered in a forlorn manner. Mother heard, turned, and lumbered quickly to the rescue. Father, listening to Grandpa, flapped an ear uneasily backward, and, at a second whicker, turned as if in a heavy sea, and joined the domestic party. Mother and father, consulting over Baby's head, now decided that a little exercise was the right treatment. They took Baby for a quarterdeck walk, up and down, and looked at each other with anxiety when baby, low down between them, plaintively expressed his suffering again. Grandpa, half-blind, huge, the colour of bleached earth, became aware that something was wrong. With heavy tread he approached the family party. He wanted to know what was wrong, and felt sure his experience could find a remedy. That could be seen by the pushing of his trunk between mother and father; but baby, entirely pre-occupied by the primaeval pangs of stomach-ache, wanted no experience, no tenderness, only relief. Grandpa was becoming a nuisance, and mother said as much to father. So father edged grandpa



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off to the other side of the enclosure, not without anxious backward glances at his wife and child, and there proceeded to comfort him. With his trunk at the end of Grandpa's trunk he nuzzled a little, then went up the trunk, and smoothed the anxious brow to right and to left, caressed the ears, and rubbed the back of the head. Then a soft, sensitive trunk-end rubbed slowly, backwards and forwards, down the spine, breathed over the flanks, came back to wreath grandpa's neck and withdrew. Then there was the sigh of the worker who has finished a job. I am a townswoman, and do not understand animals. However, I love them enough to resent the kind of book which tries to humanize them. Therefore, it is interesting to find a case in which the sequence of thinking, or feeling, or living, or whatever it is that makes beings *beings* is so like our own that the smallest French child noted it. '*Maman! Papa console Grand'père! Pauvre Grand'père, il a peur pour Jean-jean.*' — H.P.A.

THE article on the 'Art of Rat Catching' in the October issue prompts me to write of my twenty-five years' experience of ridding an old farm-house of rats and mice. All kinds of traps were tried. Dogs were efficacious for a time only. The remedy was found by getting two young neuter cats, feeding them well, giving them the run of the whole house from cellar to attics, and everybody making friends with them so that they were never shy of anybody. The kitchen window was always left open at nights; if the cats were out and it came on to rain they liked to return to shelter. They soon started hunting and in a very few weeks the house and the farm buildings around were completely cleared of vermin. This policy has been continued ever since with most satisfactory results. At the time the cats were installed the estate upon which the house stood paid one penny for each rat's tail handed in. This was the perquisite of the gardener, once I asked him what he got a week, his reply was, 'Never less than 2s. and often 3s. per week.' — H.R.



A Polished Performance

Indeed a premiere danseuse — little Miss Brasso. Light and bright and wonderfully easy. Upstairs and downstairs she performs a dozen duties in bringing brightness to the home. Her deft touch kindles the poetry of brass, sets the soft gleams dancing, turns a simple ornament into a delightful treasure.

BRASSO

RECKITT AND SONS, LTD., HULL AND LONDON

*Country House Catering - 8. Soups**by An Innkeeper's Daughter*

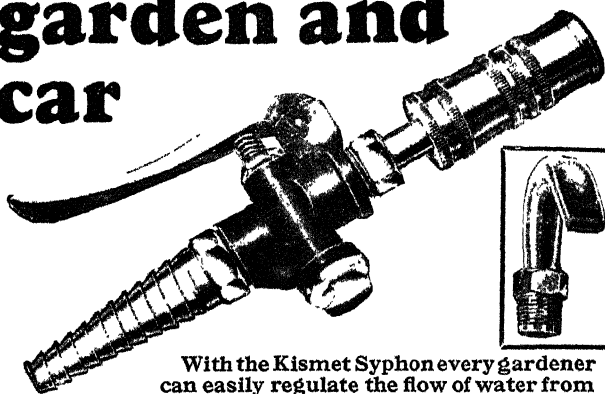
A FRENCH chef who has made a good deal of money in England by praising his native cuisine and sneering at English cooks and cookery says, 'There does not seem to be in England a national and autochthonous soup.' This is sheer ignorance. Whether we consider England by itself or use the word to embrace Scotland, Wales and Ireland we can pride ourselves on some remarkably good traditional national soups. What about cock-a-leekie, which Talleyrand praised, not to mention Scotch broth, mock turtle, pea soup, onion soup, hare soup, pigeon soup, mutton broth, beef tea, sheep's head broth, plum pottage, green pea soup and many others to say nothing of the far-famed turtle soup of London? I could give you from a cookery book I have that was written in 1399 or thereabouts and was printed by the Society of Antiquaries in 1790, over a dozen good 'receipts' for meat soups, game soups, herb soups and cereal soups. It is bound up with the 'Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household made in Divers Reigns from King Edward III to King William and Queen Mary'. All the soups are suitable for the country.

Frumenty Soup, the first given in the book, is an excellent example - frumenty is one of our oldest foods, probably pre-historic:

Prepare the wheat as you would for frumenty, and when it is cold put some in a pot, add good broth to it and cow's milk or milk of almonds, and colour it with a little browning; finally take raw yolks of eggs, beat them well, and add them to the soup, but don't let it boil afterwards.

Now that is really quite a delicious modern creamy soup if you are a good enough cook to judge the right proportion. But the original receipt has a weird look because wheat is spelt 'qwete' and eggs are printed 'eyren' and raw yolks are 'raw zolkes'.

One hose jet for garden and car



With the Kismet Syphon every gardener can easily regulate the flow of water from his hose, from a strong, long distance jet to a medium spray suitable for lawns, flower beds and so on, or to a fine misty spray needed for seedlings.

Price complete with interchangeable nozzle

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The same adjustable device permits him also to wash windows and to high pressure wash his car in his own garage - while an easily interchangeable nozzle provides him with a non-splashing radiator filler.

An important feature of the Kismet Syphon is its one-hand control. Water can be shut off or turned on merely by pressing or releasing a simple hand grip control. *British made throughout.*

KISMET SYPHON

Obtainable at any garage or from the sole manufacturers and patentees

WILLIAM TURNER & BRO. LTD.,
Pneumatic Engineers, Eyre Works, Eyre Lane, Sheffield.

Bean Soup

Take beans and dry them in the oven, and grind them in a mill and winnow out the hulls and wash them clean, and do them in a pot and simmer them in water and add good broth to them, and some bacon.

Don't tell me we have no national soups! It is quite time we began to take a pride in our own fine traditional national kitchen. The latest thing is that a Scottish woman is preparing a scheme for sending English cookery students abroad to finish at cookery schools on the Continent 'to improve our national cuisine'! Hungary is mentioned as having already agreed to take part in the scheme! It is a hideous idea to attempt to impose the cookery of any other nation on our own. One of the reasons why there is so much bad cookery in England is because for the last seventy years French cookery has been spoken of as the best in the world, and ignorant people have tried to copy it. It is, in fact, the men and women who have risen from the lower ranks of society who are so enthusiastic about foreign cookery. This enthusiasm for it stamps them with their humble origin. They don't know any better! They are not accustomed to good English cookery in their own homes; then they 'get on in the world', take a foreign holiday and return convinced that there is nothing in their own land to equal Continental cookery! They have never known what good English or Scottish cookery* really is, because they have never been guests or servants in the great houses of Britain or sojourners in good old English inns where it was to be found before the French invasion of 1848. Can anything beat

Cock-a-Leekie. This is Meg Dods' 'receipt', not my own; but I must give it, because nothing can beat it. Mistress Margaret Dods of the Cleikum Inn was Mrs. Johnstone who lived in Edinburgh and knew Sir Walter Scott. This

**The Scots Kitchen* (Blackie, pp. 259, 7s. 6d.) is a piquant volume of priceless recipes which range from venison pasty and spiced salmon with cranberry tart and cream, to stovies, skirlie and rumblede thumps.

Worms in Dogs

Dogs of all ages and Breeds are subject to worms.

They are a fertile source of disease in the Dog and should have immediate treatment.



NALDIRE'S WORM POWDERS

Safely remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs.

WORMS IN A FOX-TERRIER.

The Cottage, Sandhills, Walsall,

March 3rd, 1887.

Please send me one of Naldire's Worm Powders. I consider them splendid. I had a Fox Terrier almost dead last Sunday, and got one of your Powders from a friend, and in fifteen minutes after the dog had it, she passed a tapeworm almost 60 feet in length.

Frank J. Brown.

Of Chemists and Stores. 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 3d. & 5s. 6d., with full directions for use.

NALDIRE'S PRIZE MEDAL DOG SOAP

Guaranteed free from Carbolic Acid and all other poisons.

A weekly wash with Naldire's Dog Soap will destroy all Irritating Insects, remove Doggy Smell, improve the Coat, and leave the animal Refreshed and Happy

Tablets, 8d. and 1s. 4d. of Chemists and Stores.

If unable to obtain either of above send P.O. to

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23 PANTON STREET LONDON, S.W.1

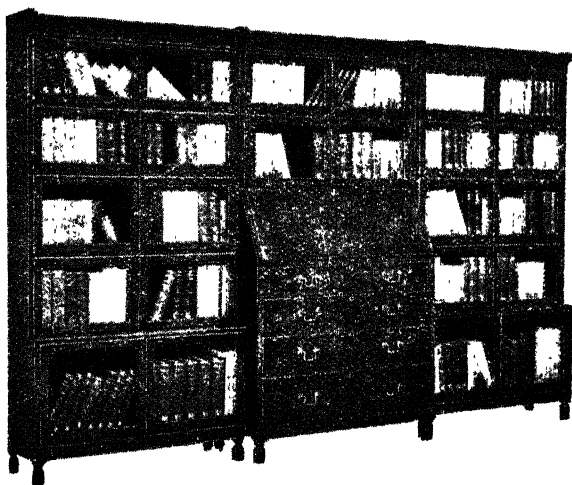
cookery book is delightful, but much of its unique charm lies in the preface, 'The Institution of the Cleikum Club' and the racy notes which Sir Walter wrote, like the great generous soul he was, always ready to help a fellow writer. Mrs. Johnstone was editor of 'Taites' magazine. I speak with authority because when I was a young girl I knew very well indeed a godson of Sir Walter Scott, the Rev. Walter Scott Dumergue, vicar of Fareham, Hants, who was twelve years old when his godfather died and remembered him well. But here is the recipe:

Boil 4 to 6 lbs. shin of beef well broken, till the liquor is very good. Strain it, put to it a capon or large fowl, trussed as for boiling, and when the broth boils add half the quantity of blanched leeks you are going to use, well cleaned and cut into one inch lengths. Skim this carefully. In half an hour add the remaining part of the leeks and a seasoning of pepper and salt. The soup must be very thick of leeks and the first part of these must be boiled down into the soup till it becomes a green lubricous compound. Sometimes the capon is served in the tureen with the cock-a-leekie. This makes good leek soup with a fowl. Some people thicken cock-a-leekie with the fine part of oatmeal. Prunes used to be put in this soup, but the practice is now obsolete (1826).

Nevertheless Talleyrand approved of their being added. It is quite true they were a feature of the original soup. A recipe is given by Mrs. Mac Iver whose cookery book was published in 1773. This is now rare, but a copy of it has been lent me by her great-great-granddaughter. Mrs. Mac Iver's story is romantic. She was a Mackenzie and the property of her father (a Highland Laird) was confiscated because he supported Prince Charlie. His daughter therefore turned her gift for cookery and other domestic arts to account by teaching them in Edinburgh. This is

Mrs. Mac Iver's Leek Soup

Take large leeks, according to the dish you intend, cut them about an inch long, with as much of the tender green as you can; throw them into the water as you cut them; then cut some slices of bread, neither too thick nor too thin; put some butter into a frying-pan; when it boils cut the bread into square pieces, lay them in, and brown them on both sides; have some prunes ready washed; take the leeks out of the first



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water, and wash them through another; have as much water boiling in a pan as will cover your materials; throw them all into it, and season it with salt and mixed spices when the leeks are enough done, your soup is ready.



Our Readers' Motoring Tales

I WAS speeding up to climb the Rest and be Thankful, that terrible hill which is the gateway into beautiful Argyle, when I saw him. He was sitting at the roadside tying a white rag round his foot. It was his red hair I noticed first, then his no less red face. After a glance at his hiking kit, I saw the boot he had taken off. It had been a boot. I stopped, and was rewarded by a twinkle from the bluest eyes I have ever seen. 'Going far?' I asked. 'Just past Inverary.' I gasped. 'Do you know that's thirty miles on?' 'Aye,' came the laconic reply, as he tied a neat reef knot in the rag and pulled on a holey sock. 'Like a lift?' He picked up his boot and jumped in. 'Motorin's no' hard on the feet,' he grinned, as the car climbed. I asked if his experience had not cured him of hiking. 'I'm no' a hiker, mon,' he replied, 'I'm a cyclist, only ma bike bust last week, and I had no' eneuch to mend it; but I couldna spend the week-end i' Glasgow, when I'd a chance o' seeing ma mountains.' 'And when did you start?' 'I left Glasgow Friday night.' This was Sunday noon. 'Find it an expensive journey?' 'I started with seven shillin' and I've five and tenpence ha'penny left. I've paid for all my grub, and I can get a bus part way back. By! Noo that's a gran' sight, yon.' He was looking down into the wonderful pass we had just ascended.—D.A.



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Or

Then, lowing as they loitered home, the cows
 Came swaying up the lane.

ONE sure hand only writes with this simplicity and truth. They are lines taken at random from the Laureate's new volume of versions of history, legend and fairy-tale. In its scope *Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes* (Heinemann, pp. 268, 7s. 6d.) is not within the sphere of *THE COUNTRYMAN*, but so fine a countryman as John Masefield cannot write a book of any kind without giving other countrymen pleasure. 'Poetry', says our neighbour on Boar's Hill, in his exquisite little book, *Poetry* (Heinemann, pp. 63, 3s. 6d.), 'is made by men of special intelligence, some inborn gift or aptitude, ripened by design.' So penetrating is their illumination that 'in it the littlest thing, the grain of sand, the flower of a weed, or the plume upon a moth's wing are evidences of the depth and beauty and Unity of Life'. — Some of our readers who remember the quality of the prosody in 'The Sands of Egypt', with which Phyllis Hartnoll won the Newdigate, will like to read her *Twenty Poems* (Blackwell, pp. 28, 2s.). In 'Stillness before Snow' she writes:

Nothing stirs but a bird, precariously swinging,
 That now on the branch alighted whistles low,
 And rises to one clear note so sharp and silvered
 That it pierces the clouds like a lance and releases the snow.

Julian Huxley's *What Dare I Think?* (Chatto and Windus, pp. 280, 7s. 6d.) will be warmly welcomed by many countrymen and countrywomen. While they acknowledge thankfully the advantages of rural life, they do miss some of the

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Autobiography.—Lord Latymer's *Chances and Changes* (Blackwood, pp. 336, 10s. 6d.), reminiscent in its title of H. W. Nevinson's 'Changes and Chances', is an historically valuable account of the life of a country gentleman. To write an autobiography of this kind in an interesting and modest way is not easy and Lord Latymer has been successful. The chapter, 'Riding Home', is excellent. On sport Lord Latymer is unequivocal. 'Man has an undoubted right to use the birds and beasts for his amusement and entertainment, provided always that death is inflicted with a minimum of suffering.' As to hunting, he wonders how farmers stand the big fields of to-day. — *Inheritance, being the first book of an Autobiography*, by John Drinkwater (Benn, pp. 205, illus., 10s. 6d.) is wholly excellent. 'If put to it', writes the author, who comes from THE COUNTRYMAN country, 'I could still drive a plough or build a sheep-fold or load a wagon'. He is of a line of farmers, publicans, coachmen and coachmasters, and many of them were men to have known. This is the kind of thing: 'It seemed, rather, that next Sunday would hardly find him still master of his own farm. He was, in fact, quite substantial, and as happy as most men, but he cherished the coming dissolution of his fortune as a saint his repentance. The weather was the durndest that had ever plagued mortal man, hay wouldn't pay for carting, beasts were doing no good on cake at £6 per ton, wages — 11s. a week — were out of all sense, manure was up, mutton down, and in general, the fly was very extensively on the turnip.' Mr. Drinkwater once saw a fox 'suddenly double on his track when the nearest hound was within striking distance, drive clean through the pack in full cry, and get away'. — In the 2½ lbs. of *Memoirs of Prince von Bülow*



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(Putnam, pp. 534, 25s.) our proper interests are not excited until p. 208 : 'As Chancellor I never missed my daily gallop; I have never yet sold a horse; when they got too old I pensioned them off.' As Chancellor he not only rode; he gave up tobacco, coffee and liquors, and adopted a daily gymnastic exercise which lasted thirty-five minutes. 'Even now in my old age I do Exercise 33 (double knee-bend with closed heels on tiptoe with vertical body) twenty-five times every morning.' But on reading through this massive volume we see that its true object is to make us thank our lucky stars that we are not in high politics but in the country. Was ever the silliness, and worse, of exalted personages and their factotums more ruthlessly bared? A book which is well written and very well worth reading.

The Village.—Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Elmhirst have backed many good rural causes, but have never done better service than in making possible the preparation of a compact and discerning little survey called *English Village Schools* by Margery Wise (Hogarth Press, pp. 159, 5s). Every word in *England's Green and Pleasant Land* about the structural condition of so many rural schools is borne out. Once more we have the reminder that there are more than 7,000 teachers who have no other qualification, on paper, for teaching than that they are '18 and vaccinated'. How is it that Scotland 'manages to have all trained teachers, both heads and assistants'? In England and Wales no more than a third of the girl children get the chance of learning cookery. 'It is rather a sweeping statement,' says the author, 'but the well-being of the children seems to increase where the farms are smaller.' The book does not overlook housing: 'one has to live without a tap for a little while to realize. . . ' etc. The author agrees with Sir George Newman in thinking that it is not so much technical instruction as 'informed humanism' that is needed in rural education.—In *The Country Child* by Alison Uttley (Faber and Faber, pp. 288, 7s. 6d.) life on a Cheshire farm fifty years ago is pictured

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as George Bourne might have done it. It is a book out of the common which stirs memories, and we shall look for an account of Susan in her teens and twenties.—We wish we could write more sympathetically of the work of T. F. Powys, for he has feeling and imagination and power. But in *Unclay* (Chatto and Windus, pp. 343, 7s. 6d.) it is almost the very same thing over again as in his other books. Except of course, that it is Death this time stalking the village, instead of God the wine merchant, or another. We know as much as most about the mean and the gross in rural life, but it has other qualities or we should not live in the country and be of good hope. A book or two in one fashion may be well enough, but a continuation is boresome and, as we think, the author's fashion being as it is, reprehensible.

Natural History.—The translation of Professor Konrad Guenther's *Naturalist in Brazil* (Allen and Unwin, pp. 400, 141 illus., 25s.) gives us a most readable book by a man of charming personality. A naturalist through and through, he kept in his room, at one time, when he was pestologizing for the State of Pernambuco, a boa constrictor — which 'became so tame that I parted from it with regret'—a coral snake, lizards and frogs. Outside his windows he had 'armadillos, marsupials, bird spiders and insects of every kind'. His way was always to keep creatures a few weeks 'and then release them'. In all his travels he 'refrained from firing a shot'. He declares that the danger from 'wild beasts' is ridiculously exaggerated. Jaguars and pumas did not prevent him 'wandering all day long and even by night through forest, jungle and plain'. 'Dangerous wild animals are found only in the books of juvenile fiction.' He is interested in the minutiae of the lives of human beings as well as of animals, 'The Brazilians prefer to eat fruit in their bath, for there the juice cannot spoil their clothes'.—In his book *The Grey Squirrel* (Sidgwick and Jackson, pp. 115, 8 illus., 4s. 6d.) A. D. Middleton brings together all that

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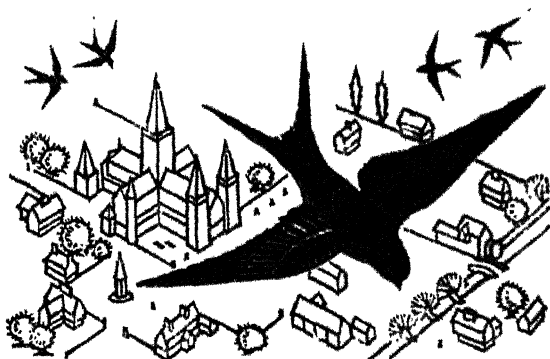
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is known about a creature which has become increasingly unwelcome because 'from its widespread distribution it will at the next period of increase become a plague'.— It is good to see a new, revised and augmented edition of Sir Herbert Maxwell's acceptable *Memories of the Months* (MacLehose, pp. 319, 6s.).— At a time when so much is written about silver fox farming the translation of Mikkjel Fonhus's *Faampa, the Silver Fox* (Putnam, pp. 244, illus., 2 dols. 50), has timeliness. Fonhus is a popular Norwegian hunter and fisherman author, and the story, which is of a fox that was captured and set free, is undoubtedly true to life.— Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, we have all known about, but Jenner the naturalist, Jenner on the ways of the cuckoo, has less repute, and so F. Dawtrey Drewitt's little *Life* (Longmans, pp. 135, 6s.) has point.— Readers who have delighted in the writings of H. W. Timperley will understand just how pleasant a thing he has made of his *Cotswold Book* (Cape, pp. 256, 8s. 6d.), and he is supported by L. S. Lowry's twelve arresting drawings. To Idbury camp he gives three pages. If he had looked in on us we could have told him that according to one old villager, recently deceased, its earthworks, now plough land, were reduced in his time, by removal of material for the roads and by ploughing, from the height of a one-storey cottage. We might also have mentioned some 'remains' that await skilful investigation.— There is no confining the Kelway family within its famous 'borders', and now Phyllis Kelway comes out with ever such a nice children's book, *Furry Creatures of Wood and River* (Harrap, pp. 94), which can be had for 1s. 6d. and 1s.— The photograph in the frontispiece and the autograph on the title page of *Stubby, the Story of a Cat as Told by Himself* (Epworth Press, pp. 149, 3s. 6d.) leave no doubt at all, of course, about the authorship.

Gardening.— *A Diary of a Scotch Gardener at the French Court at the end of the Eighteenth Century*, by Thomas Blaikie, edited by Francis Birrell (Routledge, pp. 268,



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illus., 10s. 6d.) shows the author to have been a 'character'. Otherwise he would never have had the chance of chatting with Marie Antoinette and other notabilities, and got the patrons he did for the 'English' garden. It was a time of 'shrouded arbours and shady walks and Chinese pagodas, Egyptian obelisks, Greek ruins, hermits and grottoes'. Josephine's residence was laid out by Blaikie and 'richly stocked with trees and shrubs from London'.— *The Gardener's Chapbook*, edited by E. H. M. Cox (Chatto and Windus, pp. 267, 7s. 6d.) starts off with an anthology, then gives itself to herbs and simples, next treats of forgotten plants, proceeds to perfumes and pot pourri, becomes learned in hints to the housewife on fruits, vegetables and salads, recites garden proverbs, provides a list of English names of the garden and woodland with their Latin equivalents, and winds up with a calendar of work with blank pages providing a line for every day in the year.— *Leaves from Gerard's Herball* (Howe, pp. 312, 7s. 6d.) is a well-produced edition, at a reasonable price, which preserves all Gerard's 'sly humour and well-flavoured English', re-arranged by Marcus Woodward as a garden calendar, and set off with 130 illustrations after the original woodcuts.

Horses and Hunting.— In *Hillingdon Hall* Jorrocks is away from the hunting field and we get an inkling of what rural life was really like, in many aspects, in the eighteenth-forties. We see Jorrocks not only J.P. but M.P. What the author does not tell us or our imagination supply is provided in the coloured illustrations of Wildrake, Heath and Jellicoe. This desirable limited edition (Harrap, pp. 532, 25s.) has the advantage of an introduction by Siegfried Sassoon.— Two works with colour illustrations are *Thoughts upon Hare and Fox Hunting* 'with ample directions for erecting a kennel, the management of hounds and the duties and qualifications of a huntsman and whipper-in', by Peter Beckford, temp. 1779 (Cape, pp. 327, 15s.) and *Racecourse and Hunting Field*, containing Sir Francis Doyle's poem,

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Angling. – Of *Where the Spring Salmon Run*, by Patrick R. Chalmers (Allen, pp. 242, 12s. 6d.) it has simply to be said that it is difficult to imagine a better salmon book. But there can be few of our readers who do not know this delightful author’s manner and substance. The illustrations of rivers are remarkable: they are actually of the different waters, not of scenery. – Those of us who liked Hugh Sheringham will be glad that his memory is preserved in a fine quarto, *The Book of the Fly Rod* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, pp. 229, £6 6s. and 45s. editions, 3 plates in colour-collotype and 8 in black and white by George Sheringham). It is a work of value, by seventeen well-known hands, on which he made a start only. His friend, John C. Moore, has finished it. The contributors take us in due course to Norway and North America and to sea. G. C. Pollock’s ‘Memory’ of H.T.S. is excellent. – The combination, as introduction writer, of Henry Williamson, who has two miles of a Devon trout stream, and Arthur Rackham as illustrator, has produced a particularly pleasing edition of *The Compleat Angler* (Harrap, pp. 224, 15s.). Besides decorations in black and white there are a dozen illustrations in colour. Mr. Williamson deals faithfully with the classic. Form and style are not ‘such as we could lose ourselves in it’. Further, ‘Mr. Walton will write a better book when he learns the art of selection, the art of compression, the art of construction’!

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Prospectuses of the above books will gladly be sent on application (mentioning THE COUNTRYMAN) to George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd., 39 Parker Street, London, W.C.2. Also new illustrated Christmas Catalogue, which includes many books for young people and children.

Trials, by H. W. Carlton, *The Whole Art of Setter Training* by R. L. Rowell and *Working Terriers and Badgers and Badger Digging* by H. H. King, the first-named being in a fifth edition, and all three the work of men of skill and experience. Mr. King believes that 'the amount of harm two or three badgers cause in a year in game coverts and on adjoining farms is very small indeed, and is more than offset by the good they do'. He thinks it 'almost an act of barbarism to destroy an earth which may have been used by badgers when knights wore armour'. In digging out a badger 'on no account should tongs or any other implement be used'; 'if no man is deft enough to tail it then it should be considered to have won the day; no dig should be continued into the second day, and a captured badger should be released, if in any way possible that night, for it is miserable in captivity'.—*The Early Life and Training of a Gundog* by Lt.-Colonel G. H. Badcock (Watmoughs, Idle, Bradford, pp. 115, 3s. 6d.) with portrait of the author and a preface by Lord Lonsdale, strikes us as the model of what such a book should be.

Travel.—Three points about *Tramping through Wales* (Dent, pp. 224, 6s.) by John C. Moore, whose rural novels we have reviewed, are that he did have adventures—as when he took on, for two rounds, the boxer at a fair—that he saw remote Wales with the advantage of speaking Welsh, and that 'none of the characters are imaginary'. The reader may not always share the author's point of view, but the chronicle is spirited, candid and vigorously written. Alas, it is recorded that 'at about fifty per cent of the hotels I stayed at a thing which struck me was the general slackness, incompetence and unfriendliness'.—That successful book by Thomas Burke, successful because of its abounding merit, *The English Inn*, is now issued in a large illustrated edition, two dozen famous inns having their wonderful exteriors shown us in photographs. (Longmans, pp. 208, 7s. 6d.).—*The Story of the Road from the Beginning down*

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the farmer folk 'had barely enough food to keep them in good health and in bad ones they were nearly all seriously underfed'. — *South Mymms: The Story of a Parish*, by F. Brittain, with a preface by 'Q' (Heffer, pp. 192, 19 illus., 10s. 6d.) is a model of a parish history. 'Poor to Let' — tender accepted, £645 — was an advertisement to be seen in the county paper three years only before Queen Victoria came to the throne. Some local names date back more than three centuries. But the book is not all ancient history. 'A farmer in the parish tells me that he recently collected over forty discarded newspapers from one of his fields in a few minutes.' — *Is God a Frenchman? or the Gospel of St. Joan* (Cape, pp. 303, 10s. 6d.) is a translation of a German writer who cleverly and suggestively, but somewhat too elaborately, writes a warmly appreciative account of France because her 'questionable position from a national, political and social point of view must not mislead us into believing that we can dispense with her or shape our lives without her.' French cobblers are 'unable to put a patch on properly or within the required time but make up for it by shutting up shop for the whole of August and going into the country to fish.' A book which marks the points of sympathy and profound disagreement between forward-looking people in the Latin and non-Latin countries.

Agriculture. — It is not everybody who has been to see in the British Museum a small, frail volume, the paper soft and thin, the thick dark ink soaked through the pages a little, but the black letter type still clear and fresh, the whole book in perfect condition and clean, that gives the impression that it could live quite happily in the kitchen drawer or behind the clock. It is the 'A Hundred Good Points of Husbandry', of Thomas Tusser, who wrote four and a quarter centuries ago. In *Thomas Tusser: His Farming in East Anglia*, collated and edited by Dorothy Hartley ('Country Life', pp. 195, 21s.) we have brought together, in addition to a facsimile, the best of the thousand points to which the wise,

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Plays. — We noted the quality of *Everyman of Every Street*. Now the author, Mary D. Stocks, has produced, for the Manchester University Settlement, *King Herod: A Nativity Play* (Sidgwick and Jackson, pp. 53, 3s. 6d.) with necessary illustrations for costumes. — *The Tale of a Cat* by Salaman (Allen and Unwin, pp. 36, 5s.) contains four plays of country life for rural audiences which are above the usual level of such writing.

Sir Charles Bright has had the kind thought of getting together in a book a statement of the claims of nearly fifty good causes. The first is the League of Nations Union and the last the Professional Classes Aid Council. A useful volume if only for the addresses, the need for which led us to start our Countryman's Directory.

Young people who know Arthur Ransome's 'Swallows and Amazons' will shriek with pleasure on hearing that the author has now produced a book called *Swallowdale* (Cape, pp. 453, illus., 7s. 6d.) in which the Swallows and the Amazons meet once more on Wild Cat Island (see map).

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by Treves as 'adrift in a duller country'. We were in the main street in driving dust. The caravan shook in the wind. A man working on the road bought a dictionary and another man bought a book on pot plants. But most of our customers were women and children . . . A farmer said that his farm was small and scattered and did not pay, but anything 'on your own like is better than working for other people, you can put more heart into it' . . . Two little boys fetched poultry books for 'our dad' and a small girl came for a cookery book . . . Heavy rains in the night. An abundance of letters which are one of the chief joys of life . . . We crossed a glorious and vivid heath. At M. the grocer bought a novel; wanted Hardy . . . Drove through a brilliant country with gigantically massed clouds sailing in a sky of gold . . . Friends came into the caravan and talked most of the evening . . . Terrific struggle to get out of the field . . . In the evening the family from the big farm bought several books . . . Violent struggles to leave a hay field. Finally three men heard the appeal of the horn and gave a push from behind . . . The schoolchildren were marshalled into the caravan by the mistress and when they had chosen penny books they were sent home to fetch the money. Two little girls were firmly dismissed minus books because their grandmother was said to burn them . . . While I went out to tea I left a small boy in charge of the stall with the children's penny and threepenny books. When I came back he proudly handed over the money to me and said, 'I've even sold a threepenny book to the policeman's wife' . . . All my spare time has been spent haymaking with the rest of the village . . . A golden and lovely day - the hedges laden with wild roses and the air heavy with the drowsy sound of greenfinches and the scent of hayfields . . . J. arrived and we were talking so hard that we missed the road and found ourselves in a narrow steep wet little lane. Several hours later a horse and four men helped us out . . . The woman at the inn gave us strawberries and gooseberries.- *R.M.N.*

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THE plantings of the Forestry Commission (20,000 acres a year) are largely of softwoods (coniferous trees). I cannot see where our future supplies of home-grown timbers, such as oak, ash, and walnut, are to come from. Already prime English oak fetches a good price and first quality English ash for sports goods is so scarce that a tennis racquet manufacturer is loth to let you know the source of his supplies. I believe that at the present time, when even good industrial securities are looked at askance, there are few ways in which money could be more securely invested than in purchasing a piece of suitable land and planting it with young ash. Until some of our big new plantations are ready for the axe, home-grown timber, produced in small quantities by comparatively highly paid labour, cannot hope to compete for a large share of the building and joinery work with the material produced on a tremendous scale in Canada, Russia, and the Baltic countries; but there are a hundred and one minor uses for which local specialised demands exist. Both in agriculture and in forestry the hope for the English producer lies much more in catering for a trade with specialized articles than in the mass production of staple commodities. A timber merchant whom I know, recently sold for £30 a single fine log of sycamore. I have seen the owner of a small business concern in the West of England making saw handles out of old apple logs. Numberless small articles that are made from wood, can and should be made from English wood. Surely there are many estates where it would be profitable to run a small woodworking business, utilising the timber produced on the estate, and providing employment for some estate labour during the winter. The turning out of small articles such as chair legs can be carried out in a man's home as a spare time job. There is always a certain demand for gates and fencing, which may be creosoted,

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on the estate. Owing to disease and other factors there is a serious shortage of the cricket bat willow, a quickly maturing crop. The extended use of preservatives, which increase the life of wood tenfold, is enabling timber to hold its own with materials formerly considered far more durable. Properly creosoted beech will outlast larch and other woods far more durable naturally.

Local Government and Administration

ON what conditions should an appointment be made to the chairmanship of quarter sessions? A subscriber in the Midlands draws attention to the importance of the office being held for periods of three years only.

BY-LAWS for preventing the exhibition of disfiguring advertisements are in force in every English county but one, and every Welsh county but three; and by-laws controlling petrol filling stations are in course of being made by many county councils, and have actually been brought into operation by thirteen, including, among the Home Counties, Berkshire, Hertfordshire and Oxfordshire. The details of these by-laws are somewhat complicated, but information about them can be had from the Scapa Society (71 Eccleston Square, S.W.1). By-laws against litter and the uprooting of wild flowers and plants are also in force in many counties. Several county councils consider the question of disfigurement of sufficient importance to appoint special sub-committees to deal with it.

UNDER the petrol stations by-laws, everyone intending to erect a station must submit plans to the authority beforehand, and this gives the local authority due warning and opportunity to enforce its view; but it is a weakness in the advertisements regulations that while the local authority can require an unsightly advertisement to be taken down, it cannot do this until it has actually been put up, and the

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WITH reference to our note on adoption in a village, a subscriber, who is a juvenile court magistrate and has had considerable experience on two benches in adoption cases, emphasizes the important point that an adopted child must be specifically mentioned by name in any will made by the adopter. 'If the adopter makes a will leaving his money to "his child", and this adopted child is the only child, it will get nothing. If he leaves a will leaving his money to "his children", and the adopted child is one of the children, and his or her name is not specially mentioned, the adopted child will get nothing.'

READERS who have any responsibility in connection with casuals must read the sane, informed and moving book, *The Tramp*, by Frank Gray, formerly member for Oxford. (Dent, pp. 278, illus., 7s. 6d.). Here the whole problem is envisaged by a man who has not hesitated to disguise himself and stay in casual wards. As our readers know from a recent article of his, he has a noble record for the reclamation of young tramps, to whom he gives remarkable freedom at Shipton Manor. His ten conclusions, beginning with a national, not a local treatment of the problem, will appeal to men and women of experience. The master of a well-known poor-law institution who was speaking to us with high approval of this book, mentioned that though he had to deal with 9000 tramps this last year, he had trouble over the bath with one man only.



COOK to butcher's boy at the kitchen door: 'Be careful to copy the order properly; you got it wrong last week.' 'I've got it: Bones for dog, liver for cat, chops for them.'

OUTWARD-HO

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Crofter and Shoemaker

ALEXANDER KELMAN, crofter and shoemaker, who passed away the other month at the age of 90, at Cairncake, Monquhitter, Aberdeenshire, was a shoemaker for over 75 years and was soling and repairing for some of his old customers shortly before his death. Alexander's mother had cut the oats on his twelve-acre croft with the reaping-hook, and Alexander had used the flail. In his boyhood, fields were unfenced and herds were employed on every farm. There was a fold or enclosure into which the cattle were turned for the night, if not housed in the byres. But otherwise there were but the open fields, divided into five shifts, generally with an outrun of permanent pasture, whins and heather. Kelman saw large tracts of heather and waste brought into cultivation, fields fenced or walled with rubble, or turf, and the old thatched hovels that for ages did duty as dwellings, swept away.

Kelman remembered the time when handlooms were busy, and there were scores of country tailors, shoemakers, joiners, blacksmiths and stone masons. He continued to make hand-sewn boots and shoes for a few old customers who would accept no other footwear, but had it not been for his croft he would not have made ends meet. In the heyday of country shoemaking his father and he had three or four journeymen. He remembered when a journeyman was paid 2s. for making a pair of heavy ploughman boots, a two days' job. The fastest worker he ever saw was a tramp shoemaker who would make and finish excellently a pair of heavy boots in a day of some twelve hours. But whisky was cheap, and Auld would not work while his pockets jingled. Kelman's recollections ranged between the days of the soft leather brogues and boots without shape that were worn on right foot and left alternately, to the coming of the German last over fifty years ago.

The memory of the old man also went back to the time



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THE COUNTRYMAN

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when vagabonds and packmen carried the local gossip and scraps of world news from door to door, and were made welcome. People thought nothing of a journey of thirty miles on foot. Oxen were largely employed in ploughing. They were fattened on the summer pastures for sale at four and five years old and were sometimes beasts of great size. — J.W.



The Wassailing of Apple Trees

by Lady (Alice) Acland

MY husband, Arthur Acland (born in 1847 of Devonshire folk) told me of this rite. At the season when the evenings begin to close in early, so that the flashing of lights among the apple trees was very vivid, the old factotum (cowman, gardener and general superintendent of all things out of doors) threw himself with great glee into the wassailing. With his rabbiting gun loaded only with powder (and I assume his lantern), he would rush from tree to tree in the apple orchards, firing up into the branches of every one and shouting his song. A libation of cider was poured at the foot of each tree and great excitement was worked up. If my recollection is not at fault, all over the countryside there was in other orchards the same popping of guns, the same lights carried to and fro and the same wassailing songs:

Old apple tree	Three bushell bags full,
We wassail thee.	Cupboards under stairs full,
Hats full, caps full,	All under wan tree.

A retired wheelwright and his wife to whom I have sent these words for verification tell me that they are correct. Only it seems that though the trees had their libations, these did not account for all the cider consumed on the occasion! I am told that the practice of wassailing was revived a few years ago on one farm for one year at all events.

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By what we have already said, you see our intentions. — *Chamwell*

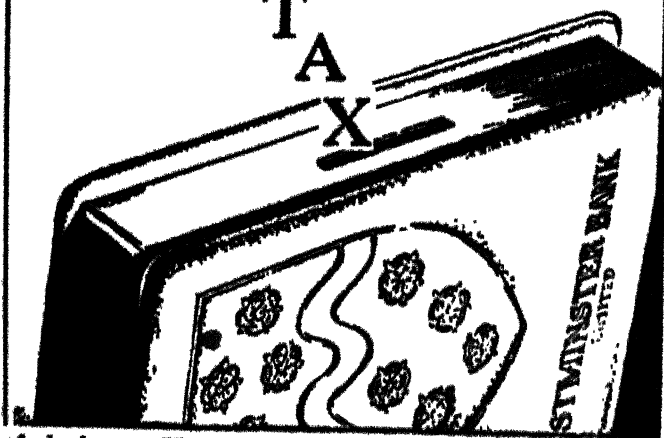
NEVER in living memory were there more country gentlemen in the House of Commons. The value of the work that a large proportion of them have done in local administration and for many kinds of rural improvement is well known.

*The Chance
of the
Country
Interest*

It is to the advantage of the House of Commons that it should be so largely made up of men who know something about the life of the countryside. And the Government, in as far as it can claim to be a National Government, conforms to the ideal of non-Party, non-sectional action which has been stressed in every number of *THE COUNTRYMAN*. The Government also includes a reasonable proportion of readers of this review!

So far, so good. But it is idle to deny that, among many of us who have practical experience of the local bodies which are a microcosm of the House of Commons, the Government's unheard-of majority excites some measure of anxiety. In our Councils and committees we have learnt by experience that if our proposals are not exposed to the criticism of men and women of a different way of thinking from ourselves, fellow-members with power to outvote us if we do not make out our case, our proposals are likely enough, in some respect or other, to prove faulty and to call eventually for amendment. As Mr. Baldwin has said, 'unchecked power is the worst thing that can be devised'.

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THE country interest in Parliament has an all-powerful majority. It has got what it has always dreamt of possessing. If it only had power, it has said, what could it not do? What is it now going to do? In a very short time it will be asked what it has done. We should not be candid if we did not say that, admirable though the work of many country gentlemen has been in many directions—work of a quality which is seldom adequately appreciated by townspeople—the counsel that many of these local leaders have given to their neighbours has not always been felicitous. Our counsellors have too often contented themselves with the easy gesture of holding aloft a bottle of a universal specific which, they have suggested, would be no trouble to apply and would be unfailing and speedy in action. All we can say is that we hope Parliament will remember that all modern medical experience goes to show that, while it is possible to do a great deal for the sick, a good recovery is impossible unless they have been told all the causes of their illness, and they themselves make every effort to get well. The remedies to be applied to the agricultural patient must be applied not only with knowledge of their constitution but with knowledge of his constitution. And the patient must be made to minister manfully and scientifically to himself. There never was a time when our best farmers were more alert—notice, for example, the way in which the National Farmers' Union is being taken in hand by its branches—when agricultural writing and teaching were more able, when agricultural gatherings were more stimulating—take that me-

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chanization conference of Lord Lyvington's at Winchester – or when a larger number of townsmen and townswomen were more sympathetic to or more understanding of the countryman. It is agreed that agriculture must be given a fair chance. 'That is in the interests of the whole nation. But it would be blind indeed and grievous if, in securing that fair chance and encouragement, a course were adopted that might lead a section of the agricultural population to believe that it can go on just as it has been going. 'I have been a Protectionist for twenty years', said a distinguished industrialist, Sir Hugo Hirst, the other day, 'but I warn you that tariffs are not a solution unless tariffs are accompanied by efficiency; inefficient industries cannot shield themselves behind tariffs'. But they will if they get the chance. 'Marketing,' says the author of a Conservative policy for agriculture in a book noticed in our last issue, 'is the most essential factor in the reorganization of agriculture, and it must precede the application of even a moderate import duty.' Another impartial authority has written that it is not enough to increase farmers' incomings; 'the more they make the more the middlemen will demand'. And it is the consuming population, which is so much larger than the agricultural population, that has to pay the price of that inadequacy on which so competent a writer as Captain G. T. Hutchinson has been expressing himself so plainly. 'It requires no expert eye to realize,' he says in the 'Times', 'that there are plenty of bad farmers about.' It is common knowledge that the powers of the County Council agricultural

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committees to maintain a decent standard of husbandry are not exercised as freely as they might be. What is wanted from many farmers is intellectual exertion; what many seek is shelter. There are no doubt plenty of bad drapers about as well as bad farmers, but drapers are not dealing with a vital national possession. They are not freed from rates. They are not allowed to make out their income tax returns after their own fashion. They do not get regular technical instruction over the Wireless. They have not a Ministry of State of their own. They are not to enjoy such further advantages as the Government clearly has in mind - we write in November - to give to farmers.

AS we have so often said, we are in favour of a very great deal being done out of the national pocket for the restoration of the countryside. We are for making townspeople realize to the full their obligations to the land and what the land can do for Britain. Townspeople must be got to understand into what a sorry, lop-sided condition industrialism has brought us. Our hopes for the countryside are limitless. But while encouragement is secured for it, it is necessary that the countryside shall do very much more for itself than it has yet done. There must be organization, compulsory if need be. There must be an increase in food production* and, in the interests of national health, an increased national consumption of fresh food. Incompetents must be forced from the land. The way to the land must be open to the men who

* According to the National Allotments Society, from £10 to £15 millions worth of fruit and vegetables could be raised from allotments alone.

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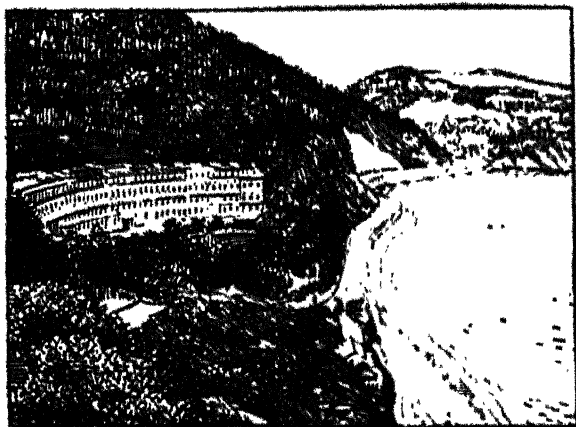
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can use it. These men must not be subjected to such out-of-date restrictions as those on which the author of 'My Nine Years' Farming' has dwelt. Every mechanical improvement which saves time, weary dog's work and aching backs, every mechanical advance which signifies not only profit but self-respecting labour, and therefore higher wages, must be welcomed. And all the time the thought in our minds must be that it is not only technique that matters but a changed rural attitude of mind, a fuller rural life, and a new orientation of our national life.

IT is necessary for agriculture, as for the nation, determinedly to discipline itself. The course which human events may take in Britain, in the English-speaking world, in Europe, in Asia, in the years that are upon us, cannot be foreseen. As we have often said, and the thing that is true cannot be too often repeated, the notion that the ills of the countryside can be cured without thinking and working nationally, or that our national ills can be cured without thinking and working internationally, is childish. It has become a COUNTRYMAN cliché that the greatest of agricultural interests is peace. The world can never be the same again. The War (the dire character of which is only now coming home to millions of men and women) has seen to that. In the remotest part of the countryside, whether we like it or not, we are borne towards great changes. In agriculture, and the world at large, the truth of the parable of the wise and the unwise virgins will be experienced. We who



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live in the country have many anxieties, but we are out of the din and distractions of town life, and we ought to have perspective. The opportunity is offered to us of helping the nation by our personal courage, our industry and our open-mindedness. It is a pregnant period in the history of our race. We should all be bestirring ourselves. The metal of every man and woman of us is to be tried. Our part is, in the Laureate's words, to 'be loyal to our best moments'. 'The most depressing thing about politics,' said a statesman of mark, 'is that the mean and common are always apparent, even at the most inspiring and really encouraging moments.' Was there ever a time of more 'inspiring and really encouraging moments'? Let us do our utmost to live in them.



As It Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, Happy Finder! — *Cromwell*

Our Rulers

WE have not the personal acquaintance of Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Hilton Young. On their public form we cannot regret the substitution of the latter for the former at the Ministry of Health. Mr. Chamberlain was responsible for the legislation under which the Ministry concerns itself with the finance of rural housing schemes but is left without the powers it once had to deal with planning and material. As a consequence, the countryside has been outraged by District Council

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cottage building which is a disgrace to everybody concerned. Not content with this blot on his official scutcheon, Mr. Chamberlain, during his few days of office, appears to have given directions that no more parlour cottages were to receive the subsidy. He is evidently so unfamiliar with rural conditions as not to know what a means of grace even a small parlour may be. A small parlour provides for the cultivation of the self-respect that resents every caller walking into the only living room. A small parlour raises farm-worker families a grade in civilization. And dwellings with a small parlour can be built to let at a remunerative rent, for they are usually taken by farm-workers who are horsemen or cowmen or have two wages coming into the house. This is A.B.C. to anyone living in a village.

Discrediting the Ministry of Health

UNDER Mr. Chamberlain's dispensation there were held up, among other housing schemes (1) the Chipping Campden cottages, with which so well known an artist as Mr. F. L. Griggs, A.R.A., has so public-spiritedly identified himself, and (2) a carefully considered and well arranged group of fourteen cottages which the Editor of THE COUNTRYMAN, as chairman of the housing committee of the Chipping Norton R.D.C., will answer for it are the pleasantest and best planned of the two hundred or so which that body has to its credit. In other words the Ministry which, without a blush, has sanctioned housing schemes of the crudest kind, has done its best to stop building which was meritorious. The Ministry actually urged

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on Chipping Campden and Chipping Norton that their proposed cottages were too large! Rural District Councils are so much given to building cottages that are too large! The action of the Ministry was not statesmanship. It was not Health. It was not common sense. If a change of policy in subsidised building was imperative, if Councils are not to be allowed in future to build parlour cottages, the schemes for these particular groups of cottages were not the point at which to make the change without notice. The action which was taken and persisted in, until the strongest protests were forthcoming, was mechanical bureaucracy. It was the sort of thing that weakens the most necessary authority of the Ministry.

Sir Hilton Young's Chance

WE look for a better understanding of rural conditions from Sir Hilton Young. We shall see what he is made of when he produces his eagerly-awaited new edition of the Planning Bill. Perhaps he may include in it a provision that one member of his staff shall have had a term of service on a Rural District Council. We have not forgotten our ancient struggles with urbanified notions in the Ministry when it was still the Local Government Board, and officialdom pulled down new cottages of Wilfred Scawen Blunt's and Mr. Justice Grantham's. The Ministry might humbly remember that for almost every one of its progressive ideas it has been indebted to outsiders. There is not a visitor to the Ministry who does not acknowledge the abounding personal kindness and courtesy of its staff, but the



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Ministry, in its official relationships with the countryside, has something to learn from the Ministry of Agriculture.

A Loss

FOLLOWING as it does upon the loss of Æ's 'Irish Homestead' (in later years, the 'Irish Statesman'), the decease of the 'Scottish Farm Servant' is much to be regretted. It means, for one thing, we are afraid, that the Scottish Farm Servants' Union is not so well off as it should be. This is a matter of importance. It is to the wise management of the Union that, in co-operation with the Scottish Farmers' Union, a body of a different spirit from its namesake in England, Scottish agriculture owes the distinction of getting on without an Agricultural Wages Act. In other words, it has been able, without State assistance, to fix wages on a higher level, on the whole, than in England. In the second place, the stoppage of the 'Farm Servant' means that 'Joe Duncan' has no longer a paper in which he can speak his whole mind. Long acquainted with Scottish rural life, an agricultural economist who has served on no end of Commissions and Governmental Committees, an honest journalist whose writing had always a patriotic dash of the Doric, his monthly message will be missed not only in Scotland but by his subscribers in England.

Episcopal Responsibility

AS a result of the articles in *THE COUNTRY-MAN*, there has been much correspondence in the press on the uglifying of country churchyards by white marble. Whatever a spirited clergyman

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here and local opinion there may have been able to do in avoiding white marble, we remain of the opinion that the power to abate the nuisance abides chiefly in the hands of the Bishops. If all the Bishops had led and backed their clergy in this matter as the letters in our last issue show that some of them have done, white marble would have been by this time unusual. But 'I do not see my way to take any action'—the phrase in one Bishop's letter to us—has been the timorous, non-committal attitude of several prelates. There should be plain speaking at the Church Assembly in February.



EPISTLES FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD

MENTION of the articles and photographs in *THE COUNTRYMAN* describing the removal of a Cotswold cottage to the United States by Mr. Henry Ford, prompted Captain Richard Crawshay, of Doward Crest, Symonds Yat, to give me a reminder about Highcliff Castle in Hampshire. The usual story is that this edifice originally stood in France. The Honourable Mrs. Stuart Wortley, to whose husband Highcliff was bequeathed by the Marchioness of Waterford, is kind enough to tell me what actually happened. Highcliff Castle was built by Lord Stuart de Rothesay just before the accession of Queen Victoria. Incorporated in the structure are portions of what was the Grande Maison des Andelys, near Rouen. Lord Stuart de Rothesay, having heard that the Gothic manor house was in process of destruction, hastened to the spot and bought the more beautiful parts, probably

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for a very small sum. These he had brought down the Seine, and then across the Channel to the shore below the site of Highcliff Castle. The most striking thing in the reconstituted building is a beautiful window in a fine state of preservation belonging to the room in which Antoine de Bourbon died in 1492. Lady Waterford was Lord Stuart de Rothesay's daughter.

READERS who are the possessors of properties dating from the seventeenth century or earlier should look well to their barns. They may make discoveries. In days gone by it was no uncommon thing for English landed proprietors and farmers to have a part interest in a ship. Now a countryman with a share in a ship would naturally be interested in what became of her when her seafaring days were over, and if he were needing a new barn he might be likely enough to put in a bid for her timbers. In the early part of the seventeenth century the Navy wanted every bit of new British oak available and there was a timber famine. Oak became so scarce in London that builders were forced to use beech. The Lords in Council, by proclamation on November 7, 1622, extolled the beauty and convenience of brick building and made it quite clear that patriotic persons would let the Navy have the oak! Farmers could not afford bricks for barns. Bricks of standard pattern, 9 in. by 4½ in. by 2½ in. were, it is true, only 8s. per thousand at the kiln, the maximum price fixed by law; but in 1622 8s. was 8s. Farmers were therefore forced back on buying a ship. The purchaser contracted with the shipwright not merely for the dismantled timbers



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It has gone out; I am not very old,
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.

All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me.

Who have so often prayed
I might not be afraid?

I am a little frightened—can't
you see?

Oh, light my little candle here
for me.'

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but for the transport and re-erection as a barn by the shipwright's skilled men. It would be interesting to know whether many such barns still exist. The case that has been most closely investigated is that of the Old Jordans Barn at Seer Green, in Bucks, which is supposed to have been built in 1624 from the timbers of the dismantled 'Mayflower' of Harwich, the Pilgrim Fathers' ship. See Dr. Rendel Harris's 'Finding of the Mayflower'. The most obvious indications of maritime antecedents to look for in any barn are trenails, or trenail holes and mortise holes for beams, but having no relation to the existing building; curvature of the roof beams; signs of salt impregnation and of carved or painted woodwork, such as might have been found on the ship's stern or deck-houses.

THERE is a form of National Economy which will appeal to good housewives. That is to use in their knitting really sound wool instead of second rate. It is a poor job going to all the trouble of making garments which do not last long enough to repay the time and labour spent on them. The suggestion is often made by women who knit that the wools sold nowadays are not so good as those which could be obtained before the War. I communicated with Messrs. Patons and Baldwin on the subject. They reply: 'The quality and strength of raw wool is affected mostly by the food given to the sheep, and while there is practically no variation in this country, with Australian wools you do get distinct variation from one year to another, depending on the water supply. This variation is more marked with wools of some districts than

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others. With regard to our own wools, sold under our brands, the actual blending of these is the same to-day as it was pre-War, and the manipulation of the material from raw wool to yarn is identical with pre-War methods. The opinion we have formed is that, since the War, household soaps have been improved very much in quality, and certain brands, especially those sold in a flake formation, contain more true soap than the older-fashioned bar soap. This fact is often not appreciated by the housewife, with the result that more soap is used than is absolutely necessary. This in itself would not matter, provided the washer rinsed all the free soap out of the garment; but from complaints that we have investigated from time to time, we have repeatedly found that the rinsing operation is not carried out properly, with the result that soap is left in the garment, which tends to felt and shrink when used again. There is another serious effect as a result of this bad washing, namely, that the garment is left in an alkaline condition, and if by any chance the garment is allowed to lie in a damp state bacterial action sets in. The effect of this bacterial action is to make the wool fibre tender and entirely to destroy the wearing properties of the fabric.'

WHILE I was visiting a friend he left me for a few minutes to speak with a young man in a nice suit of clothes, who had a pleasant bearing and an air of doing or being ready to do his bit in the world. He was a village youth who had just served a term at Borstall

THE SUPREME TOUR OF 1932

The British Columbia Government wants you to see Canada's glorious Pacific Coast Province under its official auspices

12,000 Miles of First-Class Travel

- across an ocean and a continent, embracing some of the most spectacular scenery on the globe. A new life in a new land in the New World. The progressive Province of British Columbia where so many English people are yearly establishing their homes. See for yourself the reason why.

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- Seven weeks' inspectional tour organized and personally conducted out and home by an official of the Government of British Columbia. Visiting the principal places of interest in the Province including: The Okanagan and the Kootenays, Windermere, Nelson, Penticton, Kelowna, Vernon, Salmon Arm, Vancouver, New Westminster, Victoria, Duncan, Qualicum Beach, Vancouver Island and Prince Rupert. Also Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, Banff, Lake Louise, Jasper Park, etc.

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BUT nevertheless it does move!

1829

ECCLES WAKES

On Monday Morning, at 11 o'Clock the SPORTS will commence with this Ancient, Loyal, Rational, Constitutional, and Lawful diversion of BULL BAITING, in all its primitive excellencies, for which this place has long been noted; notwithstanding the silly acts of all the Martins, including Jonathan, Richard and Betty.

FURY ! ! !

This animal is one of Gigantic strength, and wonderful agility, and it is requested that the Fancy will bring the very choice of their Dogs.

Two Bulls are provided, which for real genuine good name, stand unrivalled: the Bull Ring will be stumped and railed round with English Oak (none of your Foreign) so that

The timid, the weak, the strong,

The bold, the brave, the young,

The old, friend and stranger,
Will be secure from danger.

1931

VIENNA, Sept. 27. — The first shipment over the Alps of 2,000 stranded swallows on Friday was followed yesterday morning by a second of 25,000 birds. As the air services were interrupted to-day and the weather prospects were not encouraging, the Viennese Society for the Protection of Birds, unwilling to imperil the lives of the swallows in the inclement Vienna weather, sent a further batch of 35,000 to Venice yesterday in a heated van attached to the night express. Thousands more of the chilled wanderers brought in since will cross the Alps in trains and aeroplanes to-night and to-morrow. — *Times*

MILAN, Sept. 27. — The swallows sent from Vienna by aeroplane to Venice arriving yesterday, were properly received by the Austrian Consul, the President of the Venetian Society for the Protection of Animals, and other authorities. Food had been prepared for them. — *Times*



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1710

This is to give notice to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others that on this present Whit-Monday, is a match to be fought by two dogs, at a bull of mettle, for a guinea to be spent; five let goes out of hand: which goes fairest and furthest in, wins.

Likewise a Green Bull to be baited, which was never baited before; and

A Bull to be turned loose with fireworks all over him.

Also a Mad Ass baited.

Likewise there are two Bear Dogs to jump three jumps apiece at a Bear.

A variety of Bull and Bear baiting; and

A Dog to be drawn up with fireworks.

MILAN, Sept. 30. — More than 1,500 swallows, which have been overtaken by the rigours of the winter in Southern Germany on their migration south, reached Milan this morning by aeroplane from Munich. — *Times*.

BUDAPEST, Saturday. — The Hungarian Society for the Protection of Animals, following the Austrian Society's initiative, has decided to send 60,000 of the swallows stranded by bad weather to Constantinople by the Flèche-Orient air line. — *Reuter*

BUDAPEST, October 7. — Thousands of belated swallows have arrived in the valley of the Vag. When their distressed condition was observed the director of the famous thermal establishment at Pistyán caused the great ventilators to be opened. The birds flocked into the building and showed themselves absolutely tame in the reviving atmosphere of the hot springs. — *Observer*

'This 'ere progress, you'd hardly think it could go on.' But it does.



SEVEN GIFTS AT BEDTIME

Write for trial tube, and every night at bedtime next week accept our gift of a delightful mouth toilet before you sleep. The grateful, clean-tasting foam of

Euthymol **TOOTH PASTE**

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is able to kill dental decay germs in thirty seconds. It penetrates every crevice of the teeth. Its delicate fragrance lingers in the mouth, killing all hot, unpleasing tastes, and in the morning you will wake delighted with the refreshment of a perfectly cleansed, wholesome mouth.

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JANUARY 1932

941

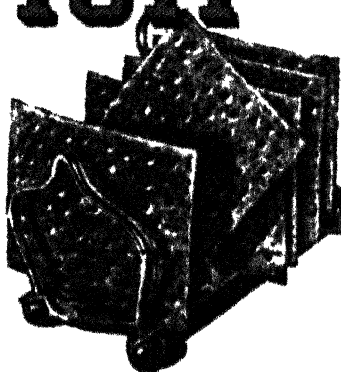
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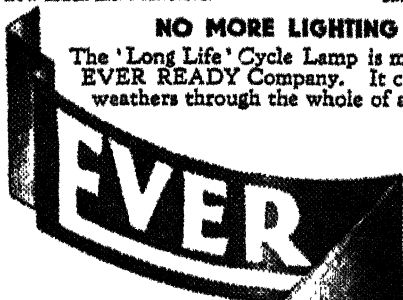
Just a simple switch turns on the brilliant flood of light from the EVER READY 'Long Life' Cycle Lamp. No fumbling with matches in the dark. No smell or smoke. This powerful lamp is always ready, for service, brightly lighting up the darkest roads, illuminating the signposts, making night riding a pleasure instead of a strain. And all for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. an hour! Yes, that's all it costs — no more than the old-fashioned oil or acetylene lamps. And how much more effective.



This is the EVER READY 'Long Life' Cycle Lamp, strongly made with stoved black finish and silvered reflectors. Price 3/-. The 'Long Life' Battery gives 18 hours trouble-free lighting. Your dealer can show you an extensive range of EVER READY cycle and rear lamps to suit all requirements.

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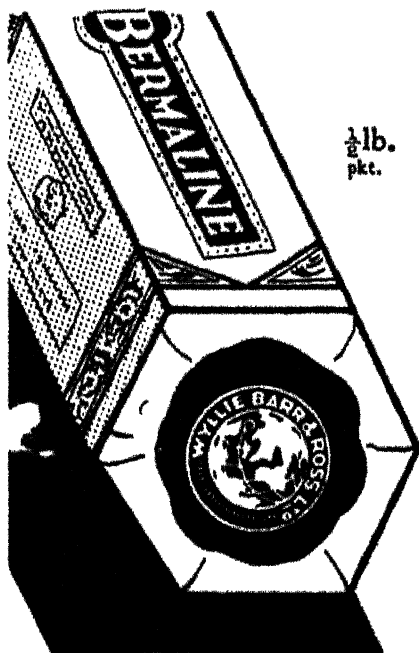
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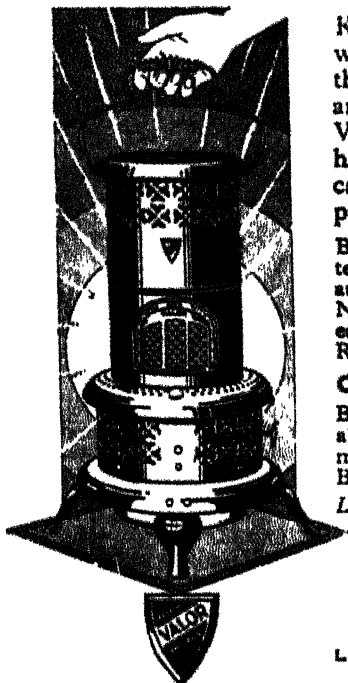
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Soft as silk

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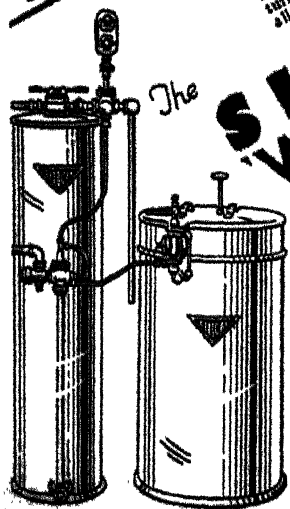
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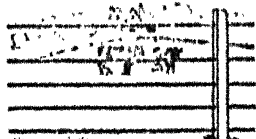
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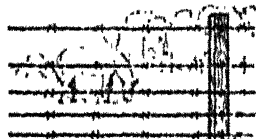
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*Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing . . .*

WALTER DE LA MARF

Look thy last . . .

CONSIDER: In our own country alone there are more than 55,000 men, women and children to whom the yearning passion of these words can convey no meaning. They looked last on all things lovely long years ago, or never have they looked on lovely things at all. They are blind. In winter our sight seems keener than in summer. We see the delicate structure behind the broad masses. Above, clouds, 'the irrevocable wanderers', are nearer to our sight than the profound blue of summer, and on earth each of us can see, etched in finest tracery, the minute pictures Cowper saw:

*The redbreast. . . .
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle on the wither'd leaves below.*

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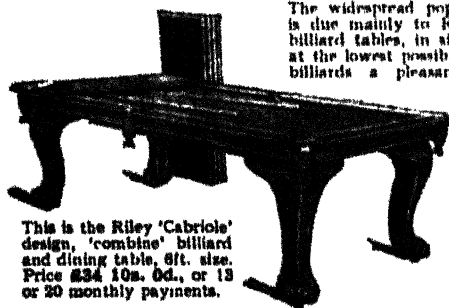
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THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE, as distinct from the Dominions and India, has of late sprung into prominence. The potentialities of this vast but largely undeveloped asset, comprising nearly 40 separate countries spread across the globe, as an expanding market for British manufacturing industry are now recognized.

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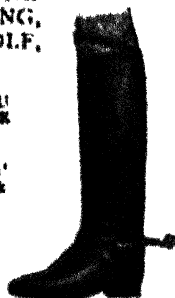
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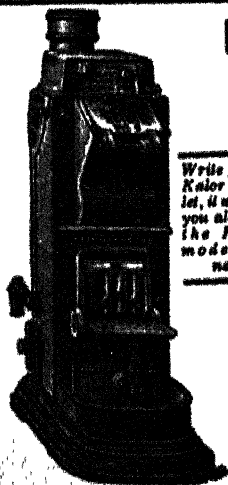
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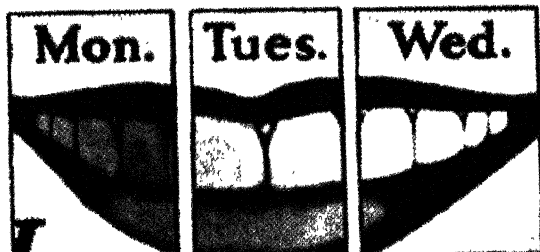
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I have pleasure in again announcing, therefore, that we shall be willing to despatch by way of a Christmas or New Year Present in December, 1931, or

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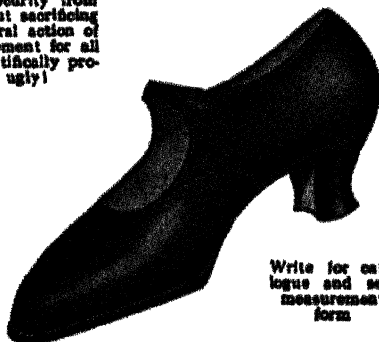
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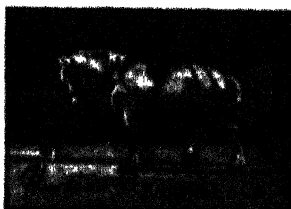


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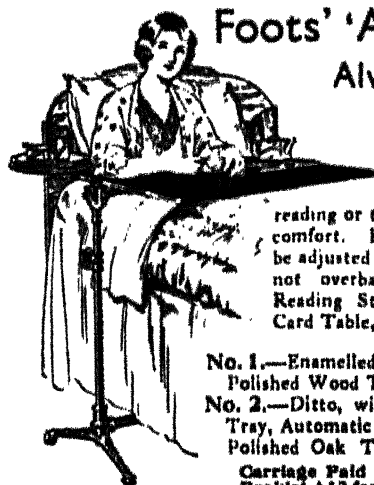
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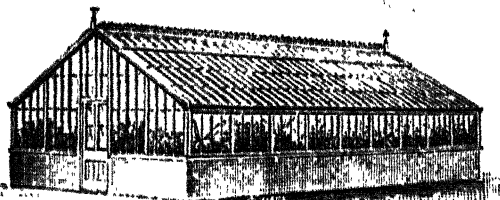
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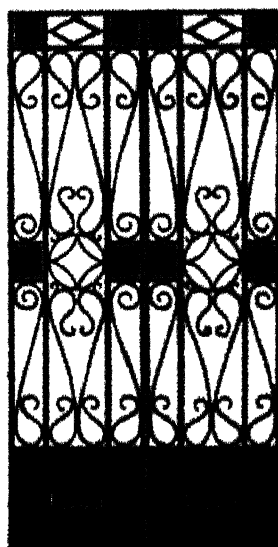
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